

Mr. RUTHERFOORD's L E T T E R - S,

Now divided in Three Parts.

THE FIRST,

Containing those which were written from *Aberdeen*, where he was confined by a Sentence of the *High Commission* drawn forth against him, partly upon the Account of his declining them, partly upon the Account of his *Non-conformity*.

THE SECOND and THIRD,

Containing some which were written from *Arnoth*, before he was by the *Prelates* Persecution thrust from his Ministry; and others upon Occasions afterward, from *St. Andrews*, *London*, &c.

Published for the Use of all the People of God; but more particularly, for those who may at any Time be put to Suffering for Christ and his Cause.

By a Well-wisher to the Work and People of God.

The FIFTH EDITION.

- Joh. 16. 2. *They shall put you out of the synagogues: Tied the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth God service. Ver. 3. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me.*
2 Thes. 1. 6. *Seeing it is a righteous thing with God, to recompence tribulation to them that trouble you. Ver. 7. And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty Angels, &c.*

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To the Christian READER.

Christian Reader.

CONsidering, how little need Mr. Rutherfoord's Letters have of any Man's Epistle Commendatory, his Great Master, whom he served with his Spirit, in the Gospel of his Son, having given them one, written by his own Hand, on the Hearts of every one, who is become his Epistle, and savours the things of God, and is experimentally acquainted with that Heart-calming, that marvellously sweet, that near and dear intercourse betwixt Himself and the Soul, and hath experienced these rare, those most refreshing, yea, and beyond all expression, ravishing emanations of the love of God upon the Soul; and, as the necessary and native result thereof, which cause and produce those Emanations of its Love back again upon Him, who shed abroad His love in the Heart: A thing as much and manifestly exemplified in these Epistles, as in any piece (that incomparable, that every way, in all things & respects matchless, that truly none-such Book of God, the Holy Scriptures being set aside) the World hath yet seen, or this Day can show: For, in each of these, thou mayest perceive, how the Writer's Heart is enflamed with a holy Fire, and how his Soul ascends in the Smoke, as snatch'd up to Heaven, and caught up above all that is below God: O how much is what drops from his Pen, above the ordinary Attainments and Experiences even of such who seem to have out-run others! So that, in respect of us, this Angel of the Church speaks, as one standing already in the Quire of Angels, or as an Angel come down from Heaven among Men, to give us some Account of what they are doing above! I say, These Epistles not standing in need of any Man's Epistle-Commendatory, much less of what was prefixed to the first Impression, I have by Choice laid it wholly aside, (not as retreated, but because

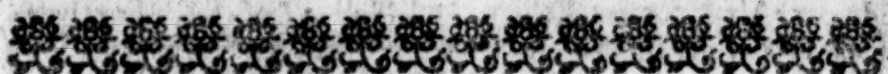
To the Christian READER.

in all respects rather defective, and every way short, of what ought to have been said of, and to those things therein touched; neither purpose I to prejudge thee, by substituting any thing else in its Place, every Letter, as is already hinted, having its own Epistle-commendatory in it; and the forgoing being that to it self, and to the following, which nothing coming from another Pen can be.

And thus leaving thee to peruse what is made publick for thy Edification, and to press this Pomegranate, and squeeze this Grape, and to suck it till thou find thy Soul refreshed with its spiced Wine; and wishing thee an Experimental Knowledge of that surpassing and inconceivable Sweetness, which is in the Fruition of God, and to be enjoyed in a Fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, and a full Draught of these pure Streams of solid Joy and Consolation, wherein the Soul of this Saint swimmeth, and which run thorough these Lines; without which while he speaks as coming forth out of the Kings Banqueting-house, to perswade thee to go in hither and feast, and bathe thy Soul in the same pure Delights, and permanent Pleasures, whereon he fed, and which flow in upon the Soul, and overflow it, while the Saint finds himself with his Beloved's left Hand under his Head, and his right Hand embracing him, he will be to thee a Barbarian. I shall only wish and beg, That thou wouldst seriously seek of God, the same Thing for him, who seeks this for thee, and hath his Design in the Pains taken in publishing these Letters, if thou be thereby provoked to seek till thou find: This is that adequate Recompence which he seeks, earnestly intreats, and expects, Who is

Thy Souls Well-wisher, and Servant in Christ Jesus.

Mr.



Mr. Rutberfoord's Letters.

EPIST. I.

To Mr. ROBERT CUNINGHAME,
Minister of the Gospel at H lywood in Ireland.

Well-beloved and reverend Brother,

GRACE, Mercy and Peace, be to you: Upon acquaintance in Christ, I thought good to take the opportunity of writing to you: Seeing it hath seemed good to the Lord of the harvest, to take the hooks out of our hands for a time, and to lay upon us a more honourable service, even to suffer for his Name, it were good to comfort one another in writing. I have had a desire to see you in the face, yet now being the prisoner of Christ, it is taken away. I am greatly comforted to hear of your souldiers-stately-spirit, for your princely and royal Captain Jesus, our Lord, and of the Grace of God in the rest of our dear Brethren with you. You have heard of my trouble, I suppose. It hath pleased our sweet Lord Jesus, to let loose the malice of these *interdicted* Lords in his house, to deprive me of my ministry at *Anwoth*, and to confine me eightscore miles from thence to *Aberdeen*; and also (which was not done to any before) to inhibit me to speak at all in Jesus his name, within this Kingdom, under the pain of rebellion. The cause that ripened their hatred was my book against the *Arminians*, whereof they accused me those three days I appeared before them; but let our crowned King in Zion reign; by his grace the loss is theirs, the advantage is Christ's and truth's. Albeit this honest cross gained some ground on me by my heaviness, and inward challenges of conscience for a time were sharp, yet now for the encouragement of you all, I dare say it, and write it under my hand, *Welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet cross of Christ*. I verily think the chains of my Lord Jesus are all overlaid with pure gold, and that his cross is perfumed, and that it smelleth of Christ; and that the victory shall be by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of his truth; and that Christ shall ride on his back, in his weak servants, and oppressed truth, shall

ride over his Enemies Bellies, and shall *strike through Kings in the day of his Wrath*. It is time to laugh when he laugheth; and seeing he is now pleased to sit with wrongs for a time, it becometh us to be silent, until the Lord hath let the enemies enjoy their hungry, lean, and feckless paradise: blessed are they who are content to take strokes with weeping Christ; faith will trust the Lord, and is not hasty, nor head-strong; neither is faith so timorous, as to flatter a temptation, or to bud and bribe the cross. It is little up or little down that the Lamb and his followers can get no law-surety, nor truce with crosses; it must be so, till we be up in our Father's house: my heart is woe indeed for my mother Church, that hath plaid the harlot with many lovers; for her husband hath a mind to sell her for her horrible transgressions, and heavy will the hand of the Lord be upon this backsliding Nation. The ways of our *Zion* mourn, her gold is become dim, her white *Nazarites* are black like a coal; how shall not the children weep, when the husband and the mother cannot agree? yet I believe *Scotland's* skies shall clear again, and that Christ shall build again the old waste places of *Jacob*, and that our dead and dry bones shall become an army of living men; and that our *Welbeloved* may yet feed among the lillies, until the day break, and the shadows flee away. My dear brother, let us help one another with our prayers. Our King shall mow down his enemies, and shall come from *Bozra*, with his garments all dyed in blood, and for our consolation shall he appear, and call his wife *Hephzibah*, and his land *Beulah*; for he will rejoyce over us and marry us, and *Scotland* shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? Only let us be faithful to him, that can ride though hell and death, upon a windlestrae, and his horse never stumble; and let him make of me a bridge over a water, so that his high and holy Name may be glorified in me: strokes with the sweet Mediator's hand, are very sweet; he has always been sweet to my soul, but since I suffered for him, his breath hath a sweeter smell than before. Oh that every hair of my head, and every member, and every bone in my body, were a man to witness a fair confession for him, I would think all too little for him: when I look over beyond the line, and beyond death, to the laughing side of the world, I triumph, and ride upon the high places of *Jacob*, howbeit otherways I am a faint-hearted cowardly man, oft born down, and hungry in waiting for the marriage-supper of the Lamb: nevertheless I think it the Lord's wife love that feeds us with hunger, and makes us fat with wants

wants and desertions : I know not, my dear brother, if our worthy brethren be gone to Sea, or not ; they are on my heart, and in my prayers : if they be yet with you, salute my dear friend *John Stuart* ; my welbeloved brethren in the Lord, *Mr. Blair*, *Mr. Hamilton*, *Mr. Livingston*, and *Mr. McClelland*, and acquaint them with my troubles, and intreat them to pray for the poor afflicted prisoner of Christ : they are dear to my soul ; I seek your prayers and theirs for my flock ; their remembrance breaks my heart : I desire to love that people, and others my dear acquaintance in Christ with love in God, and as God loveth them : I know that he who sent me to the *West* and *South*, sends me also to the *North* : I will charge my soul to believe and to wait for him, and will follow his providence, and not go before it, nor stay behind it. Now, my dear brother, taking farewel in paper ; I commend you all to the word of his grace, and to the work of his Spirit, to him who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, that you may be kept spotless till the day of Jesus our Lord. I am,

*From Irving, being on my journey
to Christ's palace in Aberdeen,
August 4. 1636.*

Your brother in affliction,
in our sweet Lord Jesus,
S. R.

To his Parishioners.

DEarly beloved, and longed for in the Lord, my crown and my joy in the day of Christ : Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. I long exceedingly to know, if the oft-spoken of match betwixt you and Christ holdeth ; and if you follow on to know the Lord. My day thoughts, and my night thoughts are of you ; while ye sleep, I am afraid of your souls, that they be off the rock ; next to my Lord Jesus, and this fallen Kirk, ye have the greatest share of my sorrow, and also of my joy ; ye are the matter of the tears, care, fear, and daily prayers of an oppressed prisoner of Christ. As I am in bonds for my high and lofty One, my royal and princely Master, my Lord Jesus ; so I am in bonds for you : for I should have slept in my warm nest, and kept the fat world in my arms, and the cords of my tabernacle should have been fastned more strongly, I might have sung an *Evangel of ease* to my soul and you for a time, with my brethren, the sons of my mother, that were angry at me, and have thrust me out of the vineyard, if I should have been broken, and drawn on to mire you the Lord's flock, and to cause you eat pastures troden upon with mens feet, and to drink foul and

muddy waters: but truly the Almighty was a terror to me, and his fear made me afraid. O my Lord, judge if my ministry be not dear to me, but not so dear by many degrees, as Christ Jesus my Lord: God knoweth the heavy and sad Sabbaths I have had: since I laid down at my Master's feet my two shepherds staves, I have been often laying, as it is written, *Lam. iii. 52, 53. My enemies chased me sore like a bird without cause, they have cut off my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me:* for, next to Christ, I had but one joy, the apple of the eye of my delights, *to preach Christ my Lord*, and they have violently plucked that away from me, and it was to me like the poor man's one eye, and they have put out that eye, and quenched my light in the inheritance of the Lord; but my eye is toward the Lord. I know I shall see the salvation of God, and that my hope shall not always be forgotten. And my sorrow shall want nothing to compleat it, and to make me say, *What availeth it me to live?* if ye follow the voice of a stranger, of one that cometh into the sheepfold not by Christ the door, but climbeth up another way: If the man build his hay and stubble upon the golden foundation, *Christ Jesus*, already laid among you, and ye follow him, I assure you, the man's work shall burn and never bide God's fire, and ye and he both shall be in danger of everlasting burning, except ye repent. O if any pain, any sorrow, any loss that I can suffer for Christ, and for you, were laid in pledge to buy Christ's love to you, and that I could lay my dearest joys, next to Christ my Lord, in the gap, betwixt you and eternal destruction! O if I had paper as broad as heaven and earth, and ink as the sea, and all the rivers and fountains of the earth, and were able to write the love, the worth, the excellency, the sweetness, and due praises of our dearest and fairest Welbeloved; and then if ye could read and understand it! What could I want, if my ministry among you should make a marriage between the little Bride in that bounds, and the Bridegroom? O how rich a prisoner were I, if I could obtain of my Lord (before whom I stand for you) the salvation of you all! O what a prey had I gotten, to have you caught in Christ's net! O then I had cast out my Lord's lines and his net with a rich gain! O then, well-wared pained breast and sore back, and a crazed body, in speaking early and late to you! My Witness is above, your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all, as two salvations to me: I would subscribe a suspension, and a frisking of my heaven, for many hundred years, (according to God's good pleasure) if ye were sure in the upper lodging, in our Father's house, before me.

me. I take to witness heaven and earth against you, I take instruments in the hands of that sun and day-light that beheld us, and in the hands of the timber and walls of that kirk, if I drew not up a fair contract of marriage betwixt you and Christ, if I went not with offers betwixt the Bridegroom and you; and your conscience did bear you witness, your mouths confessed, that there were many fair tryfts, and meetings drawn on, betwixt Christ and you, at communion-feasts, and other occasions; there were bracelets, jewels, rings, and love-letters sent to you, by the Bridegroom; it was told you, what a fair dowry ye should have, and what a house your husband and ye should dwell in, and what was the Bridegroom's Excellency, Sweetness, Might, Power: The eternity and glory of his Kingdom, the exceeding deepness of his love, who sought his black Wife through pain, fires, shame, death, and the grave; and swimm'd the salt-sea for her, undergoing the curse of the law, and then was made a curse for you, and ye then consented and said, *Even so I take him.* I counsel you, beware of the new and strange leaven of mens inventions, beside and against the Word of God, contrair to the oath of this Kirk, now coming among you: I instructed you of the superstition and idolatry, of kneeling in the instant of receiying the Lord's Supper, and crossing in baptism, and the observing of mens days, without any warrant of Christ our perfect law-giver: Countenance not the Surplice, the attire of the Mass-priest, the garment of *Baal's* priests; the abominable bowing to altars of tree is coming upon you: hate, and keep your selves from idols; forbear in any case to hear the reading of the new fatherless service-book, full of gross heresies, popish and superstitious errors, without any warrant of Christ, tending to the overthrow of preaching; you owe no obedience to the bastard Canons, they are unlawful, blasphemous and superstitious: all the ceremonies that lie in the Antichrist's foul womb, the wares of that great mother of fornications, the kirk of *Rome*, are to be refused; ye see whither they lead you: continue still in the doctrine, which ye have received: ye heard of me the whole counsel of God, sew no clouts upon Christ's robe; take Christ in his rags and losses, and as persecuted by men, and be content to sigh, and pant up the mountain, with Christ's cross on your back; let me reputed a false prophet (and your conscience once said the contrair) if your Lord Jesus shall not stand by you, and maintain you, and maintain your cause against your enemies. I have heard, (and my soul is grieved for it) that since my departure from you, many a

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among you are turned back from the good old way, to the dogs vomit again; let me speak to these men: it was not without God's special direction, that the first sentence that ever my mouth uttered to you, was that of John, chap. ix. 39. *And Jesus said, For judgment came I into the world, that they which see not might see, and they which see might be made blind.* It is possible, my first meeting and yours be, when we shall both stand before the dreadful Judge of the world: and in the name and authority of the Son of God, my great King and Master, I write, by these presents, summons to these men, I arrest their souls and bodies to the day of our comparance; their eternal damnation stands subscribed, and sealed in heaven, by the hand-writ of the great Judge of quick and dead; and I am ready to stand up, as a preaching witness against such to their face, that day, and to say *Amen* to their condemnation, except they repent: The vengeance of the Gospel is heavier, nor the vengeance of the Law; the Mediator's malediction and vengeance is twice vengeance, and that vengeance is the due portion of such men; and there I leave them, as bound men, ay and while they repent and amend. You were witnesses, how the Lord's day was spent, while I was among you: O sacrilegious robber of God's day, what wilt thou answer the Almighty, when he seeketh so many Sabbaths back again from thee? What will the Cursier, Swearer, and Blasphemer do, when his tongue shall be rosted in that broad and burning lake of fire and brimstone: And what will the Drunkard do, when tongue, lights, and liver, bones and all, shall boil and fry in a torturing fire; for he shall be far from his barrels of strong drink then, and there is not a cold well of water for him in hell? What shall be the case of the wretch, the covetous man, the oppressor, the deceiver, the earth-worm, who can never get his wombful of clay, when, in the day of Christ, gold and silver must lie burnt in ashes, and he must compare and answer his Judge, and quit his claiery and naughty heaven? Wo, wo for evermore, be to the time-turning *Atheist*, that hath one God and one religion, for summer, and another God and another religion, for winter, and the day of fanning, when Christ fanneth all that is in his barn-floor; who hath a conscience for every fair and market, and the soul of him runneth upon these oiled wheels, time, custom, the world, and command of men: O if the careless *Atheist*, and sleeping man, who edgeth-by all, (with, *God forgive our pastors if they lead us wrong; we must do as they command*) and lays down his head upon time's bosom, and giveth

giveth his conscience to a deputy, and sleepeth so while the smok of hell-fire flie up in his throat, and cause him start out of his doleful bed! O if such a man would awake. Many woes are for the *over-guilded*; and *gold-plastered hypocrite*. A heavy doom is for the liar and *white-tongued flatterer*; and the flying hook of God's fearful vengeance, twenty cubits long, and ten cubits broad, that goeth out from the face of God, shall enter into the house, and in upon the soul of him that stealeth, and sweareth falsely by God's name, *Zech. v. ver. 2, 3*. I denounce eternal burning, hotter than *Sodom's flames*, upon the men, that boil in filthy lusts of fornication, adultery, incest, and the like wickedness; no room, no, not a foot-broad for such vile dogs, within the clean *Jerusalem*. Many of you put off all with this, *God forgive us, we know no better*: I renew my old answer, *2 Thess. 1*. the Judge is coming in *flaming fire, with all his mighty angels, to render vengeance to all those, that know not God, and believe not*. I have often told you, security shall slay you: all men say they have faith, as many men and women now, as many saints in heaven; and all believe (say ye;) every foul dog is clean enough, and good enough, for the clean and new *Jerusalem* above. Every man hath conversion, and the new birth; but it is not leel come; they had never a sick night for sin: Conversion came to them in a night dream: in a word, hell will be empty at the day of judgment, and heaven panged full: Alas! it is neither easie nor ordinary, to believe and to be saved: Many must stand in the end at heaven's gates; when they go to take out their faith, they take out a fair nothing (or as ye use to speak) a *blemish*: O lamentable disappointment! I pray you, I charge you in the name of Christ, make fast work of Christ, and salvation. I know there are some believers among you; and I write to you, O poor broken-hearted believers: All the comforts of Christ in the New and Old Testament are yours. O what a father and husband you have! O if I had pen and ink, and engine, to write of him! Let heaven and earth be consolidate in massie and pure gold, it will not weigh the thousand part of Christ's love to a soul, even to me a poor prisoner; O that is a massie and marvellous love! Men and angels, unite your force and strength in one; ye shall not heave nor poise it off the ground: Ten thousand thousand worlds, as many worlds as angels can number, and then as a new world of angels can multiply, would not all be the balk of a balance to weigh Christ's excellency, sweetness and love: Put ten earths in one, and

and let a rose grow greater than ten whole-earths, or ten worlds, O what beauty would be in it, and what a smell would it cast! But a blast of the breath of that fairest rose in all God's paradise, even of Christ Jesus our Lord, one look of that fairest face, would be infinitely, in beauty and smell, above all imaginable and created glory. I wonder that men dōw bide off Christ: I would esteem my self blessed, if I could make an open proclamation, and gather all the world, that are living upon the earth, Jew and Gentile, and all that shall be born to the blowing of the last trumpet, to flock round about Christ, and to stand looking, wondring, admiring, and adoring his beauty, and sweetness; for his fire is hotter than any other fire; his love sweeter than common love, his beauty surpasseth all other beauty. When I am heavy and sad, one of his looks would do me meikle world's good: O if ye would fall in love with him! How blessed were I! how glad would my soul be, to help you to love him! But amongst us all we could not love him enough; he is the Son of the Father's love, and God's delight, the Father's love lieth all upon him: O if all mankind would fetch all their love, and lay it upon him: invite him, and take him home to your houles, in the exercise of prayer, morning and evening, as I often desired you; especially now, let him not want lodging in your houles, nor lie in the fields, when he is shut out of Pulpits and Kirks. If ye will be content to take heaven by violence, and the wind on your face for Christ and his crois; I am here one, who have some trial of Christ's cross, I can say, that Christ was ever kind to me, but he overcometh himself (if I may speak so) in kindness, while I suffer for him: I give you my word for it, Christ's crois is not so evil as they call it; it is sweet, light, and comfortable: I would not want the visitations of love, and the very breathings of Christ's mouth, when he kisseth, and my Lord's delightfom smiles, and love-embracements, under my sufferings for him, for a mountain of fine gold, nor for all the honours, court, and grandeur of Velvet-kirk-men: Christ hath the yolk and heart of my love, *I am my Beloved's, and my Wel-beloved is mine.* O that ye were all handfasted to Christ! O my dearly beloved in the Lord, I would I could change my voice, and had a tongue tuned with the hand of my Lord, and had the art of speaking of Christ, that I might paint out unto you, the worth, and highness, and greatneis, and excellency, of that fairest and renowned Bridegroom! I beseech you by the mercies of the Lord, by the sighs, tears, and heart-blood of our Lord

Lord Jesus, by the salvation of your poor and precious souls; set up the mountain, that ye and I may meet before the Lamb's throne, amongst the congregation of the first-born. Lord grant, that that may be the tryling place, that ye and I may put up our hands together, and pluck, and eat the apples of the tree of life, and we may feast together, and drink together, of that pure river of the water of life, that cometh out from under the throne of God, and from the Lamb: O how little is your hand-breadth, and span-length of days here! your inch of time is less than when ye and I parted; eternity, eternity is coming, posting on with wings; then shall every man's blacks and whites be brought to light. O how low will your thoughts be of this fair-skinned, but heart-rotten apple, the vain, vain, feckless world, when the worms shall make their houses in your eye-holes, and shall eat off the flesh from the ball of your cheeks, and shall make that body a number of dry bones? Think not the common gate of serving God, *as neighbour and others do*, will bring you to heaven; few, few are saved; the Devil's court is thick and many, he hath the greatest number of mankind for his vassals. I know, this world is a great Forrest of thorns in your way to heaven; but you must through it: acquaint your selves with the Lord, hold fast Christ, hear his voice only, bless his name, sanctifie and keep his day; keep the new commandment, *love one another*; let the Holy Spirit dwell in your bodies, and be clean and holy; love not the world, lie not, love and follow truth; learn to know God; keep in mind what I taught you; for God will seek an account of it, when I am far from you: abstain from all evil, and all appearance of evil; follow good carefully, and seek peace and follow after it; honour your King, and pray for him; remember me to God in your prayers, I dow not forget you: I told you often, while I was with you, and now I write it again, Heavy, sad and sore, is that stroke of the Lord's wrath, that is coming upon *Scotland*; woe, woe, woe to this Harlot-land, for they shall take the cup of Gods wrath, from his hand and drink, and spue, and fall, and not rise again. In, in, in with speed, to your strong hold, ye prisoners of hope, and hide you there, while the anger of the Lord pass: Follow not the Pastors of this land, for the Sun is gone down upon them; as the Lord liveth, they lead you from Christ, and from the good old way; yet the Lord will keep the holy city, and make this withered Kirk to bud again, like a rose, and a field blessed of the Lord. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. The prayers and blessing of a prisoner

prisoner of Christ, in bonds for him, and for you, be with you all, *Amen.*

*Aberdeen, July 14.
1637.*

*Your Lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.*

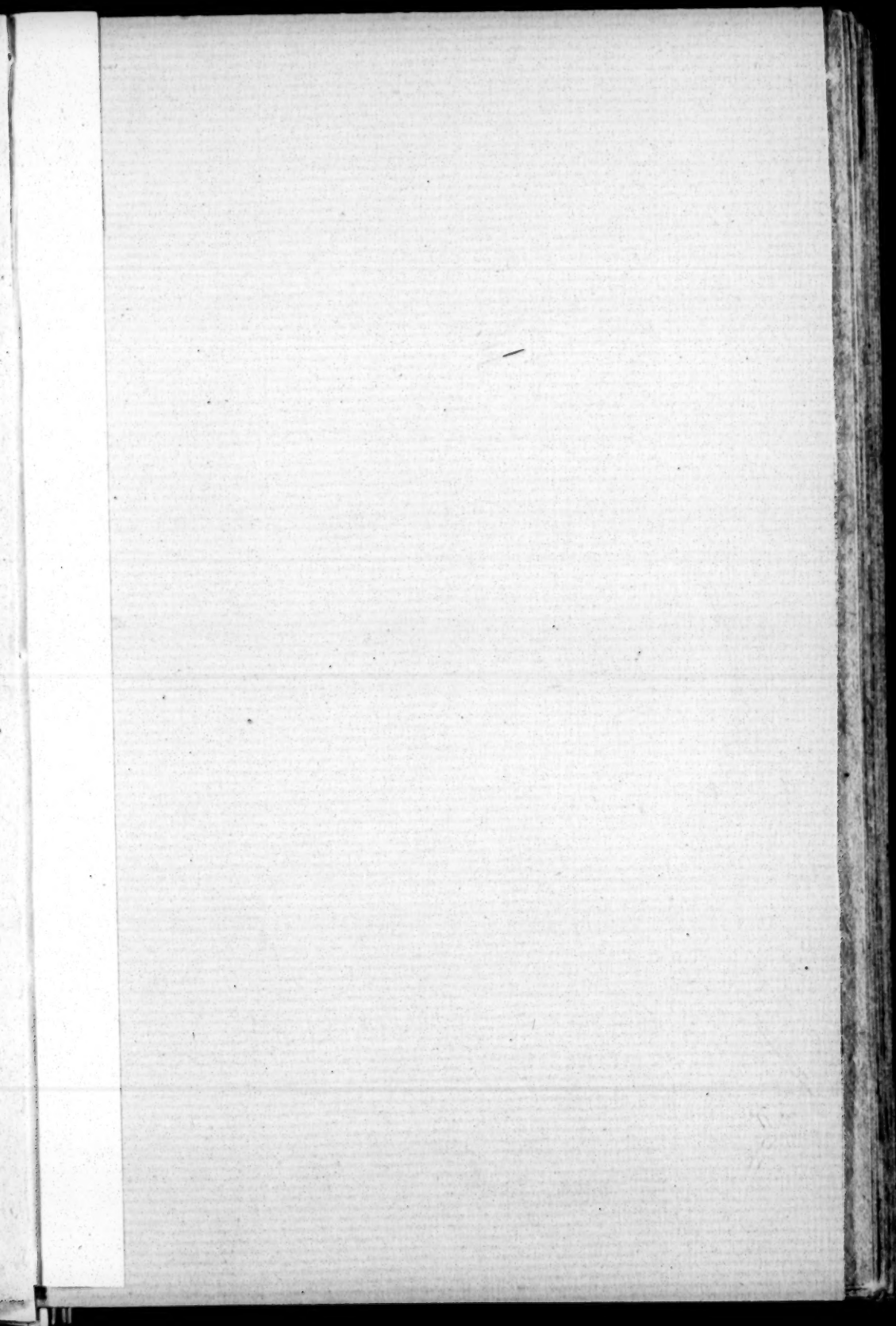
*To the Honourable, Reverend, and Welbeloved Professors of
Christ and his Truth in sincerity, in Ireland.*

DEarly beloved in our Lord, and partakers of the heavenly calling, Grace, mercy and peace be to you, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ: I always, but most of all now in my bonds, (most sweet bonds for Christ my Lord) rejoyce, to hear of your faith and love, and to hear that our King, our Welbeloved, our Bridegroom, without tiring, stayeth still to wooe you, as his wife; and that persecutions, and mockings of sinners have not chased away the woer from the house. I perswade you in the Lord, the men of God, now scattered and driven from you, put you upon the right scent and pursuit of Christ; and my salvation on it, (if ten heavens were mine) if this way, this way that I now suffer for, this way that the world nicknameth, and reproacheth, and no other way, be not the King's gate to heaven; and I shall never see God's face, (and alas I were a beguiled wretch if it were so!) if this be not the only saving way to heaven. O that you would take a prisoner of Christ's word for it: nay, I know you have the greatest King's word for it, that it shall not be your wisdom to spier out another Christ, another way of worshipping him, than is now savingly revealed to you. Therefore, though I never saw your faces, let me be pardoned to write to you, ye honourable persons, ye faithful pastors yet amongst the flocks, and ye sincere professors of Christ's truth, or any weak tired strayers, who cast but half an eye after the Bridegroom, if possibly I could, by any weak experience, confirm and strengthen you, in this good way, every where spoken against. I can with greatest assurance (to the honour of our highest, and greatest and dearest Lord, let it spoken) assert, (though I be but a child in Christ, and scarce able to walk, but by a hold, and the meanest and less than the least of saints) that we do not come nigh, by twenty degrees, to the due love and estimation of that fairest amongst the sons of men; for if it were possible that heaven, yea, ten heavens, were laid in the balance with Christ, I would think the smell of his breath above them all: sure I am, he is the far best half of heaven; yea, he is all heaven, and more than all heaven; and
my

my testimony of him is, that ten lives of black sorrow, ten deaths, ten hells of pain, ten furnaces of brimstone, and all exquisite torments, were all too little for Christ, if our suffering could be a hire to buy him: and therefore faint not in your sufferings, and hazards for him. I proclaim and cry, hell, sorrow, and shame upon all lusts, upon all hy-lovers, that would take Christ's room over his head, in this little inch of love, of these narrow souls of ours, that is due to sweetest Jesus. O highest, O fairest, O dearest *Lord Jesus*, take thine own from all bastard-lovers. O that we could wadset, and sell all our part of time's glory and time's good things, for a lease and tack of Christ, for all eternity. O how are we misled, and mired with the love of things that are in this side of time, and in this side of death's water. Where can we find a match to Christ, or an equal, or a better than he, among created things? Oh this world is out of all conceit, and all love with our Beloved. O that I could sell my laughter, joy, ease, and all for him; and be content of a straw-bed, and bread by weight, and water by measure, in the camp of our weeping Christ. I know his sackcloth and ashes are better than the fools laughter, which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. But alas! we do not harden our faces against the cold north storms, which blow upon Christ's fair face; we love well summer religion, and to be that which sin hath made us, even as thin-skinned, as if we were made of white-paper, and would fain be carried to heaven in a clois covered chariot, wishing from our hearts, that Christ would give us surety, and his hand-write, and his seal for nothing but a fair summer, until we be landed in at heaven's gates: how many of us have been here deceived, and fainted in the day of trial? amongst you there are some of this stamp. I shall be sorry if my acquaintance *A. T.* hath left you; I will not believe he dare stay from Christ's side. I desire that ye shew him this from me; for I loved him once in Christ, neither can I change my mind suddenly of him. But the truth is, that many of you, and too many also of your neighbour Church of *Scotland*, have been like a tenant that sitteth meal-free, and knoweth not his holding while his rights be questioned; and now I am perswaded, it will be asked at every one of us, on what terms we brook Christ, for we have sitten long meal-free; we found Christ without a wet foot; and he, and his gospel, came upon small charges to our doors; but now we must weet our feet to seek him: our evil manners, and the bad fashions of a people at ease

from

from our youth, and like *Moab*, not casten from vessel to vessel, *Fer.* 48. 11. hath made us like standing waters, to gather a foul scum; and when we are jumbled, our dregs come up, and are seen: many take but half a grip of Christ, and the wind bloweth them and Christ asunder; indeed when the mast is broken, and blown in the sea, it is an art then to swim upon Christ to dry land; 'tis even possible that the children of God, in a hard trial, lay themselves down, as hidden in the lee-side of a bush, while Christ their Master be taken, as *Peter* did; and lurk there, while the storm be overpast: all of us know the way to a whole skin; and the singlest heart that is, hath a by-purse, that will contain the denial of Christ and a fearful backsliding. O how rare a thing is it, to be loyal and honest to Christ, when he hath a controversie with the shields of the earth. I wish all of you would consider, that this trial is from Christ, it is come upon you unbought (indeed when we buy a temptation with our own money, no marvel that we be not easily free of it, and that God be not at our elbow to take it off our hand) this is Christ's ordinary house-fare that he makes use of, to try all the vessels of his house withal, and Christ now is about to bring his treasure out before sun and moon, and to tell his money, and in the telling, to try what weight of gold, and what weight of watered copper is in his house. Do not now jouk, or bow, or yield to your adversaries in a hair-breadth: Christ and his truth will not divide; and his truth hath not latitude and breadth, that ye may take some of it, and leave other some of it; nay, the gospel is like a small hair, that hath no breadth, and will not cleave in two: it is not possible to twist and compound a matter betwixt Christ and Antichrist; and therefore you must either be for Christ, or ye must be against him: It was but man's wit, and the wit of P. and their god-father the Pope (*that man without law*) to put Christ, and his prerogatives-royal, and his truth, or the smallest nail-breadth of his latter-will, in the new kalendar of *Indifferencies*; and to make a blank of un-inked paper, in Christ's Testament, that men may fill up; and so shuffle the truth, and matters they call *indifferent*, thorow other; and spin both together, that the Antichrists wares may sell the better: This is but the device and forged dream of men, whose consciences are made of stoutness, and have a throat, that a graven image, greater than the bounds of the kirk-door, would get free passage into: I am sure, when Christ shall bring all out in our blacks and whites, at that day, when he shall cry down
time,



time, and the world, and when the glory of it shall lie in white ashes, like a *May-flower* cut down and having lost the blossom, there shall be few, yea none that dare make any point, that toucheth the worship and honour of our King and Law-giver, to be indifferent. O that this misled and blind-folded world would see, that Christ doth not rise and fall, stand or lie, by mens apprehensions! What is Christ the lighter, that men do with him by open proclamation, as men do with clipped and light money? they are now crying down Christ some grain weights, and some pounds or shillings, and they will have him ly for a penny or a pound, for one, or for an hundred, according as the wind bloweth from the east, or from the west; but the Lord has weighed him, and balanced him already, *This is my welbeloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, bear ye him*; his worth and his weight standeth still. It is our part to cry up, up with Christ, and down, down with all created glory before him. O that I could heighten him, and heighten his name, and heighten his throne! I know, and am perswaded, that Christ shall again be high, and great in this poor, withered, and sun-burnt Kirk of *Scotland*; and that the sparks of our fire shall flee over sea, and round about, to warm you, and other Sister-churches; and that this *Tabernacle of David's house that is fallen*, even the Son of David, his waste places shall be built again; and I know the prison, crosses, persecutions, and trials of the two slain witnelles, that are now dead and buried, Rev. 11. and of the faithful professors, have a back-door and back-entry of escape; and that death and hell, and the world and tortures, shall all cleave and split in twain, and give us free passage and liberty to go through them toll-free; and we shall bring all God's good mettall out of the furnace again, and leave behind us but our dross, and our scum: we may then before-hand proclaim Christ to be victorious. He is crowned King in *mount Zion*; God did put the crown upon his head, *Psal. 2*. And who dare take it off again? Out of question, he hath sore and grievous quarrels against his Church; and therefore, he is called, *Isa. 31. 9. He whose fire is in Zion, and whose furnace is in Jerusalem*. But when he hath performed his work on *mount Zion*, all *Zion's* haters shall be as the hungry and thirsty man, that dreams he is eating and drinking, and behold when he awaketh, he is faint, and his soul empty: and this advantage we have also, that he will not bring before Sun and Moon, all the infirmities of his wife; it is the modesty of marriage-anger, or Hus-

band-wrath, that our sweet Lord Jesus will not come with chiding to the streets, to let all the world hear, what is betwixt him and us; his sweet glooms stay under roof, and that because he is God. Two special things ye are to mind, 1. Try and make sure your profession; that ye carry not empty lamps: Alas, security, security is the bane, and the wrack of the most part of the world! Oh, how many professors go with a golden lustre, and gold-like before men, (who are but witnesses to our white-skin) and yet are but bastard and base metall! Consider how fair before the wind some do ply with up-sails and white, even to the nick of illumination, *Heb. vi. 5. and tasting of the heavenly gift; and a share and part of the holy Ghost; and the tasting of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come:* And yet this is but a false nick of renovation, and in a short time such are quickly broken upon the rocks, and never fetch the harbour, but are landed in the bottom of hell. O make your heaven sure, and try how ye come by conversion; that it be not stolen goods, in a white and well-lustred profession! A white skin over old wounds maketh an undercotting conscience: False under-water not seen is dangerous, and that is a leak, and rift in the bottom of an enlightened conscience, often falling, and sinning against light. Wo, wo is me, that the holy profession of Christ is made a stage-garment by many, to bring home a vain fame; and Christ is made to serve mens ends: this is, as it were, to stop an oven with a king's robes. Know, 2. Except men martyr and slay the body of sin, in sanctified self-denial, they shall never be Christ's martyrs and faithful witnesses. Oh if I could be master of that house-idol, *my self, my own, mine, my own will, wit, credit, and ease!* How blessed were I? O but we have need to be redeemed from our selves, rather than from the devil and the world! Learn to put out your selves, and to put in Christ for your selves: I should make a sweet bartering and nifferring, and give old for new, if I could shuffle out self, and substitute Christ my Lord in place of *my self*; to say, *Not I, but Christ; not my will, but Christ's; not my ease, not my lust, not my feckless credit, but Christ, Christ.* But alas, in leaving our selves, in setting Christ before our idol, *self*, we have yet a glaiked back-look to our old idol. O wretched idol, *my self!* when shall I see thee wholly decourted, and Christ wholly put in thy room? Oh if Christ, Christ, had the full place and room of *my self*; that all my aims, purposes, thoughts, and desires, would coast and land upon Christ, and not upon *my self!* and how-

howbeit we cannot attain to this denial of *me*, and *mine*; that we can say, *I am not my self, my self is not my self, mine own is no longer mine own*; yet our aiming at this, in all we do, shall be accepted: for alas I think I shall die, but minding and aiming to be a Christian: Is it not our comfort, that Christ the Mediator of the new Covenant is come betwixt us and God, in the business; so that green and young heirs, the like of sinners, have now a tutor, that is God? And now, God be thanked, our salvation is bottomed on *Christ*: sure I am, the bottom shall never fall out of heaven and happiness to us: I would give over the bargain, a thousand times, were it not, that *Christ* his free-grace hath taken our salvation in hand. Pray, pray, and contend with the Lord, for your *Sister-Church*; for it would appear, the Lord is about to ask for his scattered sheep, in the dark and cloudy day. O that it would please our Lord to set up again *David's* old wasted and fallen tabernacle in *Scotland*, that we might see the glory of the second Temple in this land. O that my little heaven were wadset, to redeem the honour of my Lord *Jesus* among Jews and Gentiles. Let never dew ly upon my branches, and let my poor flower wither at the root, so being *Christ* were enthroned, and his glory advanced in all the world, and especially in these three kingdoms: But I know he hath no need of me; what can I add to him? but oh that he would cause his high and pure glory run through such a foul channel as I am! and howbeit he hath caused the blossom fall off my one poor joy, that was on this side of heaven, even my liberty to preach *Christ* to his people, yet I am dead to that now, so being he would hew and carve glory, glory for evermore, to my royal King, out of my silence and sufferings. Oh that I had my fill of his love; but I know ill manners make an uncouth and strange Bridegroom. I intreat you earnestly for the aid of your prayers, for I forget not you; and I salute with my soul in *Christ* the faithful Pastors, and honourable and worthy Professors in that land. Now the God of peace, that brought again our Lord *Jesus* from the dead, the great Shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will; working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberdeen, Feb. 4.
1638.

Tours in his sweetest Lord *Jesus*;
S. R.

To the truly Noble and elect Lady, my Lady
VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

Noble and elect Lady,

That honour that I have prayed for these sixteen years, with submission to my Lord's will, my kind Lord hath now bestowed upon me; even to suffer for my royal and princely King Jesus, and for his kingly Crown, and the freedom of his Kingdom, that his Father hath given him. The forbidden lords have sentenced me with deprivation, and confinement within the town of *Aberdeen*. I am charged in the king's name, to enter against the twenty day of *August* next, and there to remain during the king's pleasure, as they have given it out. Howbeit Christ's green cross, newly laid upon me, be somewhat heavy, while I call to mind the many fair days, sweet and comfortable to my soul; and to the souls of many others, and how young ones in Christ, are plucked from the breast, and the inheritance of God laid waste; yet that sweet-smelled and perfumed cross of Christ is accompanied with sweet refreshments, with the kisses of a King, with the joy of the holy Ghost, with faith that the Lord hears the sighing of a prisoner, with undoubted hope, (as sure as my Lord liveth) after this night, to see day-light, and Christ's sky to clear up again upon me, and his poor Kirk, and that in a strange land, amongst strange faces: he will give favour in the eyes of men, to his poor oppressed servant, who drow not but love that lovely one, that princely one, Jesus the Comforter of his soul. All would be well, if I were free of old challenges for guiltiness, and for neglect in my calling, and for speaking too little for my Welbeloved's Crown, Honour and Kingdom. Oh for a day in the assembly of the saints to advocate for King Jesus? If my Lord go on now to quarrels also, I die, I cannot endure it: But I look for peace from him; because he knoweth I drow bear mens feud, but I drow not bear his feud: this is my only exercise, that I fear I have done little good in my Ministry: but I dare not but say, I loved the bairns of the wedding-chamber, and prayed for, and desired the thriving of the marriage, and coming of his Kingdom. I apprehend no less than a judgment upon *Galloway*; and that the Lord shall visit this whole nation, for the quarrel of the covenant. But what can be laid upon me, or any the like of me, is too light for Christ: Christ drow bear more, and would bear death and burning quick, in his weak servants, even for this honourable cause, that I now suf-

fer for. Yet for all my complaints (and he knoweth that I dare not now dissemble) he was never sweeter and kinder, than he is now ; one kiss now is sweeter than ten long since : sweet, sweet is his cross ; light, light and easie is his yoke. O what a sweet step were it up to my Father's house, through ten deaths, for the truth and cause of that unknown, and so not half well-loved Plant of renown, the Man called the *Branch*, the chief among ten thousands, the fairest among the Sons of men ! O what unseen joys, how many hidden *heart-burnings* of love, are in the remnants of the *sufferings of Christ* ! My dear worthy *Lady*, I give it to your *La.* under my hand (my heart writing as well as my hand) welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet, and glorious cross of Christ ; welcome sweet Jesus, with *thy light Cross*, thou hast now gained and gotten *all my love from me*, keep what thou hast gotten. *Only, wo, wo is me*, for my bereft-flock, for the Lambs of *Jesus*, that I fear shall be fed with dry Breasts ; but I spare now. *Madam*, I dare not promise to see your *La.* because of the little time I have allotted me, and I purpose to obey the King, who hath power of my Body ; and rebellion to Kings is unbecoming Christ's Ministers. Be pleased to acquaint my *Lady Marr* with my case ; I will look, your *La.* and that good *Lady* will be mindful to God of the Lord's prisoner, not for my cause, but for the Gospel's sake. *Madam*, bind me more (if more can be) to your *La.* And write thanks to your Brother, my Lord of *Lorne*, for what he hath done for me, a poor unknown Stranger to his *Lo.* I shall pray for him and his House, while I live ; It is his honour, to open his mouth in the streets for his wronged, and oppressed Master *Christ Jesus*. Now, *Madam*, commending your *La.* and the sweet child to the tender mercies of mine own Lord *Jesus*, and his good Will who dwelt in the bush ; I rest

Edinb. July 28.

1636.

Tours, in his own sweetest

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Noble and Christian Lady, the
VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

My very Honourable and dear Lady,

G Race, Mercy and Peace be to you ; I cannot forget your *La.* and that sweet child, I desire to hear what the Lord is doing to you and him : to write to me were charity ; I cannot but write to my Friends, that *Christ* hath trusted me in *Aberdeen* ; and my Adversaries have sent me here, to be feasted with *Love-banquets*, with my Royal, *high, high*, and princely

King Jesus. Madam, why should I smother *Christ's* honesty? I dare not conceal his goodness to my soul; he look'd fram'd and uncouth-like upon me, when I came first here; but I believe himself better than his looks: I shall not again quarrel *Christ* for a gloam; now he hath taken the Mask off his Face, and saith, *Kiss thy fill*; and what can I have more, while I get great Heaven in my little Arms? O how sweet are the sufferings of *Christ*, for *Christ*! God forgive them, that raise an ill report upon the sweet Cross of *Christ*; it is but our weak and dim eyes, that look but to the black side, that makes us mistake: those who can take that crabbed-Tree handsomly upon their Back, and fasten it on cannily, shall find it such a Burden, as wings unto a Bird, or Sails to a Ship. Madam, rue not of your having chosen the better Part: Upon my Salvation, this is *Christ's* truth I now suffer for: If I found but cold comfort in my sufferings, I would not beguile others, I would have told you plainly; but the truth is, *Christ's* Crown, his Scepter, and the Freedom of his Kingdom, is that, which is now called in question: Because we will not allow that *Christ* pay tribute, and be a Vassal to the shields of the Earth; therefore the Sons of our Mother are angry at us: But it becometh not *Christ* to hold any Man's Stirrup: It were a sweet and honourable Death, to die for the honour of that Royal and princely King *Jesus*: This Love is a Mystery to the World: I would not have believed that there was so much in *Christ*, as there is; Come and see, maketh *Christ* to be known in his Excellency and Glory. I wish all this Nation knew how sweet his Breath is; it is little to see *Christ* in a Book, as Men do the World in a Card: They talk of *Christ* by the Book and the Tongue, and no more; but to come nigh *Christ*, and hausse him, and embrace him, is another thing. Madam, I write to your Honour, for your Encouragement in that honourable Profession, *Christ* hath honoured you with: Ye have gotten the Sunny-side of the Brae, and the best of *Christ's* good things; he hath not given you the Bastard's Portion; and howbeit ye get strokes and sour-looks from your Lord, yet believe his Love more than your own Feeling; for this World can take nothing from you, that is truly yours, and Death can do you no wrong: Your Rock doth not Ebb and Flow, but your Sea: That which *Christ* hath said, he will bide by it: He will be your Tutor; you shall not get your Charters of Heaven to play you with: It is good that ye have lost you credit with *Christ*, and that lord freewill shall not be your Tutor; *Christ* will lippen the taking of you to Heaven, neither to your self,

nor any Deputy; but only to himself: Blessed be *your Tutor*: When your Head shall appear, *your Bridegroom* and *Lord*, your Day shall then dawn, and it shall never have an Afternoon, nor an Evening Shadow. Let *your child* be *Christ's*, let him stay beside you, as the *Lord's* Pledge, that you shall willingly render again, if God will. *Madam*, I find folks here kind to me, but in the night, and under their breath; my Master's Cause may not come to the Crown of the Causey; others are kind according to their Fashion: Many think me a strange Man, and my Cause not good; but I care not much for man's thoughts or approbation; I think no shame of the *Cross*. The preachers of this Town pretend great Love, but the P. have added to the rest this gentle Cruelty (for so they think of it) to discharge me of the pulpits of this Town: The people murmur, and cry out against it; and to speak truly (howbeit *Christ* is most indulgent to me otherwise, yet) my silence on the Lord's day keeps me from being exalted above measure, and from startling in the heat of my Lord's love. Some people, affect me; for the which cause, I hear the preachers here purpose to have my *Confinement* changed to another Place; so cold is northern love: But *Christ* and I will bear it. I have wrestled long with this sad silence: I said, What aileth *Christ* at my *Service*? and my Soul hath been at a pleading with *Christ*, and at yea and nay; but I will yield to him, providing my Suffering may preach more than my Tongue did; for I gave not *Christ* an inch, but for twice as good again: In a word, I am a fool, and he is God. I will hold my peace hereafter. Let me hear from your *Ladyship*, and your dear *Child*; pray for a prisoner of *Christ*, who is mindful of your *Ladyship*. Remember my obliged Obedience to my good *Lady Marr*. Grace, grace be with you. I write and pray Blessings to your sweet child.

Aberd. Nov. 22.

1636.

Yours in all dutiful Obedience in
his only Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the right honourable and Christian Lady, my Lady
VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I received your *Ladyship's* letter, it refreshed me in my heaviness: the blessing and prayers of a prisoner of *Christ* come upon you. Since my coming hither, *Galloway* sent me not a line, except what my brother, *Earlstoun*, and his son did write; I cannot get my papers transported: but *Madam*, I want not kindness of one, who hath

the gate of it, Christ (if he had never done more for me since I was born) hath engaged my heart, and gained my blessing, in this house of my pilgrimage. It pleaseth my Welbeloved to dine with a poor prisoner, and the King's spikenard casteth a fragrant smell: nothing grieveth me, but that I eat my feasts my alone, and that I cannot edifie his saints: O that this Nation knew what is betwixt him and me; none would skar at the cross of Christ! my silence eats me up; but he hath told me, he thanketh me no less, than if I were preaching daily; he sees how gladly I would be at it; and therefore my wages are going to the fore up in heaven, as if I were still preaching Christ. Captains pay duly bedfast soldiers, howbeit they do not march, nor carry armour; *Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of my Lord, and my Lord shall be my strength.* Isa. xlix. 5. my garland, *The banished Minister*, (the term of *Aberdeen*) ashameth me not: I have seen the white side of Christ's cross; how lovely hath he been to his oppressed servant? *Psal. cxlvi. 7, 8, 9. The Lord executeth judgment for the oppressed, he giveth food to the hungry; the Lord looseth the prisoner; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord preserveth the stranger.* If it were come to exchanging of crosses, I would not exchange my cross with any: I am well-pleased with Christ, and he with me; I hope none shall hear us. It is true for all this, I get my meat with many strokes, and am seven times a day up and down, and am often anxious, and cast down for the case of my oppressed brother; yet I hope the Lord will be surety for his servant. But now, upon some weak, very weak, experience, I am come to love a rumbling and raging devil best, seeing we must have a devil to hold the saints waking, I wish a cumbersome devil, rather than a secure and sleeping one. At my first coming hither, I took the darts at Christ, and took up a stomach against him; I said, He had cast me over the dike of the vineyard, like a dry tree; but it was his mercy, I see, that the fire did not burn the dry tree: and now, as if my Lord Jesus had done that fault, and not I (who belied my Lord) he hath made the first mends, and he spake not one word against me; but he hath come again, and quickened my soul with his presence: nay, now I think the very anxiety, and casualties of the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord, and these comforts that accompany it, better than the world's set rent. O how many rich off-fallings are in my King's house! I am perswaded, and dare pawn my salvation on it, that it is Christ's truth I now suffer for: I know his comforts are no dreams; he would

would not put his seal on blank paper, nor deceive his afflicted ones, that trust in him. Your Ladyship wrote to me, that ye are yet an ill scholar: Madam, ye must go in at heaven's gates, and your book in your hand, still learning: you have had your own large share of troubles, and a double portion; but it saith your Father counteth you not a bastard; full-begotten bairns are nurtured, Heb. xii. 8. I long to hear of the child, I write the blessings of Christ's prisoner and the mercies of God to him: let him be Christ's and yours betwixt you, but let Christ be whole play-maker, let him be the lender, and ye the borrower, not an owner. Madam, it is not long since I did write to your Ladyship that Christ is keeping mercy for you; and I bide by it still, and now I write it under my hand: love him dearly, win in to see him; there is in him, that which you never saw; he is a ying, he is a Tree of Life, green and blossoming, both summer and winter: There is a nick in Christianity, to the which whosoever cometh, they see and feel more than others can do: I invite you of new to come to him; Come and see, will speak better things of him, than I can do: Come nearer will say much: God thought never this world a portion worthy of you: He would not even you to a gift of dirt and clay: Nay, he will not give you Esau's portion; but reserves the inheritance of Jacob for you: Are ye not well married now? have you not a good Husband now? my heart cannot express what sad nights I have for the virgin daughter of my people: Wo is me, for our time is coming, Ezek. vii. 10. Behold the day, behold it is come, the morning hath gone forth, the rod hath blossomed, pride hath budded, violence is risen up in a rod of wickedness, the sun is gone down upon our prophets. A dry wind upon Scotland, but neither to fan nor cleanse: But out of all question, when the Lord hath cut down his forrest, the after-growth of Lebanon shall flourish, they shall plant vines in our mountains, and a cloud shall yet fill the temple. Now the blessing of our dearest Lord Jesus, and the blessing of him that is separate from his brethren, come upon you.

Aberdeen.

Yours, at Aberdeen the prisoner
of Christ, S. R.

To the honourable and truly noble Lady,
The VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

Madam,

G Race, mercy and peace be to your Ladyship. I long to hear from you. I am here waiting if a good wind, long-looked-

looked-for, shall at length blow in *Christ's sails*, in this land: But I wonder if *Jesus* be not content to suffer more yet in his *members* and *cause*, and beauty of his house; rather than he should not be avenged upon this land. I hear many worthy men (who see more in the *Lord's dealing*, than I can take up with my *dim-sight*) are of a contrary mind, and do believe the *Lord is coming* home again to his house in *Scotland*: I hope he is on his journey that way; yet I look not, but that he shall feed this land with their own blood, before he establish his throne amongst us. I know your Honour is not looking after things hereaway; ye have no great cause to think, that your flock and principal is under the roof of these visible heavens; and I hope ye would think your self a beguiled and couselled soul, if it were so. I would be sorry to counsel your Ladyship to make a covenant with time, and this life; but rather desire you to hold in fair generals, and far off from this ill-founded haven, that is on this side of the water. It speaketh somewhat, when our Lord bloweth the bloom off our dast hopes in this life, and loppeth the branches of our worldly joys well nigh the root, on purpose that they should not thrive. Lord spill my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be saved for ever. A forfeiture of the saints part of the yolk and marrow of short-laughing happiness worldly, is not such a real evil, as our blinded eyes do conceive. I am thinking long now for some deliverance, more than before; but I know I am in an error: it is possible I am not come to that measure of trial, that the Lord is seeking in his works: if my friends in *Galloway* would effectually do for my deliverance, I would exceedingly rejoice; but I know not, but the Lord hath a way, whereof he will be the only reaper of praises. Let me know with the bearer, how the child is. The Lord be his Father and Tutor, and your only Comforter. There is nothing here where I am, but profanity and atheism. Grace, grace be with your Ladyship.

Aberd. Feb. 13.

1637.

Your Ladyship's, at all obliged
obedience in Christ, S. R.

To the Noble and Christian Lady,
The VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I would not omit the occasion to write to your Ladyship with the bearer. I am glad the child is well; God's favour, even in the eyes of men, be

be seen upon him. I hope your Ladyship is thinking upon these sad and woful days, wherein we now live; when our Lord, in his righteous judgment, is sending the Kirk the gate she is going, to *Rome's* brothel-house, to seek a lover of her own, leaving she hath given up with Christ her Husband. O what sweet comfort, what rich salvation is laid up for those, who had rather wash and roll their garments in their own blood, than break out from Christ by apostasie! Keep your self in the love of Christ, and stand far a-back from the pollutions of the world: Side not with these times, and hold from coming nigh the signs of a *conspiracy* with those that are now come out against Christ; that ye may be One kept for Christ only. I know your Ladyship thinketh upon this, and how you may be humbled for your self and this backsliding land; for I avouch, that wrath from the Lord is gone out against *Scotland*. I think ay the longer the better of my royal and worthy Master: He is become a new Welbeloved to me now, in renewed consolations, by the presence of the Spirit of grace and glory. Christ's garments smell of the *powder of the merchant*, when he cometh out of *his Ivory chambers*: O his perfumed face, his fair face, his lovely and kindly kisses, have made me a poor prisoner see, there is more to be had of Christ in this life, than I believed. We think all is but a little earnest, a *four hours*, a small tasting, we have, or is to be had in this life (which is true, compared with the inheritance) but yet I know, it is more, it is the *kingdom of God within us*. Wo, wo is me, that I have not ten loves for that one Lord Jesus; and that love faileth, and drieth up in loving him; and that I find no way to spend my love desires, and the yolk of my heart upon that fairest and dearest one: I am far behind with my narrow heart. O how ebb a soul have I to take in Christ's love! for, let worlds be multiplied according to angels understanding, in millions, while they weary themselves; these worlds would not contain the thousandth part of his love. O if I could yoke in amongst the thick of angels, and seraphims, and now-glorified saints, and could raise a new love song of Christ, before all the world! I am pained with wondring at new-opened treasures in Christ: if every finger, member, bone, and joint, were a torch burning in the hottest fire in hell, I would they could all send out love-praises, high songs of praise for evermore, to that Plant of renown, to that royal and high Prince, Jesus my Lord: but alas! his love swelleth in me, and findeth no vent; alas! what can a dumb prisoner do or say for him? O for an engine to
write

write a book of Christ and his love! nay, I am left of him bound, and chained with his love; I cannot find a loosed soul to lift up his praises, and give them out to others. But oh my day-light hath thick clouds; I cannot shine in his praises. I am often like a ship plying about to seek the wind; I sail at great leisure, and cannot be blown upon that loveliest Lord: Oh if I could turn my sails to Christ's right airth; and that I had my heart's wishes of his love! But, I but marr his praises; nay, I know no comparison of what Christ is, and what his worth is: all the angels, and all the glorified, praise him not so much as in halves; who can advance him, or utter all his praises? I want nothing; unknown faces favour me; enemies must speak good of the truth; my Master's cause purchaseth commendation. The hopes of my enlargement, from appearances, are cold: my faith hath no bed to sleep upon, but omnipotency. The good will of the Lord, and his sweetest presence be with you and that child. Grace and peace be yours.

Aberdeen, 1637.

Your Ladiship's in all duty, in his
sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the right honourable and Christian Lady,
The VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to your Ladiship. I would not omit to write a line with this Christian bearer, one in your Ladiship's own case, driven near to Christ, in and by her affliction. I wish that my friends in *Galloway* forget me not; however it be, Christ is so good, that I will have no other tutor, suppose I could have wail and choice of ten thousand beside. I think now five hundred heavy hearts for him too little. I wish Christ, now weeping, suffering, and contemned of men, were more dear and desirable to many souls, than he is: I am sure, if the saints wanted Christ's cross, so profitable and so sweet, they might, for the gain and glory of it, wish it were lawful, either to buy or borrow his cross; but it is a mercy that the saints have it laid to their hand for nothing: for I know no sweeter way to heaven, than through free grace, and hard trials together; and one of these cannot well want another. O that time would pass faster, and hasten our long looked-for communion with that fairest, fairest among the sons of men! O that the day would favour us, and come, and put
Christ

Christ and us in others arms? I am sure a few years will do our turn, and the soldier's hour-glass will soon run out. *Madam*, look to your lamp, and look for your Lord's coming, and let your heart dwell aloof from that sweet child. Christ's jealousy will not admit two equal loves in your Ladiship's heart: he must have one, and that the greatest; a little one to a creature may, and must suffice a soul married to him: *Your Maker is your Husband*, *Isa. liv.* I would wish you well, and my obligations these many years bygone speak no less to me; but more I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for to your Ladiship, than Christ singled and wailed out from all created good things; or Christ, howbeit wet in his own blood, and wearing a crown of thorns. I am sure, the saints, at their best, are but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable sweetness of Christ. He is so new, so fresh in excellency, every day of new, to those that search more and more in him, as if heaven could furnish us as many new Christs (if I may speak so) as there are days betwixt him and us, and yet he is one and the same. Oh we love an unknown lover, when we love Christ! Let me hear how the child is every way; the prayers of a prisoner of Christ be upon him. Grace for evermore, even while glory perfect it, be with your Ladiship.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

*To the noble and Christian Lady,
The VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.*

MADAM,

NOtwithstanding the great haste of the bearer, I would bless your *La:* in paper, desiring, that since Christ hath ever envied, that the world should have your love by him, that ye give your self out for Christ, and that ye may be for no other. I know none worthy of you but Christ. *Madam*, I am either suffering for Christ, and this is either the sure and good way, or I have done with heaven, and will never see God's Face: (which, I bless him, cannot be) I write my blessing to that sweet child, that ye have borrowed from God, he is no heritage to you, but a loan; love him as folks do borrowed things: my heart is heavy for you. They say the Kirk of Christ hath neither son, nor heir; and therefore her enemies shall possess her: but I know she is not that ill-friended, her Husband is her heir, and she his heritage. If my Lord would
be

be pleased, I would desire some were dealt with, for my return to *Anwoth*; but if that never be, I thank God, *Anwoth* is not heaven, preaching is not *Christ*, I hope to wait on. Let me hear how the child is, and your *Ladyship's* mind and hopes of him; for it would ease my heart to know that he is well. I am in good terms with *Christ*, but oh my guiltiness! yet he bringeth not pleas betwixt him and me to the streets, and before the sun. Grace, grace, for evermore be with your *Ladyship*.

Aberd. 1637.

Your *Ladyship's* at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.

To the right honourable and Christian Lady, my Lady
VICOUNTESS of KENMURE.

Madam,

GRace, mercy and peace to you: I am refreshed with your Letters: the right hand of him, to whom belong the issues from death, hath been gracious to that sweet child; I dow not, I do not forget him, and your *Ladyship* in my prayers. *Madam*, for your own ease, I love careful, and withal doing complaints of want of practice; because I observe many, who think it holiness enough to complain and set themselves at nothing, as if to say I am sick, would cure them; they think complaints a good charm for guiltiness. I hope ye are wrestling and struggling on, in this dead age, wherein folks have lost tongue and legs and arms for *Christ*. I urge upon you, *Madam*, a nearer communion with *Christ*, and a growing communion: There are curtains to be drawn by, in *Christ*, that we never saw, and new foldings of love in him. I despair that ever I shall win to the far end of that love, there are so many plies in it. Therefore dig deep, and sweet, and labour, and take pains for him; and set by so much time in the day for him, as you can: he will be win with labour. I, his exiled prisoner, sought him, and he hath rued upon me, and hath made a moan for me, as he doth for his own, *Jer. xxxi. 20. Isa. xlv. 11.* and I know not what to do with *Christ*, his love surroundeth and furchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but O how sweet and lovely is that burden! I dow not keep it within me: I am so in love with his love, that if his love were not in heaven, I would be unwilling to go there. O what weighing and what telling is in *Christ's* love! I fear nothing now so much, as the laughing of *Christ's* cross, and the

the love-showers that accompany it: I wonder what he meaneth to put such a slave at the board-head, at his own elbow. O that I should lay my black mouth to such a fair, fair, fair face as Christ! but I dare not refuse to be loved; the cause is not in me why he hath looked upon me, and loved me, for he got neither budd nor hire of me, it cost me nothing, it is good cheap love. O the many pound-weights of his love, under which I am sweetly pressed! Now, *Madam*, I perswade you, the greatest part but play with Christianity, they put it by-hand easily. I thought it had been an easie thing to be a Christian, and that to seek God, had been at the next door; but oh the windings, the turnings, the ups, and the downs that he hath led me through; and I see yet much way to the foord: he speaketh with my reins in the night season; and in the morning, when I awake, I find his love-arrows, that he shot at me, sticking in my heart: who will help me to praise? who will come lift with me, and set on high his great love? and yet I find, that a fire-flaught of challenges will come in at mid-summer, and question me; but it is only to keep a sinner in order. As for Friends, I shall not think the world to be the world, if that well go not dry. I trust in God, to use the world, as a canny or cunning master doth a knave-servant, (at least God give me grace to do so) he giveth him no handling or credit, only he intrusteth him with common errands, wherein he cannot play the knave. I pray God, I may not give this world credit of my joys, and comforts, and confidence: that were to put Christ out of his office: nay, I counsel you, *Madam*, from a little experience, let Christ keep the great seal, and intrust him so, as to hing your vessels great and small, and pin your burdens upon the nail fastened in *David's-house*, *Isaiah* xxii. 23. Let me not be well, if ever they get the tutoring of my comforts: away, away with irresponsal Tutors, that would play me a slip; and then Christ would laugh at me, and say, Well-warded, try again ere ye trust. Now wo is me for my whorish mother the Kirk of *Scotland*; Oh who will bewail her! Now the presence of the great Angel of the covenant be with you and that sweet child.

Aberd. March 7.
1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the right honourable and Christian Lady, my Lady

K E N M U R E.

Madam,

UPon the offered opportunity of this worthy bearer, I could not omit to answer the heads of your letter. 1. I think not much to set down in paper some good things anent Christ, that sealed and holy thing; and to feed my soul with raw wishes to be one with Christ; for a wish is but broken and half-love; but verily to obey this, *Come and see*, is a harder matter; but oh I have rather smoke than fire, and guessings rather than real assurances of him: I have little or nothing to say, but that I am as one who hath found favour in his eyes; but there is some pining and mismantered hunger, that maketh me miscall and nickname Christ, as a changed Lord: but alas it is ill flitten. I cannot believe without a pledge, I cannot take God's word without a caution, as if Christ had lost and sold his credit, and were not in my books responfal and law-biding: but this is my way; for his way is, *Ephes. i. 13. after that ye believed, ye were sealed with the holy Spirit of promise.* 2. Ye write that I am filled with knowledge, and stand not in need of these warnings: but certainly my light is dim, when it cometh to handy-grips: and how many have full coffers, and yet empty bellies? Light, and the saving use of light, are far different. O what need have I to have the ashes blown away from my dying-out-fire! I may be a book-man, and be an Idiot and stark fool in Christ's way: learning will not beguile Christ: the Bible beguiled the Pharisees, and so may I be misled: Therefore as night watches hold one another waking, by speaking to one another, so have we need to hold one another on foot: sleep stealeth away the light of watching, even the light that reproveth sleeping. I doubt not but more should fetch heaven, if they believed not heaven to be at the next door: the world's negative holiness, no adulterer, no murderer, no thief, no coufener, maketh men believe they are already glorified saints: but the 6th Chap. to the *Heb.* may affright us all, when we hear that men may take of the gifts, and common graces of the holy Spirit, and a taste of the powers of the life to come, to hell with them: here is reprobate silver, which yet seemeth to have the King's Image and superscription upon it. 3. I find you complaining of your self, and it becometh a sinner so to do, I am not against you in that; sense of death is a sib friend, and of kin
and

and blood to life; the more sense, the more life: the more sense of sin, the less sin. I would love my pain, and soreness, and my wounds, howbeit these should bereave me of my nights sleep, better than my wounds without pain. O how sweet a thing is it, to give Christ his handful of broken arms, and legs, and disjointed bones! 4. Be not afraid for little grace, Christ soweth his living seed, and he will not lose his seed: if he have the guiding of my stock and state, it shall not miscarry. Our spilt works, losses, deadness, coldness, wretchedness, are the ground which the good husband-man labour-eth. 5. Ye write that his compassions fail not, notwithstanding that your service to Christ miscarrieth: To the which I answer, God forbid that there were buying and selling, and blocking for as good again, betwixt Christ and us; for then free grace might go play it, and a Saviour sing dumb, and Christ go and sleep: but we go to heaven with light shoulders, and all the bairn-time; and the vessels great and small that we have, are fastned upon the sure nail, *Isa. xxii. 24.* the only danger is, that we give grace more ado than God giveth it, that is, by turning his grace into wantonness. 6. Ye write, Few see your guiltiness, and ye cannot be free with many, as with me: I answer, Blessed be God, Christ and we are not heard before mens courts: *It* is at home betwixt him and us, that pleas are taken away. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

*To the right honourable and Christian Lady,
my Lady KENMURE.*

Madam,

GRace, mercy and peace be to your *Ladyship*: God be thanked, ye are yet in possession of Christ and that sweet child. I pray God, the *former* may be sure *heritage*, and the latter a loan for your *comfort*, while ye do good to his poor afflicted, *withered mount Zion*: and who knoweth but our Lord hath *comforts* laid up in store for *her* and *you*? I am perswaded Christ hath bought you by, the *devil*, and *hell*, and *sin*, that they have no claim to you; and that is a rich and unvaluable mercy. Long since, ye were half challenging death's cold kindness, in being so slow and swifter to come and loose a tired prisoner: but ye stand in need of all the crosses, losses, changes, and sad hearts that befell you since that time: Christ knoweth the body

of sin unsubdued will take them all and more: we know that *Paul* had need of the *Devil's* service, to buffet him, and far more we. But, my dear and honourable Lady, spend your sand-glass well: I am sure ye have law to raise a suspension against all, that devils, men, friends; world, losses, hell, or sin can decree against you: it is good your crosses will but convey you to *heaven's gates*: In can they not go, the gates shall be closed on them, when ye shall be admitted to the throne. Time standeth not still, eternity is hard at our door, O what is laid up for you! Therefore harden your face against the wind; and the Lamb your Husband is making ready for you, the Bridegroom would fain have that day, as gladly as your Honour would wish to have it; he hath not forgotten you. I have heard a rumour of the P's purpose to banish me; but let it come, if God so will; the other side of the sea is my Father's ground, as well as this side: I ow bowing to God, but no servile bowing to crosses; I have been but too soft in that: I am comforted that I am perswaded fully, that Christ is Halfer with me in this well-born and honest cross: and if he claim right to the best half of my troubles, (as I know he doth to the whole) I shall remit it over to Christ, what I shall do in this case: I know certainly my Lord Jesus will not marr nor spill my sufferings, he hath use for them in his house. O what it worketh on me, to remember that a stranger, who cometh not in by the door, shall build hay and stubble upon the golden foundation I laid amongst that people in *Anwoth*! But I know providence looketh not askint, but looketh straight out, and thorow all mens darknes: O that I could wait upon the Lord! I had but one eye, one joy, one delight, even to preach Christ; and my mother's sons were angry at me, and have put out the poor man's one eye, and what have I behind? I am sure this four world hath lost my heart deservedly, but oh that there were a days-man to lay his hand upon us both, and determine upon my part of it. Alas that innocent and lovely truth should be sold! My tears are little worth, but yet for this thing I weep, I weep, alas that my fair and lovely Lord Jesus should be miskent in his own house! It reckoneth little of five hundred the like of me: Yet the water goeth not over faith's breath, yet our King liveth: I write the prisoner's blessings, the good-will, and long-lasting kindness, with the comforts of the very God of peace be to your Ladyship, and to your sweet child: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7.

1637.

Your honour's at all obedience, in his
Sweet Lord Jesus. S. R.

To the much honoured, JOHN GORDON of Cardoness
elder.

Much honoured and dearest in my Lord, Grace, mercy and peace be to you. My soul longeth exceedingly to hear how matters go betwixt you and Christ; and whether or not there be any work of Christ in that parish, that will bide the trial of fire and water: let me be weighed of my Lord in a just balance, if your souls lie not weighty upon me: you go to bed and you rise with me: thoughts of your soul (my dearest in our Lord) depart not from me in my sleep; ye have a great part of my tears, sighs, supplications, and prayers: O if I could buy your souls salvation with any suffering whatsoever, and that ye and I might meet with joy up in the rainbow, when we shall stand before our Judge! O my Lord forbid, I have any hard thing to depone against you in that day! O that he who quickneth the dead would give life to my sowing among you! What joy is there (next to Christ) that standeth on this side of death, would comfort me more, than that the souls of that poor people were in safety, and beyond all hazard of losing? Sir, shew the people this; for when I write to you, I think, I write to you all old and young: fulfil my joy, and seek the Lord: sure I am, once I discovered my lovely royal, princely Lord Jesus to you all: wo, wo, wo shall be your part of it for evermore, if the gospel be not the savour of life unto life to you: as many sermons as I preached, as many sentences as I uttered, as many points of ditty shall they be, when the Lord shall plead with the world, for the evil of their doings. Believe me, I find heaven a city hard to be won: *The righteous will scarcely be saved*: O what violence of thronging will heaven take! Alas, I see many deceiving themselves; for we will all to heaven, now every soul dog with his foul feet will in at the nearest, to the new and clean *Jerusalem*: all say they have faith, and the greatest part in the world know not and will not consider, that a slip in the matter of their salvation, is the most pitiful slip that can be; and that no loss is comparable to this loss. O then see that there be not a loose pin in the work of your salvation! for ye will not believe how quickly the Judge will come? and for your self, I know that death is waiting and hovering, and lingring at God's command, that ye may be prepared. Then ye had need to stir your time, and to take eternity, and death, to your ripper advisement; a wrong step, or a wrong stot, in go-

ing out of this life, in one property, is like the sin against the holy Ghost, and can never be forgiven, because ye cannot come back again thorow the last water, to mourn for it. I know your counts are many, and will take telling, and laying, and reckoning betwixt you and your Lord; fit your counts, and order them; lose not the last play, whatever ye do, for in that play with death, your precious soul is the prize: for the Lord's sake spill not the play, and lose not such a treasure. Ye know, out of love I had to your soul, and out of desire I had to make an honest count for you, I testified my displeasure and disliking of your ways very often, both in private and publick: I am not now a witness of your doings, but your Judge is always your Witness. I beseech you by the mercies of God, by the salvation of your soul, by your comforts when your eye-strings shall break, and the face wax pale, and the soul shall tremble to be out of the lodging of clay, and by your compearance before your lawful Judge, after the sight of this letter take a new course with your ways; and now in the end of your day, make sure of heaven: examine your self, if ye be in good earnest in Christ; for some, *Heb. vi. 4. are partakers of the Holy Ghost, and taste of the good word of God, and of the powers of the life to come*; and yet have no part in Christ at all. Many think they believe, but never tremble: the devils are further on than these, *Jam. ii. 10.* Make sure to your self that ye are above ordinary professors; the sixth part of your span-length and hand-breadth of your days, is scarcely before you: Haite, haste; for the tide will not bide. Put Christ upon all your accounts, and your secrets: Better it is that ye give him your counts in this life, out of your own hand, than that, after this life, he take them from you. I never knew so well what sin was, as since I came to *Aberdeen*, howbeit I was preaching of it to you. To feel the smoke of hell's fire, in the throat, for half an hour; to stand beside a river of fire and brimstone, broader than the earth; and to think to be bound hand and foot, and casten in the midst of it quick, and then to have God locking the prison door, never to be opened for all eternity; O how will it shake a conscience, that hath any life in it? I find the fruits of my pains, to have *Christ* and that people once fairly met, now meet my soul in my sad hours; and I rejoice that I gave fair warning of all the corruptions, now entring in *Christ's* house: and now many a sweet, sweet, soft kiss, many perfumed, well-smelled kisses, and embracements, have I received of my royal Master. He and I have had much love

together. I have for the present a sick, dwinning life, with much pain, and much love-sickness, for *Christ*. O what I would give to have a bed made to my wearied soul, in his bosom! I would frist heaven for many years, to have my fill of Jesus in this life, and to have occasion to offer *Christ* to my people, and to woo many people to *Christ*. I cannot tell you what sweet pain and delightful torments are in *Christ's* love: I often challenge time, that holdeth us sundry. I profess to you, I have no rest, I have no ease, while I be over head and ears in love's ocean. If *Christ's* love, (*that fountain of delight*) were laid as open to me as I would wish, O how would I drink, and drink abundantly! O how drunken would this my soul be! I half call his absence cruel, and the mask and vail on *Christ's* face a cruel covering, that hideth such a fair, fair face, from a sick soul. I dare not challenge himself, but his absence is a mountain of iron upon my heavy heart. O when will we meet? O how long is it to the dawning of the marriage-day? O sweet Lord Jesus, take wide steps: O my Lord, come over mountains at one stride! O my Beloved, flee like a roe, or young hart, upon the mountains of separation: O if he would fold the heavens together like an old cloke, and shovel time and days out of the way, and make ready in haste the lamb's wife for her Husband! Since he looked upon me, my heart is not mine own, he hath run away to heaven with it: I know it was not for nothing, that I spake so meikle good of *Christ* to you in publick. O if the heaven and the heaven of heavens were paper, and the sea ink, and the multitude of mountains pens of brasse, and I were able to write that paper, within and without, full of the praises of my fairest, my dearest, my loveliest, my sweetest, my matchless, and my most marrowless and marvellous Welbeloved! Wo is me, I cannot set him out to men and angels. O there are few tongues to sing love-songs of his incomparable excellency; what can I poor prisoner do to exalt him? Or what course can I take to extol my lofty, and lovely Lord Jesus? I am put to my wits end, how to get his Name made great. Blessed they who would help me in this: how sweet are *Christ's* back-parts? O what then is in his face! These that see his face, how dow they get their eye plucked off him again? look up to him and love him; O love and live. It were life to me, if ye would read this letter to that people, and if they did profit by it. O if I could cause them die of love for Jesus! I charge them by the salvation of their souls, to hang about *Christ's* neck, and take their

fill of his love, and follow him, as *I* taught them: Part by no means with *Christ*; hold fast what ye have received: keep the truth once delivered; if ye or that people quit it in an hair, or in an hoof, ye break your conscience in twain: and who then can mend it, and cast a knot on it? My dearest in the Lord, stand fast in *Christ*: keep the faith: contend for *Christ*; wrestle for him, and take mens feud for God's favour; there is no comparison betwixt these. O that my Lord would fulfil my joy, and keep the young Bride to *Christ*, that is at *Ameth*. And now, whoever they be, that have returned to the old vomit since my departure, *I* bind upon their back, in my Master's name and authority, the long-lasting, weighty vengeance, and curse of God: in my Lord's name, *I* give them a doom of black, unmixed, pure wrath, which my Master shall ratifie and make good, when we stand together before him, except they timously repent, and turn to the Lord. And *I* write to thee, poor mourning, and broken-hearted believer, be who thou wilt, of the free salvation: *Christ's* sweet balm for thy wounds, O poor humble believer; *Christ's* kisses for thy watery cheeks; *Christ's* blood of atonement for thy guilty soul; *Christ's* heaven for thy poor soul, though once banished out of paradise: and my Master shall make good my word ere long. O that people were wise! O that people were wise! O that people would spier out *Christ*, and never rest while they find him! O how shall my soul mourn in secret, if my nine years pained head, and sore breast, and pained back, and grieved heart, and private and publick prayers to God, shall all be for nothing among that people. Did my Lord Jesus send me but to summon you before your Judge, and to leave your summons at your houses? Was *I* sent as a witness only to gather your duntays. O my God forbid: Often did *I* tell you of a fan of God's word to come among you, for the contempt of it. *I* told you often of wrath, wrath from the Lord, to come upon Scotland; and yet *I* bide by my Master's word; it is quickly coming, desolation for Scotland, because of the quarrel of a broken covenant. Now, worthy Sir, my dear people, my joy, and my crown in the Lord, let him be your fear; seek the Lord, and his face, save your souls. Doves, flee to *Christ's* windows; pray for me, and praise for me. The blessing of my God, the prayers and blessing of a poor prisoner, and your lawful pastor, be upon you,

Aberdeen, Jun: 16.

1637

Your lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.

To the Right Honourable and Christian Lady, my Lady Boyd.
Madam,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot but thank your *Ladyship*, for your Letter that hath refreshed my Soul. I think my self many ways obliged to your *Ladyship*, for your love to my afflicted Brother, now embarked with me, in that same cause: His Lord hath been pleased to put him upon truth's side; I hope, your *Ladyship* will befriend him with your counsel and countenance, in that country, where he is a Stranger: and your *Ladyship* needeth not fear, but your kindness to his own shall be put up in *Christ's* accounts. Now, *Madam*, for your *Ladyship's* case, I rejoyce exceedingly, that the Father of lights hath made you see, that there is a nick in Christianity, which ye contend to be at; and that is to quit the right Eye, and the right Hand, and to keep the Son of God: I hope your desire is to make him your Garland, and your eye looketh up the mount, which certainly is nothing but the new creature: Fear not, *Christ* will not cast water upon your smoking coal; and then, who else dare do it, if he say nay? Be sorry at corruption, and not secure; that companion lay with you in your Mother's womb, and was as early friends with you, as the breath of life: and *Christ* will not have it otherwise; for he delighteth to take up fallen Bairns, and to mend broken Brows: *Binding up of Wounds*, is his Office: *Isa. 61*. First, I am glad *Christ* will get Employment of his Calling, in you: many a whole soul is in heaven, which was sicker than ye are: He is content ye lay broken Arms and Legs on his Knee, that he may spelk them.

2. Hiding of his Face is wise Love; his Love is not fond, dotting, and reasonless, to give your Head no other Pillow, while ye be in at Heaven's Gates, but to lie betwixt his Breasts, and lean upon his Bosom: Nay, his Bairns must often have the frosty cold Side of the Hill, and set down both their bare Feet among Thorns: His Love hath Eyes, and in the mean time is looking on. Our Pride must have Winter weather to rot it. But I know *Christ* and ye shall not be heard; Ye will whisper it over betwixt your selves, and agree again; for the Anchor-tow abideth fast within the Vail; the End of it is in *Christ's* ten Fingers: who dare pull, if he hold? *I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying, Fear not, I will help thee, Isa. 41*.

13. Fear not, *Jacob*. The Sea-sick Passenger shall come to Land. *Christ* will be the first that will meet you on the Shore. I hope your *Ladyship* will keep the King's high-way; go on in the

Strength of the Lord in haste, as if ye had not leisure to speak to the Inn-keepers by the way: He is over beyond time in the other side of the Water, who thinketh long for you. For my unfaithful self, *Madam*, I must say a Word. At my first coming hither, the devil made many a black Lie of my Lord Jesus, and said, The Court was changed, and he was angry, and would give an evil Servant his leave at mid-term; but he gave me Grace not to take my leave; I resolved to hide Summons, and sit, howbeit it was suggested and said, *What should be done with a withered Tree, but over the Dike with it?* But now, now, (I dare not, I drow not keep it up) who is feasted as his poor exiled prisoner? I think shame of the Board-head, and the first Mess, and the Royal King's Dining-hall, and that my black Hand should come on such a Ruler's Table: But I cannot mend it, *Christ* must have his Will; only he paineth my Soul so, sometimes with his Love, that I have been nigh to pass modestly, and to cry out: He hath left a smoaking burning Coal in my Heart, and gone to the Door himself, and left me and it together; yet it is not Desertion: I know not what it is; but I was never so sick for him as now. I durst not challenge my Lord, if I got no more for heaven, it is a dawting Cross. I know he hath other Thing to do, than to play with me, and trinle an Apple with me, and that this Feast will end. O for instruments in God's Name, that this is he! And that I may make use of it, when it may be a near Friend within me will say, and when it will be said by a challenging Devil, *Where is my God?* Since I know it will not last, I desire but to keep broken Meat: But let no man after me, slander *Christ* for his cross. The Great Lord of the Covenant, who brought from the Dead, the great Shepherd of his Sheep, by the Blood of the eternal Covenant, establish you, and keep you and yours to his Appearance.

Aberd. March 7.
1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

My Reverend and Dear Brother,

I Received your Letters: They are as apples of gold to me, for with my sweet feasts (and they are above the deservying of such a sinner, high and out of measure) I have sadness to ballast me, and weight me a little. It is but his boundless wisdom, who have taken the tutoring of his witless child; and he knoweth, to be drunken with comforts is not safest for our Stomachs.

stomachs. However it be, the dim, and noise and glooms of *Christ's* cross are weightier than it self. *I* protest to you, (my witness is in heaven) *I* could wish many pound weights added to my cross, to know that by my sufferings, *Christ* were set forward in his Kingly office in this land. Oh! what is my skin to his glory; or my losses, or my sad heart, to the apple of the eye of our Lord, and his beloved Spouse, his precious truth, his royal privileges, the glory of manifested justice in giving of his foes a dath, the testimony of his faithful servants, who do glorifie him, when he rideth upon poor weak worms, and triumpheth in them: *I* desire you to pray, that *I* may come out of this furnace with honesty; and that *I* may leave *Christ's* truth no worse than *I* found it; and that this most honourable cause may neither be stained, nor weakned. As for your case, my Reverend and dearest Brother, ye are the talking of the north and south; and looked to so, as if ye were all chrystal glasse; your motes and dust should soon be proclaimed, and trumpets blown at your slips: But *I* know ye have laid help upon one that is mighty. Intrust not your comforts to men's airy and frothy applause, neither lay your down-castings on the tongues of false mockers and reproachers of godliness: As deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet still known. God hath called you to *Christ's* side, and the wind is now in *Christ's* face in this land; and seeing ye are with him, ye cannot expect the lee-side, or the sunny-side of the brae: But *I* know, ye have resolved to take *Christ* upon any terms whatsoever: *I* hope, ye do not rue, though your cause be hated, and that prejudices are taken up against it. The shields of the world think our Master cumberlome wares, and that he maketh too great din, and that his cords and yokes make blains and deep scores in their neck; therefore they kick, they say, *This man shall not reign over us*. Let us pray one for another: He who hath made you a chosen arrow in his quiver, hide you in the hollow of his hand: *I* am

Aberd. March 9.

1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the right honourable, my Lord LOWDON.

My very noble and honourable Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. *I* make bold to write to your Lordship, that you may know the honourable cause, ye are graced to profess, is *Christ's* own truth. Ye are many

many ways blessed of God, who hath taken upon you to come out to the streets, with Christ on your fore-head, when so many are ashamed of him, and hide him (as it were) under their cloak, as if he were a stolen Christ. If this faithless generation (and especially the Nobles of this Kingdom) thought not Christ dear wares, and Religion expensive, hazardous and dangerous, they would not slip from his cause as they do, and stand looking on, with their hands folded behind their back, when lions are running away with the spoil of Zion on their back, and the boards of the Son of God's tabernacle. Law and Justice are to be had to any, especially for money and moyen; but Christ can get no law, good cheap nor dear. It were the glory and honour of you, who are the Nobles of this land, to plead for your wronged Bridegroom, and his oppressed Spouse, as far as zeal and standing law will go with you. Your ordinary logick from the event (*that it will do no good*) to the cause (*and therefore silence is best, till the Lord put to his own hand*) is not (with reverence to your Lordship's learning) worth a straw: Events are God's; let us do, and not plead against God's office; let him sit at his own helm, who moderateth all events: it is not a good course to complain, that we cannot get a providence of gold, when our laziness, cold zeal, temporizing, and faithless fearfulness spilleth good providence. Your Lordship will pardon me; I am not of that mind, that tumults or arms is the way to put Christ on his throne; or that Christ will be served, and truth vindicated only with the arm of flesh and blood; nay, Christ doth his turn with less din than with garments rolled in blood. But I would, the zeal of God were in the Nobles; to do their part for Christ: And I must be pardoned to write to your Lordship this, I drow not, I dare not but speak to others, what God hath done to the soul of his poor, afflicted, exiled prisoner: His comfort is more than I ever knew before; he hath sealed the honourable cause I now suffer for, and I shall not believe that Christ will put his Amen and ring upon an imagination: he hath made all his promises good to me, and hath filled up all the blanks with his own hand; I would not exchange my bonds with the plaistered joy of this whole world: it hath pleased him to make a sinner the like of me, an ordinary banqueter in his house of wine, with that royal, princely One, Christ Jesus. O what weighing! O what telling is in his love! How sweet must he be, when that black and burdensome tree, his own cross, is so perfumed with joy and gladness! O for help to lift him up by praises on his royal

royal throne! I seek no more but that his Name may be spread abroad in me, that meikle good may be spoken of Christ on my behalf: this being done, my losses, place, stipend, credit, ease, and liberty, shall all be made up to my full contentment, and joy of heart. I will be confident your Lordship will go on in the strength of the Lord, and keep Christ and avouch him, that he may read your name publickly before men and angels. I will entreat your Lordship to exhort and encourage that Nobleman your Chief to do the same: but I am wo, many of you find a new wisdom, which deserveth not such a name; it were better that men should see, that their wisdom be holy, and their holiness wife. I must be bold to desire your Lordship to add to your former favours to me (for the which your Lordship hath a prisoner's blessing and prayers) this, that ye would be pleased to befriend my brother, now suffering for the same cause; for he is to dwell nigh your Lordship's bounds: Your Lordship's word and countenance may help him. Thus recommending your Lordship to the saving grace and tender mercy of Christ Jesus our Lord, I rest

Aberdeen, March 9.

*Your Lordship's obliged Servant
in Christ, S. R.*

1637.

To Mr. WILLIAM DALGLISH Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am well; my Lord Jesus is kinder to me than ever he was; it pleaseth him to dine and sup with his afflicted prisoner; a King feasteth me, and his spikenard-casteth a sweet smell. Put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed: we employ not his love, and therefore we know it not. I verily count more of the sufferings of my Lord, than of this world's lusted and over-gilded glory. I dare not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness, with his joys; my losses, with his own presence. I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with himself. Brother, this is his own truth I now suffer for; he hath sealed my sufferings with his own comforts, and I know he will not put his seal upon blank paper; his seals are not dumb, nor delusive, to confirm imaginations and lies. Go on, my dear Brother, in the strength of the Lord, not fearing man that is a worm, or the son of man that will die. Providence hath a thousand keys

keys to open a thousand sundry doors, for the deliverance of his own, when it is even come to a *conclamatum est*. Let us be faithful, and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for him, and lay *Christ's* part on himself, and leave it there: Duties are ours, events are the Lord's. When our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to hold a court (if I may so speak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, *How wilt thou do this, and that?* We lose ground: We have nothing to do there, it is our part to let the Almighty exerce his own office, and sit his own helm; there is nothing left us, but to see how we may be approved of him, and how we may roll the weight of our weak souls (in well-doing) upon him, who is *God Omnipotent*: And when, what we thus essay, miscarrieth, it shall neither be our sin nor cross. Brother, remember the Lord's word to *Peter, Simon, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep*: No greater testimony of our love to *Christ* can be, than to feed painfully and faithfully his lambs. I am in no better neighbourhood with the ministers here than before; they cannot endure that any speak of me, or to me: Thus I am, in the mean time, silent (which is my greatest grief.) *Dr. Barron* hath often disputed with me, especially about *Arminian*-controversies, and for the ceremonies: Three yokings laid him by; and I have not been troubled with him since: Now he hath appointed a dispute before witnesses; I trust *Christ* and truth shall do for themselves. I hope, Brother, ye will help my people, and write to me what ye hear the Bishop is to do to them: Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Your Brother in bonds, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH M'KAILL, Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

I Bless you for your Letter: He is come down as rain upon the mown grass, he hath revived my withered root, and he is as the dew of herbs. I am most secure in this prison: Salvation is for walls in it, and what think ye of these walls? he maketh the dry plant to bud as the lillie, and to blossom as *Lebanon*: The great Husbandman's blessing cometh down upon the plants of righteousness: Who may say this, (my dear Brother) if I, his poor exiled stranger and prisoner, may not say it? Howbeit all the world should be silent, I cannot hold my peace. O how many black counts hath *Christ* and I rounded over together, in the house of my pilgrimage! and how

fat

fat a portion hath he given to a hungry soul! I had rather have Christ's *four-hours*, than have dinner and supper both in one from any other: his dealing, and the way of his judgments pass finding out. No preaching, no book, no learning could give me that, which I behoved to come and get in this town. But what of all this, if I were not misted, confounded, and astonished how to be thankful, and how to get him praised for evermore? And, which is more, he hath been pleased to pain me with his love, and my pain groweth through want of real possession. Some have written to me, that I am possibly too joyful of the cross; but my joy over-leapeth the cross, it is bounded and terminate upon Christ. I know the sun will over-cloud and eclipse, and I shall again be put to walk in the shadow: but Christ must be welcome to come and go as he thinketh meet; yet he would be more welcome to me, I trow, to come than go: And, I hope, he pitieth and pardoneth me, in casting apples to me, at such a fainting time as this; holy and blessed is his name. It was not my flattering of Christ, that drew a kiss from his mouth; but he would send me as a spy in to this wilderness of suffering, to see the land, and to try the soord; and I cannot make a lie of Christ's cross; I can report nothing but good both of him and it, lest others should faint. I hope, when a change cometh, to cast anchor at midnight upon the Rock (which he hath taught me to know in this day-light) whither I may run, when I must say my lesson without book, and believe in the dark. I am sure it is sin to tarrow of Christ's good meat, and not to eat when he saith, *Eat, O welbeloved, and drink abundantly*. If he bear me on his back, or carry me in his arms over this water, I hope for grace to set down both my feet on dry ground, when the way is better: but this is slippery ground; my Lord thought good I should go by an hold, and lean on my Welbeloved's shoulder: it is good to be ever taking from him. I desire he may get the fruit of praises for dawting, and thus dandling me upon his knee: and I may give my bond of thankfulness, so being I have Christ's backbond again for my relief, that I shall be strengthened by his powerful grace, to pay my vows to him. But truly I find we have the advantage of the brae upon our enemies: we are more than conquerors, through him who hath loved us; and they know not wherein our strength lieth. Pray for me; Grace be with you.

Aberdeen.

Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

To my Lady BOYD.

Madam,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: the Lord hath brought me to *Aberdeen*, where I see God in few. This town hath been advised upon of purpose for me: it consisteth either of Papists, or men of *Gallio's* naughty faith; it is counted wisdom in the most, not to countenance a confined Minister! but I find Christ neither strange nor unkind; for I have found many faces smile upon me since I came hither. I am heavy and sad, considering what is betwixt the Lord and my soul, which none seeth but he. I find men have mistaken me: it would be no art (as I now see) to spin small, and make hypocrisie seem a goodly web, and to go through the market as a saint among men, and yet steal quietly to hell, without observation: So easie is it to deceive men. I have disputed, whether or no I ever knew any thing of Christianity, save the letters of that name: Men see but as men, and they call ten twenty, and twenty an hundred; but, O! to be approved of God in the heart, and in sincerity, is not an ordinary mercy: my neglects while I had a pulpit, and other things whereof I am ashamed to speak, meet me now, so, as God maketh an honest cross my daily sorrow; and for fear of scandal and stumbling, I must hide this day of the law's pleading: I know not, if this court, kept within my soul, be fenced in Christ's name. If certainty of salvation were to be bought, God knoweth, if I had ten earths, I would not, prig with God, like a fool. I believed, under suffering for Christ, that I my self should keep the key of Christ's treasures, and take out comforts when I listed; and eat, and be fat: But I see now a sufferer for Christ will be made to know himself, and will be holden at the door, as well as another poor sinner; and will be fain to eat with the bairns, and to take the by-board, and glad so: my blessing on the cross of Christ, that hath made me see this. Oh if we could take pains for the kingdom of heaven! but we sit down upon some ordinary marks of God's children, thinking we have as much as will separate us from a reprobate, and thereupon we take the play, and cry *Holy-day*: And thus the devil casteth water on our fire, and blunteth our zeal and care: but I see heaven is not at the next door; and I see, howbeit my challenges be many, I suffer for Christ, and dare hazard my salvation upon it; for some times my Lord cometh with a fair-hour, and O but his love be sweet, delightful, and comfortable!

able! Half a kiss is sweet: but our doting love will not be content of a right to Christ, unless we get possession; like the man who will not be content of rights to bought land, except he get also the ridges and acres laid upon his back, to carry home with him. However it be, Christ is wise; and we are fools to be browden and fond of a pawn in the loof of our hand: living on trust by faith may well content us. *Madam,* I know your *Ladyship* knoweth this, and that made me bold to write of it, that others might reap somewhat by my bonds for the truth; for I should desire, and I aim at this, to have my Lord well spoken of, and honoured, howbeit he should make nothing of me, but a bridge over a water. Thus recommending your *Ladyship*, your son, and children to his grace, who hath honoured you with a name and room among the living in *Jerusalem*, and wishing grace to be with your *Ladyship*, I rest

Aberd.

*Your Ladyship's in his sweetest
Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To Mr. DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

GRACE, Mercy and Peace be unto you. I find great men, specially old friends, skar to speak for me; but my kingly and royal Master biddeth me try his moyen to the uttermost, and I shall find a friend at hand: I still depend on him; his court is as before; the prisoner is welcome to him; the black crabbed tree of my Lord's cross hath made Christ and my soul very entire; he is my song in the night. I am often laid in the dust with challenges, and apprehensions of his anger; and then, if a mountain of iron were laid upon me, I cannot be heavier: and with much wrestling I win in to the King's house of wine, and for the most part my life is joy, and such joy through his comforts, as I have been afraid to shame my self, and to cry out, for I can scarce bear what I get: Christ giveth me a measure heaped up, pressed down, and running over: And, believe it, his love paineth me more than prison and banishment. I cannot get a gate of Christ's love: Had I known what he was keeping for me, I would never have been so faint-hearted. In my heaviest times, when all is lost, the memory of his love maketh me think Christ's glooms are but for the fashion: I seek no more but a vent to my wine; I am smothered and ready to burst for want of a vent. Think not much

much of persecution: It is before you; but it is not as men conceive of it: My sugared cross foretells me to say this to you, ye shall have wailed meat, the sick bairn is oftentimes the spilt bairn: Ye shall command all the house. I hope ye help a tired prisoner to pray and praise: Had I but the annual of annual to give to my Lord Jesus, it should ease my pain; but, Alas, I have nothing to pay, he will get nothing of poor me; But I am wo I have not room enough in my heart for such a stranger. I am not cast down to go further North, I have good cause to work for my Master: For I am well paid before the hand; I am not behind, howbeit I should not get one smile more, till my feet be up within the King's dining-hall. I have gone through yours upon the *Covenant*; It hath edified my soul, and refreshed an hungry man: I judge it sharp, sweet, quick, and profound: Take me at my word, I fear it get no lodging in *Scotland*. The Brethren of *Ireland* write not to me; chide with them for that: I am sure that I may give you and them a commission (and I will bide by it) that you tell my Beloved, *I am sick of love*. I hope in God to leave some of my rust and superfluities in *Aberdeen*: I cannot get an house in this town, wherein to leave drink-silver in my Master's name, save one only: There is no sale for Christ in the *North*: He is like to lie long on my hand, ere any accept him. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. MATTHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

I Am a very far mistaken man; if others knew how poor my stock were, they would not think upon the like of me, but with compassion; for I am as one kept under a strict tutor: I would have more than my tutor alloweth upon me, but it is good that a bairn's wit is not the rule which regulateth my Lord Jesus: Let him give what he will, it shall ay be above merit, and my ability to gain therewith. I would not wish a better stock (while heaven be my stock) than to live upon credit at Christ's hands, daily borrowing: Surely running over love, that vast, huge, boundless love of Christ (that there is telling in for man and angel) is the only thing I faintest would be in hands with: He knoweth I have little but the love of that love; and that I shall be happy, suppose I never get another heaven, but only an eternal lasting feast of that love: But suppose

hole my wishes were poor, he is not poor: Christ all the seasons
 of the year is dropping sweetness: if I had vessels, I might fill
 them; but my old river, holly, and running-out dish, even when
 I am at the well, can bring little away: Nothing but glory will
 make tight and fast our leaking and risty vessels. Alas I have
 skailed more of Christ's grace, love, faith, humility, and godly
 sorrow, than I have brought with me. How little of the sea
 can a child carry in his hand? as little dow I take away of my
 great sea, my boundless and running-over Christ Jesus. I
 have not lighted upon the right gate of putting Christ to the
 bank, and making my self rich with him: my misguiding
 and childish trafficking with that matchless Pearl, that hea-
 ven's Jewel, the Jewel of the Father's delights, hath put me to
 a great loss. O that he would take a loan of me, and my stock,
 and put his name in all my bonds, and serve himself Heir to
 the poor mean portion I have, and be countable for the ta-
 lent himself! Gladly would I put Christ in my room, to guide
 all; and let me but a servant to run errands, and do by his
 direction, let me be his interdicted heir. Lord Jesus work
 upon my minority, and let him win a pupil's blessing. Oh
 how would I rejoyce to have this work of my salvation legally
 fastned upon Christ! A back-bond of my Lord Jesus, that it
 should be forthcoming to the Orphan, should be my happi-
 ness: Dependency on Christ, were my surest way: if Christ
 were my bottom, I were sure enough: I thought guiding of
 grace had been no art, I thought it would come of will; but
 I would spill my own heaven yet, if I had not burdened Christ
 with *ALL*. I but lend my bare name to the sweet covenant:
 Christ behind and before, and on either side, maketh all
 sure. God will not take an *Arminian-cautioner Free-will*;
 a weather-cock, turning at a serpent's tongue, a tutor that
 couped our father *Adam* unto us, and brought down the
 houle, and sold the land, and sent the father, and mother,
 and all the bairns through the earth, to beg their bread:
 Nature in the Gospel hath cracked credit. O well to my
 poor soul for evermore, that my Lord called grace to the
 council, and put Christ Jesus with free merits, and the blood
 of God, foremost in the chace, to draw sinners after a Ransomer.
 O what a sweet block was it, by way of buying and selling,
 to give and tell down a ransom for grace and glory to dy-
 vours! O would to my Lord I could cause paper and ink
 speak the worth, and excellency, the high, and loud praises
 of a Brother-ransomer! O the Ransomer needs not my re-
 port;

port; but Oh if he would take it, and make use of it! I should be happy, if I had an errand to this world, but for some few years, to pread proclamations and out-cries, and love-letters, of the highness (the highness for evermore) the glory (the glory for evermore) of the Ransomer, whose clothes were wet, and dyed in blood; howbeit, that after I had done that, my soul and body should go back to the mother *Nothing*, that their Creator brought them once out from, as from their beginning. But why should I pine away, and pain my self with wishes, and not believe rather, that Christ will hire such an out-cast as I am, a masterless body, put out of the house by the sons of my mother, and give me employment and a calling, one way or other, to out Christ and his wares, to country buyers, and propose Christ unto, and press him upon some poor souls, that fainer than their life would receive him? You complain heavily, of your short-coming in practice, and venturing on suffering for Christ: You have many marrows. For the first, I would not put you off sense of wretchedness; hold on, Christ never yet slew a sighing, groaning child; more of that would make you won goods, and a meet prey for Christ. Alas I have too little of it! for venturing on suffering; I had not so much free gear, when I came to Christ's camp, as to buy a sword; a wonder that Christ should not laugh at such a soldier: I am no better yet; but faith liveth and spendeth upon our Captain's charges, who is able to pay for all: we need not pity him, he is rich enough. Ye desire me also not to mistake Christ under a mask; I bleis you, and thank God for it; but alas, masked or bare-faced, kissing or glooming, I mistake him: Yea, I mistake him furthest when the mask is off; for then I play me with his sweetness: I am like a child that hath a golden book, that playeth more with the ribbons, and the gilding, and the picture in the first page, than readeth the contents of it. Certainly, if my desires to my Well-beloved were fulfilled, I could provoke devils, and crosses, and the world, and tentations to the fields: But Oh, my poor weakness makes me lie behind the bush and hide me. Remember my service and my blessing to my Lord; I am mindful of him as I am able: desire him from a prisoner, to come and visit my good Master, and feel but the smell of his love: it sets him well, howbeit he be young, to make Christ his Garland; I could not wish him in a better case, than in a fever of love-sickness for Christ. Remember my bonds. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Aberd.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To

To WILLIAM HALLIDAY:

Loving friend,

I Received your letter: I wish ye take pains for salvation; mistaken grace, and somewhat like conversion, which is not conversion; is the saddest and most doleful thing in the world: make sure of salvation, and lay the foundation sure, for many are beguiled: Put a low price upon world's clay, put a high price upon Christ: temptations will come, but if they be not made welcome by you, ye have the best of it! Be jealous over your self, and your own heart, and keep touches with God; let him not have a faint and feeble soldier of you: fear not to back Christ, for he will conquer and overcome: Let no man skar at Christ, for I have no quarrels at his cross; He and his cross are two good guests, and worth the lodging: Men would fain have Christ good cheap, but the market will not come down; acquaint your self with prayer: Make Christ your Captain and your Armour; make conscience of sinning when no eye seeth you. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.**Tours in Christ Jesus, S. R.**To a Gentlewoman, after the Death of her Husband.**Dear and loving Sister,*

I Know ye are minding your sweet country, and not taking your inns [the place of your banishment] for your home; this life is not worthy to be the thatch or outer-wall of your Lord Jesus his paradise, that he did sweat for to you; and that he keepeth for you: and silly and sand-blind were our hope, if it could not look over the water to our best heritage, and if it stayed only at home about the doors of our clay-house. I marvel not, my dear sister, that ye complain, that ye come short of your old wrestlings you had for a blessing; and that now you find it not so: Bairns are but hired to learn their lesson when they first go to school; and it is enough that these who run a race, see the gold only at the starting-place; and possibly they see little more of it, or nothing at all, till they win to the rinks-end, and get the gold in the loof of their hand. Our Lord maketh delicates and dainties of his sweet presence and love-visits to his own, but Christ's love under a veil is love; if ye get Christ, howbeit not the sweet and pleasant way you would have him, it is enough; for the Wel-

beloved cometh not our way, he must wail his own gate himself. For worldly things, seeing they are meadows and fair flowers in your way to heaven, a smell in the by-going is sufficient: He that would reckon and tell all the stones in his way, in a journey of three or four hundred miles; and write up in his count-book all the herbs, and flowers growing in his way, might come short of his journey: You cannot stay in your inch of time to lose your day (seeing you are in haste, and the night and your after-noon will not bide you) in setting your heart on this vain world: it were your wisdom to read your count-book, and to have in readiness your business against the time you come to death's water-side. I know your lodging is taken: Your fore-runner Christ hath not forgotten that, and therefore you must set your self to *one thing*, which ye cannot well want. In that our Lord took your husband to himself, I know it was that he might make room for himself: He cutteth off your love to the creature, that ye might learn that God only is the right owner of your love, sorrow, loss, sadness, death, or the worst things that are, except sin; but Christ knoweth well what to make of them, and can put his own in the cross's common, that we shall be obliged to affliction, and thank God, who learned us to make our acquaintance with such a rough companion, who can hale us to Christ: You must learn to make evils your great good, and to spin out comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ, out of your troubles, that are *Christ's* wooers, sent to speak for you to himself. It is easier to get good words, and a comfortable message from our Lord, even from such rough serjeants, as divers temptations. Thanks to God for crosses. When we count and reckon our losses in seeking God, we find *godliness is great gain*. Great partners of a shipful of gold, are glad to see, to see the ship come to the harbour: Surely we and our Lord *Jesus* together, have a shipful of gold coming home, and our gold is in that ship. Some are so in-love (or rather in lust) with this life, that they sell their part of the ship, for a little thing: I would counsel you to buy hope, but sell it not, and give not away your crosses for nothing; the inside of Christ's cross is white and joyful, and the far end of the black cross is a fair and glorious heaven of ease: and seeing Christ hath fastned heaven to the far end of the cross, and he will not loose the knot himself, and none else can, (for when Christ casteth a knot, all the world cannot loose it) let us then count it exceeding joy, when we fall into divers temptations.

temptations. Thus recommending you to the tender mercy, and grace of our Lord, I rest

Aberd.

Your loving Brother, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON of Cardoness younger,

Honoured and dear Brother,

I Wrote of late to you : multitudes of letters burden me now. I am refreshed with your letter : I exhort you in the bowels of Christ, set to work for your soul, and let these bear weight with you, and ponder them seriously, 1. Weeping and gnashing of teeth in utter-darkness, or heaven's joy. 2. Think what ye would give for an hour, when ye shall lie like dead, cold, blackned clay. 3. There is sand in your glass yet, and your sun is not gone down. 4. Consider what joy and peace is in Christ's service. 5. Think what advantage it will be to have angels, the world, life and death, crosses, yea and devils, all for you, as the King's serjeants and servants, to do your business. 6. To have mercy on your seed, and a blessing on your house. 7. To have true honour, and a name on earth, that casts a sweet smell. 8. How ye will rejoice when Christ layeth down your head under his chin, and betwixt his breasts, and drieth your face, and welcometh you to glory and happiness? 9. Imagine, what pain and torture is a guilty conscience? What slavery to carry the devil's dishonest loads? 10. Sin's joys are but night-dreams, thoughts, vapours, imaginations and shadows. 11. What dignity it is to be a son of God? 12. Dominion and mastery over temptations, over the world, and sin. 13. That your enemies should be the tail, and you the head. For your bairns now at their rest; I speak to you and your wife (and cause her read this) 1. I am witness of *Barbara's* glory in heaven. 2. For the rest, I write it under my hand, there are days coming on *Scotland*, when barren wombs and dry breasts, and childless parents, shall be pronounced blessed: They are then in the lee of the harbour, ere the storm come on. 3. They are not lost to you, that are laid up in Christ's treasury in heaven. 4. At the resurrection ye shall meet with them; there they are sent before, but not sent away. 5. Your Lord loveth you, who is homely to take and give, borrow and lend. 6. Let not bairns be your idols; for God will be jealous, and take away the idol, because he is greedy of your love wholly. I bless you, your wife and children. Grace for evermore be with you.

Aberd.

Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON of Cardoness elder.

Honourable and dearest in the Lord.

Your Letter hath refreshed my soul. My joy is fulfilled, if Christ and ye be fast together: Ye are my joy and my crown: ye know I have recommended his love to you. I despise the world, satan and sin. His love hath neither brim nor bottom in it. My dearest in Christ, I write my soul's desire to you; Heaven is not at the next door: I find christianity an hard task; Set to it in your evening; we would all keep both Christ and our right-eye, our right hand and foot; but it will not be with us. I beseech you, by the mercies of God, and your compearance before Christ, look Christ's count-book and your own together, and collation them: give the remnant of your time to your soul: this great idol-god, the world, will be lying in white ashes, in the day of your compearance; and why should night-dreams, and day-shadows, and water-froth, and May-flowers run away with your heart? When we win to the water-side, and black death's river-brink, and put our foot in the boat, we shall laugh at our folly. Sir, I recommend unto you the thoughts of death, and how ye would wish your soul to be, when ye shall lie cold, blue, ill-smelling clay. For any hireling to be intruded, I, being the king's prisoner, cannot say much; but, as God's minister, I desire you to read *Acts* i. 15, 16. to the end and *Acts* vi. 2, 3, 4, 5. and ye shall find, God's people should have a voice in chusing Church-rulers and teachers. I shall be sorry, if willingly ye shall give way to his unlawful intrusion upon my labours: the only wise God direct you. God's grace be with you.

Aberd.

Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To EARLESTOUN younger.

Much honoured and welbeloved in the Lord,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. Your letters give a dash to my laziness in writing: I must first tell you, there is not such a glassie, icy, and slippery piece of way, betwixt you and heaven, as Youth: I have experience to say with me here, and seal what I assert; the old ashes of the sins of my Youth, are now fire of sorrow to me: I have seen the devil, as it were, dead and buried, and yet rise again, and be a worse devil than ever he was. Therefore, my brother, beware of a green young

young devil, that hath never been buried : the devil in his flowers (I mean, the hot fiery lusts and passions of Youth) is much to be feared : better yoke with an old gray-haired, withered, dry devil : for in Youth he findeth dry sticks, and dry coals, and an hot hearth-stone ; and how soon can he with his flint cast fire, and with his bellows blow it up, and fire the house ? Sanctified thoughts, thoughts made conscience of, and called in, and kept in aw, are green fewel that burn not, and are a water for Satan's coal. Yet, I must tell you, the whole saints now triumphant in heaven, and standing before the throne, are nothing but *Christ's* forlorn and beggarly dyvours. What are they, but a pack of redeemed sinners ? but their redemption is not only past the seals, but compleated ; and yours is on the wheels, and in doing : All *Christ's* good bairns go to heaven with a broken brow, and with a crooked leg. *Christ* hath an advantage of you, and I pray you let him have it, he shall find employment for his calling, in you : if it were not with you as you write, grace should find no sale nor market in you ; but ye must be content to give *Christ* somewhat ado, I am glad that he is employed that way : let your bleeding soul, and your sores be put in the hand of this expert Physician ; let young and strong corruptions and his free Grace be yoked together, and let *Christ* and your sins deal it betwixt them. I will be loth to put you off your fears, and your sense of deadness : (I wish it were more) there be some wounds of that nature, that their bleeding should not be soon stopped : ye must take a house beside the Physician ; it shall be a miracle if ye be the first sick man he put away uncured, and worse than he found you. Nay, nay, *Christ* is honest, and in that, flyting free with sinners (*John vi. 37. And him that cometh to me, I will in no case cast out.*) Take ye that : It cannot be presumption to take that as your own, when ye find your wounds stound you ; presumption is ever whole at the heart, and hath but the truant-sickness, and groaneth only for the fashion ; faith hath sense of sickness, and looketh like a friend to the promises ; and looking to *Christ* therein, is glad to see a known face. *Christ* is as full a feast, as ye can have to hunger. Nay, *Christ*, I say, is not a full man's leavings ; his mercy sends always a letter of defiance to all your sins, if there were ten thousand moe of them. I grant you, it is a hard matter for a poor hungry man, to win his meat upon hidden *Christ* ; for then the key of his pantry-door, and of the house of wine, is a seeking, and cannot be had ;

but hunger must break through iron locks. I bemoan them not who can make a din, and all the fields ado, for a lost Saviour: Ye must let him hear it (to say so) upon both the sides of his head, when he hideth himself; it is not time then to be bird-mouth'd and patient. Christ is rare indeed, and a delicate to a sinner; he is a miracle, and world's wonder, to a seeking and a weeping sinner; but yet such a miracle, as will be seen by them, who will come and see: the seeker and sinner is at last a singer and enjoyer; nay, I have seen a dumb man get an alms from Christ. He that can tell his tale, and send such a letter to heaven, as he hath sent to *Aberdeen*, it is very like he will come speed with Christ: it bodeeth God's mercy to complain heartily for sin. Let wrestling be with Christ, till he say, *How is it, Sir, that I cannot be quit of your bills, and your mislearned cries?* And then hope for Christ's blessing, and his blessing is better than other ten blessings. Think not shame because of your guiltiness; necessity must not blush to beg: it standeth you hard to want Christ! and therefore that which idle on-waiting cannot do, misnurtured crying and knocking will do. And for doubtings, because ye are not as ye were long since with your Master, consider three things, 1. What if Christ had such tottering thoughts of the bargain of the new Covenant, betwixt you and him, as you have. 2. Your heart is not the compass Christ saileth by: He will give you leave to sing as ye please, but he will not dance to your daff spring. It is not referred to you and your thoughts, what Christ will do with the charters betwixt you and him: Your own misbelief hath torn them; but he hath the principal in heaven, with himself: Your thoughts are no parts of the new Covenant; dreams change not Christ. 3. Doubtings are your sins, but they are Christ's drugs and ingredients, that the *Physician* maketh use of, for the curing of your pride. Is it not suitable for a beggar to say at meat, *God reward the winners?* for then he saith, he knoweth who beareth the charges of the house. It is also meet, ye should know by experience, that faith is not nature's ill-gotten bastard, but your Lord's free gift, that lay in the womb of God's free grace; praised be the winner. I may add a 4. In the passing of your bill and your charters, when they went through the Mediator's great seal, and were concluded, faith's advice was not sought: Faith hath not a vote beside Christ's merits; blood, blood, dear blood, that came from your Cautioner's holy body, maketh that sure work. The use then which ye have of faith

now (having already cloied with Jesus Christ for justification) s, to take out a copy of your pardon; and so ye have peace with God, upon the account of Christ: for, since faith apprehendeth pardon, but never payeth a penny for it, no marvel that salvation doth not die and live, ebb or flow with the working of faith. But, because it is your Lord's honour to believe his mercy and his fidelity, it is infinite goodness in our Lord, that misbelief giveth a dash to our Lord's glory, and not to our salvation. And so, whoever want, (yea, howbeit God here bear with the want of what we are obliged to give him, even the glory of his grace, by believing, yet) a poor covenanted sinner wanteth not: but if guiltineis were removed, doubtings would find no friend, nor life; and yet faith is to believe the removal of guiltineis in Christ. A reason why ye get less now (as ye think) than before (as I take it) is, because, at our first conversion, our Lord putteth the meat in young bairns mouths with his own hands; but when we grow to some further perfection, we must *take heaven by violence*, and take by violence from Christ, what we get; and he can, and doth *hold*, because he will have us to *draw*. Remember, now ye must live upon violent plucking. Laziness is a greater fault now, than long since; we love always to have the pape put in our mouth. Now for my self! Alas, I am not the man I go for in this Nation: Men have not just weights to weigh me in. Oh, but I am a silly feckless body, and overgrown with weeds; corruption is ranck and fat in me: O if I were answerable to this *holy Cause*, and to that honourable Prince's love, for whom I now suffer! If Christ would refer the matter to me, (in his presence I speak it) I might think shame to vote my own salvation: I think, Christ might say, *Think'st thou not shame to claim heaven, who dost so little for it?* I am very often so, that I know not whether I sink or swim in the water; I find my self a bag of light froth; I would bear no weight, (but *vanity* and *nothings* weigh in Christ's balance) if my Lord cast not in borrowed weight and mettal, even Christ's righteousness, to weigh for me: the stock I have, is not mine own; I am but the merchant that trafficks with other folks goods: if my creditor, Christ, would take from me what he hath lent, I would not long keep the causey; but Christ hath made it mine and his. I think it manhood, to play the coward, and jouk in the lee-side of Christ; and thus I am not only *saved from my enemies*, but *I obtain the victory*. I am so empty, that I think it were an alms-deed in Christ,

Christ, if he would win a poor Prisoner's blessing for evermore, and fill me with his love. I complain, when Christ cometh, he cometh always to fetch fire, he is ever in haste, he may not tarry; and poor I [a beggarly dyvour] get but a standing visit, and a standing kiss, and but, *How dost thou?* in the by-going. I dare not say, he is lordly, because he is made a King now, at the right-hand of God; or is grown mickenning and dry to his poor friends; (for he cannot make more of his kisses than they are worth:) but I think it my happiness to love the love of Christ: and when he goeth away, the memory of his sweet presence, is like a feast in a dear summer. I have comfort in this, that my Soul desireth that every hour of my imprisonment were a company of heavenly tongues, to praise him on my behalf; howbeit, my bonds were prolonged for many hundred years. O that I could be the man, who could procure my Lord's glory to flow like a full sea, and blow like a mighty wind upon all the four Airths of *Scotland, England, and Ireland*. O if I could write a Book of his praises! O fairest among the sons of men, why stayest thou so long away? O Heavens, move fast! O time, run, run, and hasten the Marriage-day; for love is tormented with delays. O Angels, O Seraphims who stand before him, O blessed Spirits who now see his Face, set him on high; for when ye have worn your harps in his Praises, all is too little, and is nothing, to cast the smell of the praise of that fair Flower, that fragrant Rose of *Sharon*, through many Worlds! Sir, take my hearty Commendations to him, and tell him, that I am sick of Love. Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 16, 1637. Yours in his sweet L. Jesus, S. R.

To his Honoured and Dear Brother,
ALEXANDER GORDON of KNOCK GRAY.

Dearest and truly honoured Brother,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I have seen no letter from you since I came to *Aberdeen*; I will not interpret it to be forgetfulness. I am here in a fair prison. Christ is my sweet and honourable fellow-prisoner, and his sad and joyful Lord-prisoner, [if I may speak so.] I think this cross becometh me well, and is suitable to me in respect of my duty to suffer for Christ; howbeit not in regard of my deserving, to be thus honoured. However it be, I see Christ is strong, even lying in the dust, in prison, and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphing chariot: In the

suffer

sufferings of his own saints, as he intendeth their good, so he intendeth his own glory, and that is the butt his arrows shoot at; and Christ shooteth not at the rovers, he hitteth what he purposeth to hit: Therefore he doth make his own feckless and weak nothings, and these who are the contempt of men, *a new sharp threshing-instrument having teeth, to thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them, Isa. xli. 15, 16.* What harder stuff, or harder grain for threshing out, than high and rocky mountains? But the Saints are God's threshing-instruments to beat them all in chaff: are we not God's leem vessels? And yet when they cast us over an house, we are not broken in sheards: we creep in under our Lord's wings in the great shower, and the water cannot go thorow these wings. It is folly then for men to say, this is not Christ's plea, he will lose the wed-fee, men are like to beguile him: that were indeed a strange play. Nay, I dare pledge my soul, and lay it in pawn on Christ's side of it, and be half-tiner half-winner with my Master: Let fools laugh the fools-laughter, and scorn Christ, and bid the weeping captives in *Babylon, sing us one of the songs of Zion,* play a spring to chear up your sad-hearted God: We may sing upon luck's head before-hand, even in our winter-storm, in the expectation of a summer-sun at the turn of the year: no created powers in hell or out of hell, can marr our Lord Jesus his musick, nor spill our song of joy; let us then be glad and rejoyce in the salvation of our Lord: for faith had never yet cause to have wet cheeks, and hinging-down brows, or to droup or die: what can ail faith, seeing Christ suffereth himself (with reverence to him be it spoken) to be commanded by it, and Christ commandeth all things? Faith my dance, because Christ sings; and we may come in the Quire, and lift our hoarse and rough voices, and cherp, and sing, and shout for joy with our Lord Jesus. We see oxen go to the shambles leaping and startling; We see Gods fed oxen, prepared for the day of slaughter, go dancing and singing down to the black chambers of hell; and why should we go to heaven weeping, as if we were like to fall down through the earth for sorrow? If God were dead (if I may speak so, with reverence of him who liveth for ever and ever) and Christ buried, and rotten among the worms, we might have cause to look like dead folks; but, *the Lord liveth, and blessed be the Rock of our salvation. Psal. xviii. 46.* None have right to joy but we; for joy is sown for us, and an ill summer or harvest will not spill the crop. The children of
this

this world have much robbed joy that is not well come: it is no good sport they laugh at: They steal joy, as it were, from God: for he commandeth them to mourn and howl: Then let us claim our leel-come, and lawfully conquered joy. *My dear Brother*, I cannot but speak what I have felt; seeing my Lord Jesus hath broken a box of *Spikenard* upon the head of his poor Prisoner, and it is hard to hide a sweet smell; it is a pain to smother Christ's love; it will be out, whether we will or not. If we did but speak according to the matter, a cross for Christ should have another name; yea, a cross, especially, when he cometh with his arms full of joys, is the happiest hard tree that ever was laid upon my weak shoulder. Christ and his cross together are sweet company, and a *blessed couple*, *My prison is my palace, my sorrow is with child of joy, my losses are rich losses, my pain easie pain, my heavy days are holy and happy days*. I may tell a new tale of Christ to my friends. Oh, if I could make a love-song of him, and could commend Christ, and tune his praises aright! O if I could set all tongues in *Great Britain and Ireland*, to work, to help me to sing a new Song of my *Welbeloved*! O if I could be a bridge over a water, for my Lord Jesus to walk upon and keep his feet dry! O if my poor bit *heaven* could go betwixt my Lord and *Blasphemy* and *dishonour*! (upon condition he loved me.) O that my heart could say this word, and bide by it for ever! Is it not great art and incomparable wisdom in my Lord, who can bring forth such fair apples, out of this crabbed tree of the cross' nay, my Father's pever enough admired providence, can make a fair feast out of a black Devil: nothing can come wrong to my Lord in his sweet working. I would even fall sound asleep in Christ's arms, and my sinful head on his holy breast, while he kisseth me; were it not that often the wind turneth to the north, and whiles my sweet Lord Jesus is so, that he will neither give nor take, borrow nor lend with me. I complain he is not so-cial; I half-call him proud and lordly of his company, and nice of his looks; which yet is not true. It would content me to give, howbeit he should not take; I should be content to want his Kisses at such times, providing he would be content to come near-hand and take my wern, dry and feckless Kisses: But at that time he will not be entreated, but lets a poor soul stand still and knock, and never let on him that he heareth; and then the old leavings and broken meat, and dry sighs, are greater cheer than I can tell: all I have then, is, that howbeit the law and wrath have gotten a decreet against me, I yet

yet lippen that meikle good in Christ, as to get a suspension, and to bring my cause in reasoning again before my Welbeloved. I desire but to be heard. And at last he is content to come, and agree the matter with a fool, and forgive freely, because he is God. Oh if men would glorify him, and taste of Christ's sweetness! *Brother*, ye have need to be busie with Christ, for this whorish Kirk: I fear lest Christ cast water upon *Scotland's* coal; nay, I know Christ and his Wife will be heard, he will plead for the broken covenant. Arm you against that time. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. June 16.
1636.*

*Yours in his sweet Lord,
Jesus, S. R.*

To the Lady KILCONQUHAIR.

Mistress,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad to hear that you have your face home-ward towards your Fathers house, now when so many are for a home nearer hand: but your Lord calleth you to another life and glory, than is to be found here-away: and therefore I would counsel you to make sure the charters and rights, which ye have to Salvation. You came to this life about a necessary and weighty business, to tryst with Christ anent your precious soul, the eternal salvation of it: this is the most necessary business ye have in this life; and your other adoes, beside this, are but toys and feathers, and dreams, and fancies: this is in the greatest haste, and should be done first. Means are used in the Gospel to draw on a meeting betwixt Christ and you: if ye neglect your part of it, it is as if you would tear the contract before Christ's eyes, and give up the match, that there shall be no more communing of that business. I know other lovers beside Christ are insuit of you, and your soul wanteth not many wooers; but I pray you make a chaste virgin of your soul, and let it love but one: most worthy is Christ alone of all your soul's love, howbeit your love were higher than the heaven, and deeper than the lowest of this earth, and broader than this world. Many, alas too many, make a common strumpet of their soul, for every lover that cometh to the house. Marriage with Christ would put your love, and your heart by the gate, out of the way, and out of the eye of all other unlawful suiters; and then you had a ready answer for all others, *I am already promised away to Christ, the match is concluded, my soul hath a Husband already, and it cannot have*

two husbands. Oh if the world did but know what a smell the ointments of Christ cast, and how ravishing his beauty, even the beauty of the fairest of the sons of men, is, and how sweet and powerful his voice is, the voice of that one Welbeloved; Certainly where Christ cometh, he runneth away with the soul's love, so that they cannot command it. I would far rather look but thorow the hole of Christ's door, to see but the one half of his fairest, and most comely face (for he looketh like heaven) suppose I should never win in to see his excellency and glory to the full; than to enjoy the flower, the bloom, and chiefest excellency of the glory, and riches, of ten worlds. Lord send me, for my part, but the meanest share of Christ, that can be given to any of the indwellers of the new *Jerusalem*: But I know my Lord is no niggard; He can, and it becometh him well to give more, than my narrow soul can receive. If there were ten thousand thousand millions of worlds, and as many heavens full of men and angels, Christ would not be pinched to supply all our wants, and to fill us all. Christ is a well of life, but who knoweth how deep it is to the bottom? This soul of ours hath love, and cannot but love some fair one: And O what a fair One, what an only One, what an excellent lovely ravishing One is Jesus! Put the beauty of ten thousand thousand Worlds of Paradises like the Garden of Eden in one. Put all Trees, all Flowers, all Smells, all Colours, all Tastes, all Joys, all Sweetness, all Loveliness in one: O what a fair and excellent thing would that be? And yet it should be less, to that fair and dearest Welbeloved, Christ, than one drop of Rain to the whole Seas, Rivers, Lakes, and Fountains of ten thousand Earths. O but Christ is Heaven's wonder, and Earth's wonder! What marvel that his Bride saith, *Cant. v. 16. He is altogether lovely?* Oh that black Souls will not come, and fetch all their love to this fair One! O if I could invite and perswade thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand of Adam's sons, to flock about my Lord Jesus, and to come and take their fill of love! Oh pity for evermore, that there should be such an one as Christ Jesus, so boundless, so bottomless, and so incomparable in infinite excellency, and sweetness, and so few to take him! Oh! oh! ye poor dry and dead Souls, why will ye not come hither with your toorn vessels and your empty Souls, to this huge, and fair, and deep, and sweet Well of life; and fill all your toorn vessels! Oh that Christ should be so large in sweetness, and worth, and we so narrow, so pinched, so ebb, and so void of all happiness, and yet

yet men will not take him! They lose their love miserably, who will not bestow it upon this lovely One. Alas! these five thousand years, *Adam's* fools, his waister-heirs, have been wasting and lavishing out their love and their affections upon black lovers, and black harlots; upon bits of dead creatures, and broken idols, upon this and that feckie's creature; and have not brought their love, and their heart to Jesus. O pity, that Fairness hath so few lovers! O wo, wo to the fools of this world, who run by Christ to other lovers! Oh misery, misery, misery, that comeliness can scarce get three or four hearts in a town or country! Oh that there is so much spoken, and so much written, and so much thought of creature-vanity; and so little spoken, so little written, so little thought of my great, and incomprehensible, and never-enough-wondred at Lord Jesus! Why should I not curse this forlorn, and wretched world, that suffereth my Lord Jesus to lie his alone? O damned Souls! O miskenning world! O blind! O beggarly, and poor Souls! O bewitched fools! what aileth you at Christ, that you run so from him? I dare not challenge providence, that there are so few buyers, and so little sale for such an excellent One as Christ. O the depth, and O the height of my Lord's ways, that pass finding out! But oh if men would once be wise, and not fall so in love with their own hell, as to pass by Christ, and misken him! But let us come near, and fill our selves with Christ, and let his friends drink, and be drunken, and satisfy our hollow and deep desires, with Jesus. Oh come all and drink at this living Well; come drink and live for evermore, come drink and welcome; welcome, saith our fairest Bridegroom: No man getteth Christ with ill will, no man cometh and is not welcome, no man cometh and rueth his voyage: all men speak well of Christ, who have been at him; men and angels who know him, will say more than I dow do, and think more of him than they can say. O if I were misted and bewildered in my Lord's love! O if I were fettered and chained to it! O sweet pain, to be pained for a sight of him! O living death! O good death! O lovely death, to die for love of Jesus! O that I should have a sore heart and a pained soul, for the wanting of the love of this and that idol! Wo, wo to the mistaking of my miscarrying heart, that gapeth and crieth for creatures, and is not pained, and cutted, and tortured, and in sorrow for the want of a soul-fill of Christ. Oh that thou wouldst come near, my Beloved! O my fairest One, why standest thou afar? come hither, that I may be satiat with thy excellent love: ○

O for an union ! O for a fellowship with Jesus ! O that I could buy with a price that lovely One, suppose hell's torments for a while were the price ! I cannot believe but Christ will rue upon his pained lovers, and come and ease sick hearts, who sigh and swoon for want of Christ : who dow bide Christ's love to be nice ? What heaven can there be liker to hell, than to lust, and greed, and dwine, and fall a-swoon for Christ's love, and to want it ? is not this hell and heaven woven thorow other ? Is not this pain and joy, sweetness and sadness to be in one web, the one the woft, the other the warp ? Therefore I would Christ would let us meet, and join together, the soul and Christ in others arms. O what meeting is like this, to see blackness and beauty, contemptibleness and glory, highness and baseness, even a soul and Christ kiss one another ! Nay, but when all is done, I may be wearied in speaking and writing ; but O how far am I from the right expression of Christ or his love ! I can neither speak, nor write feeling, nor tasting, nor smelling : come feel, and smell, and taste Christ, and his love, and ye shall call it more than can be spoken ; to write, how sweet the hony-comb is, is not so lovely as to eat, and suck the hony-comb : One night's rest in a bed of love with Christ, will say more, than heart can think, or tongue can utter. Neither need we fear crosses, or sigh, or be sad for any thing that is on this side of heaven, if we have Christ : our crosses will never draw blood of the joy of the holy Ghost, and peace of conscience ; our joy is laid up in such a high place, as temptations cannot climb up to take it down : this world may boast Christ, but they dare not strike ; or if they strike, they break their arm in fetching a stroke upon a rock. O that we could put our treasure in Christ's hand, and give him our gold to keep, and our crown. Strive, *Mistress*, to throng thorow the thorns of this life, to be at Christ : Love not fight of him in this cloudy, and dark day : Sleep with him in your heart in the night : Learn not at the world to serve Christ, but ask himself the way ; the world is a false copy, and a lying guide to follow. Remember my love to your husband ; I wish all to him I have written here. The sweet presence, the long-lasting good will of our God, the warmly and lovely comforts of our Lord Jesus be with you. Help me his prisoner in your prayers ; For I remember you.

Aberd. Aug. 8.

1637.

Tours in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.
To

To the Lady F O R R E T.

Worthy Mistress,

Grace, Mercy and Peace be unto you: I long to hear from you; I hear *Christ* hath been that kind as to visit you with sickness, and to bring you to the door of the grave, but ye found the door shut (blessed be his glorious Name) while ye be riper for eternity: He will have more service of you, and therefore he seeketh of you, that henceforth ye be honest to your new Husband the Son of God. We have all *idol-love*, and are whorishly inclined to love other things beside our Lord; and therefore our Lord hunteth for our love, no ways than one or two. Oh that *Christ* had his own of us! I know he will not want you, and that is a sweet wilfulness in his Love; and ye have as good cause on the other part, to be head-strong, and peremptory in your love to *Christ*, and not to part or divide your love betwixt him and the world: if it were more, it is little enough, yea, too little for *Christ*. I am now every way in good terms with *Christ*, he hath set a banished prisoner as a seal on his heart, and as a bracelet on his arm: that crabbed and black tree of the cross, laugheth upon me now; the alarming noise of the cross is worse than it self. I love *Christ's* gloomis, better than the world's worm-eaten joys. Oh if all the kingdom were as I am, except these bonds! My loss, is gain; my sadness, joyful; my bonds, liberty; my tears, comfortable: This world is not worth a drink of cold water. O but *Christ's* love casteth a great beat: hell, and all the salt sea, and the rivers of the earth cannot quench it. I remember you to God; ye have the prayers of a prisoner of *Christ*: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 9.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady K A S K I B E R R Y.

Madam,

Grace, Mercy, and Peace be to you: I long to hear how your *Ladyship* is: I know not how to requite your *Ladyship's* kindness, but your love to the saints, Madam, is laid up in heaven; I know it is for your Welbeloved, *Christ's* sake, that ye make his friends so dear to you, and concern your self so much in them. I am in this house of pilgrimage, every way in good case; *Christ* is most kind and loving to my soul: it

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pleaseth

pleaseth him to feast with his unseen consolations, a stranger, and an exiled prisoner: And I would not exchange my Lord Jesus, with all the comfort out of heaven; his yoke is easie, and his burden light. This is his truth I now suffer for; for he hath sealed it with his blessed presence: I know Christ shall yet win the day, and gain the battle in *Scotland*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7.
1637.

*Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To Mr. JAMES BRUCE, Minister of the Gospel.

Reverend and welbeloved Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: Upon the nearest acquaintance, that we are Father's children, I thought good to write to you. My case in my bonds, for the honour of my royal Prince and King *Jesus*, is as good as becometh the witness of such a Sovereign King. At my first coming hither, I was in great heaviness, wrestling with challenges, being burdened in heart, (as I am yet) for my silent sabbaths, and for a bereft people, young ones, new-born, plucked from the breasts, and the childrens table drawn. I thought I was a dry tree cast over the dike of the vineyard: but my secret conceptions of *Christ's* love, at his sweet and long-desired return to my soul, were found to be a lie of *Christ's* love, forged by the tempter, and my own heart, and I am perswaded that it was so. Now there is greater peace and security within than before: The court is raised and dismissed, for it was not fenced in God's name: I was far mistaken, who should have summoned *Christ* for unkindness: misted faith, and my fever conceived anils of him: Now, now, he is pleased to feast a poor prisoner, and to refresh me with joy unspeakable and glorious; so as, the holy Spirit is Witness, that my sufferings are for *Christ's* truth: and God forbid I should deny the testimony of the holy Spirit, and make him a false Witness. Now I testify under my hand, out of some small experience, that *Christ's* cause [even with the cross] is better than the king's crown; and that his reproaches are sweet, his cross perfumed, the walls of my prison fair and large, my losses gain. I desire you, my dear Brother, help me to praise, and remember me in your prayer to God. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14.
1637.

*Tours in our Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To the Lady EARLSTOUN.

Mistress,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I exhort you to go on in your journey: your day is short, and your afternoon-lun will soon go down: make an end of your accounts with your Lord; for death and judgment are tides that bide no man: Salvation is supposed to be at the door, and Christianity is thought an easie task; but I find it hard, and the way strait and narrow, were it not that my guide is content to wait on me, and to care for a tired traveller. Hurt not your conscience with any known sin: Let your children be as so many flowers, borrowed from God: If the flowers die or wither, thank God for a summer's-loan of them, and keep good neighbourhood, to borrow and lend with him. Set your heart upon heaven, and trouble not your spirit with this clay-idol of the world, which is but vanity, and hath but the lustre of the rain-bow in the air, which cometh and goeth with a flying March-shower: Clay is the idol of bastards, not the inheritance of the children. My Lord hath been pleased to make many unknown faces laugh upon me, and hath made me well content of a borrowed fire-side, and a borrowed bed: I am feasted with the joys of the holy Ghost, and my Royal King beareth my charges honourably. I love the smell of *Christ's* sweet breath, better than the world's gold. I would I had help to praise him. The great Messenger of the Covenant, the Son of God, establish you on your Rock, and keep you to the day of his coming.

Aberd. March 7.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To CARLETOUN.

Worthy and much honoured,

GRace, Mercy and Peace be to you: I received your Letter from my Brother, to the which I now answer particularly. I confess two things of my self. 1. Wo, wo is me, that men should think there is any thing in me: He is my witness, before whom I am as *Chrystal*, that the secret house-devils, that bear me too oft company, and that this sink of corruption which I find within, maketh me go with low sails: and if others saw what I see, they would look by me, but not to me.

2. I know this flower of his free grace behoved to be on me, otherways *I* would have withered. *I* know also, *I* have need of a buffeting tempter, that grace may be put to exercise, and *I* kept low. Worthy and dear Brother in our Lord *Jesus*, *I* write that from my heart which ye now read. 1. *I* vouch that *Christ*, and sweating and sighing under his cross, is sweeter to me by far, than all the Kingdoms in the world could possibly be. 2. If you and my dearest acquaintance in *Christ*, reap any fruit by my suffering; let me be weighed in God's even balance, if my joy be not fulfilled: What am *I*, to carry the marks of such a great King? But howbeit *I* am a sink and sinful mass, a wretched captive of sin, my Lord *Jesus* can hew heaven out of worse timber than *I* am (if worse can be.) 3. *I* now rejoyce with joy unspeakable and glorious, that *I* never purposed to bring *Christ*, not the least hoof or hair-breadth of truth under trysing: *I* desired to have and keep *Christ* all alone, and that he should never rub clothes with that black-skin'd harlot of *Rome*. *I* am now fully paid home, so that nothing aileth me for the present, but love-sickness for a real possession of my fairest Well-beloved. *I* would give him my bond under my faith and hand, to frist heaven an hundred years longer, so being he would lay his holy face to my sometimes wet cheeks. Oh, who would not pity me, to know how fain *I* would have the King shaking the Tree of Life upon me; or letting me in to the Well of Life with my old dish, that *I* might be drunken with the Fountain, here, in the house of my pilgrimage! *I* cannot, nay, *I* would not, be quit of *Christ's* love. He hath left the mark behind where he gripped: He goeth away, and leaveth me and his burning love to wrestle together, and *I* can scarce win my meat of his love, because of absence: My Lord giveth me but hungry half-kisses, which serve to feed pain, and increase hunger; but do not satisfie my desires: His dieting of my soul for this race, maketh me lean; *I* have gotten the wail and choice of *Christ's* crosses, even the tithe and the flower of the gold of all crosses, to bear witness to the truth; and herein find *I* liberty, joy, access, life, comfort, love, faith, submission, patience, and resolution to take delight in on-waiting: and withal in my race he hath come near me, and let me see the gold and crown: What then want *I* but fruition and real enjoyment, which is reserved to my country? Let no man think, he shall lose at *Christ's* hands in suffering for him. 4. For these present trials, they are most dangerous: for people shall be stolen off their feet with well-washen, and white-skin'd pretences

of Indifferency; but it is the power of the great *Antichrist* working in this land. Wo, wo, wo be to *Ap. State Scotland*: there is wrath, and a cup of the red wine of the wrath of God Almighty in the Lord's hand, that they shall drink and spue, and fall and not rise again. The star, called *Wormwood and Gall*, is fallen in the fountains, and rivers, and hath made them bitter: the sword of the Lord is furbished against the idol-shepherds of the land; women shall bless the barren womb and miscarriying breasts; all hearts shall be faint, and all knees shall tremble: an end is coming; the leopard and the lion shall watch over our cities; houses great and fair shall be desolate without an inhabitant: The Lord hath said, *Pray not for this people, for I have taken my peace from them*: yet the Lord's third part shall come through the fire, as refined gold for the treasure of the Lord, and the out-casts of *Scotland* shall be gathered together again, and the wilderness shall blossom as the flower, and bud, and grow as the rose of *Sharon*, and great shall be the glory of the Lord upon *Scotland*. 5. I am here, assaulted with the learned and pregnant wits of this kingdom; but, all honour be to my Lord, truth but laughs at bemist, and blinded Scribes, and disputers of this world; and God's wisdom confoundeth them, and *Christ* triumpheth in his own strong truth, that speaketh for it self. 6. I doubt not but my Lord is preparing me for heavier trials: I am most ready at the good pleasure of my Lord, in the strength of his grace, for any thing he shall be pleased to call me to: neither shall the last black-faced-messenger, Death, be holden at the door, when it shall knock. If my Lord will take honour of the like of me, how glad and joyful shall my soul be? Let *Christ* come out with me to an hotter battle than this, and I shall fear no flesh. I know that my Master will win the day, and that he hath taken the ordering of my sufferings in his own hand. 7. As for my deliverance, that miscarrieth: I am here, by my Lord's grace, to lay my hand on my mouth, to be silent and wait on: my Lord Jesus is on his journey for my deliverance; I will not grudge that he runneth not so fast as I would have him: On-waiting till the swelling rivers fall, and till my Lord arise as a mighty man after strong wine, shall be my best: I have not yet resisted to blood. 8. O how often am I laid in the dust, and urged by the tempter, (who can ride his own errands upon our lying apprehensions) to sin against the unchangeable love of my Lord: When I think upon the sparrows, and swallows that build their nests in the kirk of *Anwoth*, and of my dumb Sabbaths,

my sorrowful bleired eyes look askint upon Christ, and present him as angry. But in this trial, all honour to our princely and royal King, faith saileth fair before the wind, with top-sail up, and carrieth the poor passenger through. I lay inhibitions upon my thoughts, that they receive no slanders of my only, only Beloved: Let him even say out of his own mouth, *There is no hope*; yet I will die in that sweet beguile, *It is not so: I shall see the salvation of God*. Let me be deceived really, and never win to dry-land; it is my joy to believe under the water, and to die with faith in my hand gripping Christ: Let my conceptions of Christ's love, go to the grave with me, and to hell with me, I may not, I dare not quit them. I hope to keep Christ's pawn: If he never come to loose it, let him see to his own promise. I know, presumption, howbeit it be made of stoutness, will not thus be wilful in heavy trials. Now, *my dearest in Christ*, the great Messenger of the covenant, the only wife and all-sufficient *Jehovah* establish you to the end. I hear the Lord hath been at your house, and hath called home your wife to her rest. I know, *Sir*, ye see the Lord loosing the plins of your tabernacle, and wooing your love from this plaistered and overgilded world; and calling upon you, to be making your self ready to go to your Father's country, which shall be a sweet fruit of that visitation. Ye know, *to send the Comforter*, was a King's word when he ascended on high: Ye have claim to, and interest in that promise. Remember my love in Christ to your father; shew him, it is late and black night with him: his long lying at the water-side, is, that he may look his papers ere he take shipping, and be at a point for his last answer before his Judge and Lord. All love, all mercy, all grace, and peace, all multiplied saving consolations, all joy and faith in Christ, all stability and confirming strength of grace, and the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you.

Aberd. 15. June,
1637.

Your unworthy brother in his
sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO MARION M'NAUGHT:

Worthy and dearest in the Lord,

I Ever loved (since I knew you) that little vineyard of the Lord's planting in *Galloway*; but now much more, since I have heard that he, *who hath his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem*, hath been pleased to set up a furnace amongst you, with the first in this kingdom: He who maketh old

old things new, seeing *Scotland*, an old droffie and rusted Kirk, is beginning to make a new cleane Bride of her, and to bring a young chaste wife to himself out of the fire. This fire shall be quenched, so soon as *Christ* hath brought a cleane Spouse thorow the fire. Therefore, *my dearly beloved in the Lord*, fear not a worm: *Fear not worm Jacob*, *Christ* is in that plea, and shall win the plea: Charge an unbelieving heart, under the pain of treason against our great and royal King *Jesus*, to dependence by faith, and quiet on-waiting on our Lord: get you into your chambers, and shut the doars about you; in, in with speed to your strong hold, ye prisoners of hope; ye doves, flee in to *Christ's* windows, till the indignation be over, and the storm be past: Glorifie the Lord in your sufferings, and take his banner of love and spread over you; others will follow you, if they see you strong in the Lord; their courage shall take life from your christian carriage: look up and see who is coming; lift up your head, he is coming to save, *in garments dyed in blood, and travelling in the greatness of his strength*. I laugh, I smile, I leap for joy, to see *Christ* coming to save you so quickly. O such wide steps as *Christ* taketh! Three or four hills are but a step to him; *he skippeth over the mountains*. *Christ* hath set a battel betwixt his poor weak saints and his enemies; he waileth the weapons for both parties, and saith to the enemies, Take you a sword of steel, law, authority, parliaments, and kings upon your side, that is your armour: And he saith to his saints, I give you a feckless tree-sword in your hand, and that is suffering, receiving of strokes, spoiling of your goods, and with your tree-sword ye shall get and gain the victory. Was not *Christ* dragged thorow the ditches of deep distresses, and great straits? and yet *Christ*, who is your head, hath win through with his life, howbeit not with a whole skin. Ye are *Christ's* members, and he is drawing his members thorow the thorny hedge up to heaven after him; *Christ* one day will not have so much as a pained toe; but there are great pieces, and portions of *Christ's* mystical body, not yet within the gates of the great high city, *the new Jerusalem*: and the dragon will strike at *Christ*, so long as there is one bit or member of *Christ's* body out of heaven. I tell you, *Christ* will make new work out of old fore-castern *Scotland*, and gather the old broken boards of his tabernacle, and pin them, and nail them together: but bills and supplications are up in heaven, *Christ* hath coffers full of them; there is mercy on the other side of this his cross; a good answer to all our bills is

agreed upon: I must tell you what lovely Jesus, fair Jesus, King Jesus hath done to my soul; sometimes he sendeth me out a standing drink; and whispereth a word thorow the wall; and I am well content of kindness at the second hand; his bode is ever welcome to me, be what it will; but at other times he will be Messenger himself, and I get *the cup of salvation* out of his own hand, (he drinking to me) and we cannot rest till we be in others arms; and, O how sweet is a fresh kiss from his holy mouth; his breathing, that goeth before a kiss upon my poor soul, is sweet, and hath no fault, but that it is too short: I am careless, and stand not much on this, howbeit loins, and back, and shoulders, and head rive in pieces, in stepping up to my Father's house. I know, my Lord can make long, and broad, and high, and deep glory to his Name, out of this bit feckless body; for *Christ* looketh not what stuff he maketh glory out of. *My dearly beloved*, ye have often refreshed me, but that is put up in my Master's accounts; ye have him debtor for me: but if ye will do any thing for me (as I know ye will) now in my extremity, tell all my dear friends, that a prisoner is fettered, and chain'd in *Christ's* love; Lord, never loose the fetters; and ye and they together, take my heartiest commendations to my Lord Jesus, and thank him for a poor friend: I desire your husband to read this letter, I send him a prisoner's blessing: I will be obliged to him, if he will be willing to suffer for my dear Master; *suffering is the professor's golden garment*; there shall be no losses on *Christ's* side of it. Ye have been witnesses of much joy betwixt *Christ* and me, at communion-feasts, the remembrance whereof (howbeit I be feasted in secret) holleth my heart; for I am put from the board-head and the King's first mess, to his by-board, and his broken meat is sweet unto me. I thank my Lord for borrowed crumbs, no less than when I was feasted at the communion-table in *Anwoth* and *Kirkcudbright*. Pray that I may get one day of *Christ* in publick, as I have had long since, before my eyes be closed. Oh that my Master would take up house again, and lend me the keys of his wine-cellar again, and God send me borrowed drink till then. Remember my love to *Christ's* kinsmen with you. I pray for *Christ's* Father's blessing to them all. Grace be with you; a prisoner's blessing be with you: I write it, and I hide by it, God shall be glorious in *Marion McNaught*, when this stormy blast shall be over. O woman beloved of God, believe, rejoice, be strong in the Lord; Grace is thy portion.

Aberd. 15. June,

rb37.

Your brother in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON at Risco in Galloway.

My worthy and dear brother,

Mispend not your short sand-glass, which runneth very fast : seek your Lord in time : let me obtain of you a letter under your hand, for a promise to God, by his Grace, to take a new course of walking with God : Heaven is not at the next door, *I find it hard to be a Christian ; there is no little thrusting and thronging, to thrust in at heaven's gates, it is a castle taken by force : many shall strive to enter in, and shall not be able.* I beseech, and obtest you in the Lord, make conscience of rash and passionate oaths, of raging and sudden revenging anger, of night-drinking, of needless companionry, of Sabbath-breaking, of hurting any under you, by word, or deed, of hating your very enemies. *Except ye receive the kingdom of God as a little child,* and be as meek and sober-minded as a babe, *ye cannot enter in to the kingdom of God :* That is a word which should touch you near ; and make you stoop, and cast your self down, and make your great spirit fall. *I know,* this will not be easily done ; but *I* recommend it to you, as you tender your part of the kingdom of heaven. *Brother,* I may from new experience speak of *Christ* to you. Oh if ye saw in him, what *I* see ! A river of God's unseen joys have flowed from bank to brae over my soul, since *I* parted with you : *I* wish *I* wanted part, so being ye might have ; that your soul might be sick of love for *Christ*, or rather satiate with him : This clay-idol, the world, would seem to you then not worth a fig ; time will eat you out of possession of it : when the eye-strings break, and the breath groweth cold, and the imprisoned soul looketh out at the windows of the clay-house, ready to leap out into Eternity, what would ye then give for a lamp full of oil ? O seek it now. *I* desire you to correct and curb banning, swearing, lying, drinking, sabbath-breaking, and idle spending of the Lord's day, in absence from the Kirk, as far as your authority reacheth in that parish. *I* hear a man is to be thrust into that place, to the which *I* have God's right ; *I* know, ye should have a voice by God's word in that, *Acts* i. 15, 16. to the end, and *Acts* vi. 35. Ye would be loth that any Prelate should put you out of your possession earthly, and this is your right. *I* write to your wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14.

1637.

Your loving Pastor,
S. R.

To

To the Lady HALHILL.

Dear and christian Lady,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I longed much to write to your *Ladyship*; but now the Lord offering a fit occasion, I would not omit to do it: I cannot but acquaint your *Ladyship* with the kind dealing of *Christ* to my soul in this house of my pilgrimage, that your *Ladship* may know *Christ* is as good as he is called: For, at my first entry into this trial (being casten down and troubled with challenges and jealousies of his love, whose Name and Testimony I now bear in my bonds) I feared nothing more, than that I was casten over the dike of the vineyard, as a dry tree; but, blessed be his great Name, the dry tree was in the fire and was not burnt, his dew came down and quickned the root of a withered plant, and now he is come again with joy, and hath been pleased to feast his exiled and afflicted prisoner with the joy of his consolations: now I weep, but am not sad; I am chastned, but I die not; I have loss, but I want nothing: this water cannot drown me, this fire cannot burn me, because of the *good-will of him that dwelt in the bush*. The worst things of *Christ*, his reproaches, his cross, is better than *Egypt's* treasures. He hath opened his door, and taken into his house of wine, a poor sinner, and hath left me so sick of love for my Lord *Jesus*, that if heaven were at my disposing, I would give it for *Christ*, and would not be content to go to heaven, except I were perswaded *Christ* were there: I would not give, nor exchange my bonds, for the P. velvets; nor my prison, for their coaches; nor my sighs for all the world's laughter; this clay-idol, the world, hath no great court in my soul: *Christ* hath come, and run away to heaven with my heart and my love, so that neither heart nor love is mine; I pray God, *Christ* may keep both without reversion. In my estimation, as I am now disposed, if my part of this world's clay were roused and sold, I would think it dear of a drink of water. I see *Christ's* love is so kingly, that it will not abide a marrow; it must have a throne, all alone in the soul; and I see apples beguile bairns, howbeit they be worm-eaten: the moth-eaten pleasures of this present world make bairns believe, ten is a hundred, and yet all that are here are but shadows; if they would draw by the curtain that is hanged betwixt them and *Christ*, they should think themselves fools, who have so long miskenned the Son of God. I seek no more, next to heaven, but that he may be glorified

fin'd in a Prisoner of *Christ*; and that in my behalf many would praise his high and glorious Name, who heareth the sighing of the Prisoner. Remember my Service to the *Laird* your Husband, and to your Son my acquaintance: I wish *Christ* had his young love, and that in the morning he would start to the gate, to seek that which this world knoweth not, and therefore doth not seek it. The grace of our Lord *Jesus Christ* be with you.

Aberd. March 14, 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord *Jesus*, S.R.

To the Right Honourable my Lord LINDSAY.

Right Honourable and my very good Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace, be to your *Lordship*; Pardon my boldness to express my self to your *Lordship*, at this so needful a time, when your wearied and friendless *Mother-kirk* is looking round about her, to see, if any of her Sons doth really bemoane her desolation: Therefore, *my dear and worthy Lord*, I beseech you in the Bowels of *Christ*, pity that *widow-like Sister and Spouse of Christ*. I know, her Husband is not dead; but he seemeth to be in another country, and seeth well, and beholdeth who are his true and tender-hearted friends, who dare venture under the water to bring out to dry-land sinking truth, and who of the *Nobles* will cast up their arm, to ward a blow off the *Crowned-head* of our *Royal Law-giver*, who reigneth in *Zion*, who will plead and contend for *Jacob*, in the day of his controversie. It is now time, *my worthy and noble Lord*, for you, who are the little *nurse-fathers* (under our Sovereign Prince) to put on courage for the Lord *Jesus*, and to take up a fallen Orphan, speaking out of the dust, and to embrace in your arms *Christ's Bride*: he hath no more in *Scotland* that is the delight of his eyes, but that one little sister, whose breasts were once well-fashioned; She once ravished her Welbeloved with her eyes, and overcame him with her beauty; *She looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the Sun, terrible as an army with banners*: her stature was like the palm-tree, and her breasts like clusters of grapes, and she held the King in his galleries, *Cant. iv. 9. and vi. 10. and vii. 5, 7.* But now the crown is fallen from her head, and her gold waxed dim, and our *white Nazarites* are become black as the coal. Blessed are they who will come out and help *Christ* against the mighty: The shields of the earth and the Nobles are debtors to *Christ* for their honour, and should bring

bring their glory and honour to the new *Jerusalem*; *Rev. xxi. 24.* Alas that great men should be so far from submitting themselves to the sweet yoke of Christ, that they burst his bonds asunder, and think, they do not go on foot when Christ is on Horseback, and that every nod of Christ, commanding as a King, is a load like a mountain of iron; and therefore they say, *This man shall not reign over us*, we must have another King than Christ in his own house. Therefore kneel to Christ, and kiss the Son, and let him have your *Lordship's* vote, as your alone Law-giver. I am sure, when you leave this old waste inns of this perishing life, and shall reckon with your host, and depart hence, and take shipping, and make over for eternity, which is the yonder side of time, and a sand-glass of threescore short years is running out; To look over your shoulder then, to that which ye have done, spoken, and suffered for Christ, his dear Bride (that he ransomed with that blood, which is more precious than gold) and for truth, and the freedom of Christ's Kingdom; your accounts shall more sweetly smile and laugh upon you, than if you had two worlds of gold to leave to your posterity. *O my dear Lord*, consider, that our Master, eternity, judgment, and the last reckoning will be upon us in the twinkling of an eye: The blast of the last trumpet, now hard at hand, will cry down all *Acts of Parliament*, all the determinations of *pretended Assemblies* against Christ our Law-giver: There will be shortly a proclamation by one standing in the clouds, *that time shall be no more*, and that court with Kings of clay shall be no more; and prisons, confinements, forfeitures of Nobles, wrath of Kings, hazard of lands, houses, and name for Christ, shall be no more. This world's span-length of time is drawn now to less than half an inch, and to the point of the evening of the day of this old and gray-hair'd world: And therefore be fixed and fast for Christ and his truth for a time; and fear not him, whose life goeth out at his nostrils, who shall die as a man. I am persuaded Christ is responſal, and law-biding, to make recompence for any thing that is hazarded or given out for him: losses for Christ are but our goods given out in bank in *Christ's* hand. Kings earthly are well-favoured little clay gods, and time's idols; but a sight of our invisible King shall decry and darken all the glory of this world. At the day of *Christ*, truth shall be truth, and not treason: Alas! it is pitiful, that silence, when the thatch of our Lord's house hath taken fire, is now the flower and the bloom of court and state-wisdom; And to

cast a covering over a good profession, (as if it blushed at light) is thought a canny and sure way through this life: But the safest way, I am perswaded, is, to tine and win with *Christ*, and to hazard fairly for him; for heaven is but a company of noble venturers for *Christ*. I dare hazard my soul, *Christ* shall grow green and blossom as the rose of *Sharon* yet in *Scotland*; howbeit now his leaf seemeth to wither, and his root to dry up. Your noble *Ancestors* have been inrolled amongst the worthies of this nation, as the sure friends of the Bridegroom, and valiant for *Christ*; I hope, ye will follow on, to come to the streets for the same Lord; the world is still at yea and nay with *Christ*: it shall be your glory, and the sure foundation of your house (now when houses are tumbling down, and birds building their nests, and thorns and briars are growing up, where nobles did spread a table) if you engage your estate and nobility for this noble King Jesus, with whom the created Powers of the world are still in tops: all the world shall fall before him, and (as God liveth) every arm lifted up to take the crown off his royal head, or that refuseth to hold it upon his head, shall be broken from the shoulder-blade: the eyes that behold *Christ* weep in sackcloth, and wallow in his blood, and will not help, even these eyes shall rot away in their eye-holes. O if ye, and the Nobles of this Land, saw the beauty of that world's wonder, Jesus our King, and the glory of him, who is Angels wonder, and heaven's wonder for excellency! Oh what would men count of clay-estates, of time-eaten life, of worm-eaten and moth-eaten worldly glory, in comparison of that fairest, fairest of God's creation, the Son of the Father's delights. I have but small experience of suffering for him; but let my Judge and Witness in heaven lay my soul in the balance of justice, if I find not a young heaven, and a little Paradise of glorious comforts and soul-delighting love-kisses of *Christ*, here beneath the moon, in suffering for him and his truth: and that the glory, joy, and peace, and fire of love, I thought had been kept while supper-time, when we shall get leisure to feast our fill upon *Christ*; I have felt it in glorious beginnings, in my bonds for this princely Lord Jesus. Oh! it is my sorrow, my daily pain, that men will not come and see: I would now be ashamed to believe, that it should be possible for any soul to think, that he could be a loser for *Christ*, suppose he should lend *Christ* the Lordship of *Lindsey*, or some such great worldly estate. Therefore, my worthy and
dear

dear Lord, set your face against the opposites of Jesus, and let your soul take courage to come under his banner, to appear as his soldier for him; and the blessings of a falling Kirk, the prayers of the *prisoners of hope* who wait for Zion's joy, and the *good will of him that dwelt in the bush, and it burned not*, shall be with you. To his saving grace I recommend your Lordship and your house, and am still Christ's prisoner, and

Aberd. Sept. 7.
1637.

Your Lordship's obliged servant in his
sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lord BOYD.

My very honourable and good Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I am glad to hear that you, in the morning of your short day, mind Christ; and that you love the honour of his crown and kingdom. I beseech your Lordship, begin now to frame your love, and to cast it in no mould but one, that it may be for Christ only; for, when your love is now in the framing and making, it will take best with Christ: if any other than Jesus get a grip of it, when it is green and young, Christ will be an uncouth and strange World to you. Promise the lodging of your soul first away to Christ, and stand by your first covenant, and keep to Jesus, that he may find you honest. It is easie to master an arrow, and to set it right, ere the string be drawn; but when once it is shot and in the air, and the flight begun, then ye have no power at all to command it: it were a blessed thing, if your love could now level only at Christ, that his fair face were the black of the mark ye shot at; for, when your love is loosed, and out of your grips, and in its motion to fetch home an idol, and hath taken a whorish gading journey, to seek an unknown and strange lover, ye shall not then have power to call home the arrow, or to be master of your love; and ye shall hardly give Christ, what ye scarcely have your self. I speak not this, as if Youth it self could fetch heaven and Christ: Believe it, *my Lord*, it is hardly credible, what a nest of dangerous temptations Youth is; how inconsiderate, foolish, proud, vain, heady, rash, profane, and careless of God, this piece of your life is; so that the devil findeth in that age a garnished and swept house for himself, and seven devils worse than himself: for then affections are

on horse-back, lofty and stirring; then the old Man hath blood, lust, much will, and little wit, and hands, feet, wanton eyes, profane ears, as his servants, and as a king's officers at command, to come and go at his will: Then a green conscience is as souple as the twig of a young tree; it is for every way, every religion, every lewd courie prevaieth with it: And therefore, O what a sweet couple, what a glorious yoke are *Youth* and *Grace*, *Christ* and a *young Man*! This is a meeting not to be found in every town. None, who have been at *Christ*, can bring back to your Lordship a report answerable to his worth; for *Christ* cannot be spoken of, or commended according to his worth: *Come and see*, is the most faithful messenger to speak of him; little perswasion would prevail where this were. It is impossible, in the setting out of *Christ's* love, to lie, and pass over truth's line: The discourses of angels, or love-books written by the congregation of *Seraphims* (all their wits being conjoined and melted in one) would for ever be in the nether side of truth, and plentifully declaring the thing as it is. The infiniteness, the boundlessness of that incomparable excellency that is in *Jesus*, is a great word. God send me, if it were but the relicks and leavings, or an ounce weight or two, of his matchless love; and, suppose *I* never got another heaven, (providing this blessed fire were evermore burning) *I* could not but be happy for ever. Come hither then, and give out your money wisely for bread; come here, and bestow your love. *I* have cause to speak this, because, except ye enjoy and possess *Christ*, ye will be a cold friend to his Spouse; for it is love to the Husband that causeth kindness to the Wife. *I* dare swear, it were a blessing to your House, the honour of your *Honour*, the flower of your credit, now in your place, and as far as ye are able, to lend your hand to your weeping *Mother*, even your oppressed and spoiled *Mother-kirk*. If ye love her, and bestir your self for her, and hazard the Lordship of *Boyd* for the recovery of her vail (which the smiting-watchmen have taken from her) then surely her Husband will scorn to sleep in your common or reverence. Bits of Lordships are little to him, who hath many Crowns on his Head, and the Kingdoms of the World in the hollow of his Hand. Court, Honour, Glory, Riches, Stability of houses, Favour of Princes are all on his finger-ends. O what glory were it to lend your ha-

honour to Christ, and to his *Jerusalem*. Ye are one of *Zion's* born sons; your honourable and Christian parents would venture you upon *Christ's* errands: Therefore I beseech you, by the mercies of God, by the death and wounds of *Jesus*, by the hope of your glorious inheritance, and by the comfort and hope of the joyful presence, ye would have at the waterside, when ye are putting your foot in the dark grave, take courage for *Christ's* truth, and the honour of his free Kingdom; for, howbeit ye be a young flower, and green before the sun, ye know not how soon death will cause you cast your bloom, and wither root and branch and leaves: And therefore write up what ye have to do for *Christ*, and make a treasure of good works, and begin in time. By appearance, ye have the advantage of the brae; see what ye can do for *Christ*, against these who are waiting while *Christ's* tabernacle fall, that they may run away with the boards thereof, and build their nest on *Zion's* ruins. They are blind, who see not lowns now pulling up the stakes, and breaking the cords, and rending the curtains of *Christ's* (some times) beautiful Tent in this Land: *Antichrist* is lifting that Tent up upon his shoulders, and going away with it; and when *Christ* and the Gospel are out of *Scotland*, dream not that your houses shall thrive, and that it shall go well with the Nobles of the Land: *As the Lord liveth, the streams of your waters shall become pitch, and the dust of your land brimstone, and your land shall become burning pitch, and the owl and the raven shall dwell in your houses; and where your table stood, there shall grow briars and nettles, Isaiah xxxiv. 9, 11.* The Lord gave *Christ* and his Gospel as a pawn to *Scotland*: the Watchmen have fallen foul, and lost their part of the pawn; and who seeth not, that God hath dried up their right eye, and their right arm, and hath broken the shepherds' staves, and men are treading in their hearts upon such unfavoury salt, that is good for nothing else? If ye the Nobles put away the pawn also, and refuse to plead the controversy of *Zion* with the professed enemies of *Jesus*, ye have done with it. Oh! where is the courage and zeal now of the ancient Nobles of this Land, who with their swords, and hazard of life, honour and houses, brought *Christ* to our hands? And now the Nobles cannot be but guilty of shouldering out *Christ*, and murdering of the souls of the posterity, if they shall hide themselves, and lurk

lurk in the lee-side of the hill, till the wind blow down the Temple of God. It goeth now under the name of wisdom, for men to cast their cloke over Christ and their profession, as if Christ were stolen goods, and durst not be avouched: Though this be reputed a piece of policy, yet God esteemeth such men to be but *State-fools* and *Court-goats*, whatever they, or other heads of wit like to them, think of themselves; since their damnable Silence is the ruine of Christ's Kingdom. O but it be true honour and glory, to be the fast Friends of the Bridegroom, and to own Christ's bleeding head, and his forsaken cause; and to contend legally, and in the wisdom of God, for our sweet Lord Jesus, and his kingly crown. But I will believe your *Lordship* will take Christ's honour to heart, and be a man in the streets (as the prophet speaketh) for the Lord and his truth. To his rich grace and sweet presence, and the everlasting consolation of the promised Comforter, I recommend your *Lordship*, and am

Aberdeen, Sept. 7.

1637.

Your Lordship's in his sweet

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady BOYD.

My very honourable and Christian Lady,

CRace, mercy and peace be to you. I received your Letter, and am well pleased, that your thoughts of Christ stay with you, and that your purpose still is, by all means, to take the kingdom of Heaven by violence, which is no small conquest; and it is a degree of watchfulness and thankfulness also, to observe sleepiness and unthankfulness. We have all good cause to complain of false light, that playeth the thief, and stealeth away the lantern; when it cometh to the practice of constant walking with God, our journey is ten times a day broken in ten pieces: Christ getteth but only broken and halfed and tired work of us, and alas too often against the hair. I have been somewhat nearer the Bridegroom; but when I draw nigh, and see my Vileness, for shame I would be out of his presence again; but yet desire of his soul-refreshing love, putteth blushing-me under an arrest. O what am I, so lothsome a burden of sin, to stand beside such a beautiful and holy Lord, such an high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity? But, since it pleaseth Christ to condescend

to such an one as me, let shamefacedness be laid aside, and lose it self in his condescending love. I would heartily be content to keep a corner of the King's hall: Oh if I were at the yonder end of my weak desires! then should I be where Christ my Lord, and Lover, lives and reigns; there I should be everlastingly solaced with the sight of his face, and satisfied with the surpassing sweetness of his matchless love: But truly now I stand in the nether side of my desires, and with a drooping head, and panting heart, I look up to fair Jesus, standing afar off from us, while corruption and death shall scour and refine the *body of clay*, and rot out the bones of the *old man of sin*. In the mean time, we are blessed in sending word to the Beloved, that we love to love him; and till then there is joy in wooing, suiting, lying about his house, looking in at the windows, and sending a poor soul's groans and wishes through a hole of the door to Jesus, till God send a glad meeting: And blessed be God, that after a low ebb, and so sad a word, *Lord Jesus, it is long since I saw thee*; that even then, our wings are growing, and the absence of sweet Jesus breedeth a new fleece of desires and longings for him. I know no man hath a velvet cross, but the cross is made of that which God will have it. But verily, howbeit it be no warrantable market, to buy a cross; yet I dare not say, O that I had liberty to sell Christ's cross, lest therewith also I should sell joy, comfort, sense of love, patience, and the kind visits of a Bridegroom: And therefore, blessed be God, we get crosses unbought and good cheap. Sure I am, it were better to buy crosses for Christ, than to sell them; howbeit neither be allowed to us. And for Christ's joyful coming and going, which your Ladiship speaketh of, I bear with it, as love can permit: it should be enough to me, if I were wise, that Christ will have joy and sorrow halfers of the life of the saints, and that each of them should have a share of our days, as the *night* and the *day* are kindly partners and halfers of time, and take it up betwixt them: But if *sorrow* be the greediest halfer of our days, here, I know *joy's* day shall dawn, and do more than recompense all our sad hours. Let my Lord Jesus (since he will do so) weave my bit and span-length of time, with white and black, well and woe, with the Bridegroom's coming and his sad departure, as warp and woof in one web; and let the rose be neighboured with the thorn, yet hope (that maketh not ashamed)

hath

hath written a letter and lines of hope to the *mourners in Zion*, that it shall not be long so: When we are over the water, Christ shall cry down crosses, and up heaven for evermore; and down hell, and down death, and down sin, and down sorrow; and up glory, up life, up joy for evermore. In this hope, I sleep quietly in Christ's bosom, till he come, who is not slack; and would sleep so, were it not that the noise of the devil, and sin's feet, and the cries of an unbelieving heart awaken me; but for the present, I have nothing whereof I can accuse Christ's cross. Oh if I could please myself in Christ only! I hope, *Madam*, your sons will improve their power for Jesus; for there is no danger, neither is there any question or justling betwixt *Christ* and *Authority*, though our enemies falsely state the question, as if *Christ* and *Authority* could not abide under one roof; the question only is betwixt *Christ* and *Men in authority*. *Authority* is for and from *Christ*, and sib to him; how then can he make a plea with it? Nay, the truth is, worms and gods of clay are risen up against Christ. If the fruit of your Ladyship's womb be helpers of Christ, ye have good ground to rejoice in God. All your Ladyship can expect for your good-will to me and my brother (a wronged stranger for Christ) is the prayers of a prisoner of Jesus, to whom I recommend your Ladyship, and house and children, and in whom I am,

Aberd. Sept. 8.

Madam,

1637.

Your Ladyship's in Christ, S. R.

To the Lady CULROSS.

Madam,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you. I dare not say I wonder that ye have never written to me in my Bonds, because I am not ignorant of the cause; yet I could not but write to you. I know not, whether joy or heaviness in my soul carrieth it away: Sorrow, without any mixture of sweetness, hath not often love-thoughts of Christ; but I see the Devil can insinuate himself, and ride his errands upon the thoughts of a poor distressed prisoner. I am wo that I am making Christ my Unfriend by seeking pleas against him, because I am the first in the Kingdom put to utter silence, and because I cannot preach my Lord's righteousness in the great congregation. I am notwithstanding the less solicitous how it go, if there be not wrath in my cup. But I know, I but

claw my wounds, when my Physician hath forbidden me: I would believe in the dark upon luck's head, and take my hazard of Christ's good-will, and rest on this, that in my fever my Physician is at my bed-side, and that he sympathizeth with me when I sigh. My borrowed house, and another man's bed and fire-side, and other losses, have no room in my sorrow: A greater heat to eat out a less fire, is a good remedy for some burning. I believe, when Christ draweth blood, he hath skill to cut the right vein; and that he hath taken the whole ordering and disposing of my sufferings. Let him tutor me, and tutor my crosses, as he thinketh good: there is no danger nor hazard, in following such a Guide, howbeit he should lead me through hell, if I could put Faith foremost, and fill the field with a quiet on-waiting, and believing to see the Salvation of God. I know, Christ is not obliged to let me see both the sides of my cross, and turn it over and over, that I may see all: My faith is richer to live upon credit, and Christ's borrowed money, than to have much in my hand. Alas! I have forgotten that faith in times past hath stopped a leak in my crazed bark, and hath filled my sails with a fair wind. I see it a work of God, that experiences are all lost, when summons of imprecation, to prove our Charters of Christ to be counterfeit, are raised against poor souls, in their heavy trials: But, let me be a sinner, and worse than the chief of sinners, yea, a guilty Devil, I am sure, *my Welbeloved is God*: And when I say Christ is God, and my Christ is God, I have said all things, I can say no more. I would I could build as much on this, *my Christ is God*, as it would bear; I might lay all the world upon it. I am sure, Christ untried, and untaken-up in the power of his love, kindness, mercies, goodness, wisdom, long-suffering and greatness, is the rock that disfighited travellers dash ther foot against, and so stumble fearfully. But my wounds are sorest, and pain me most, when I sin against his love, and his mercy: and if he would set me and my conscience by the ears together, and resolve not to rid the plea, but let us deal it betwixt us, my spitting upon the fair face of Christ's love and mercies, by my jealousies, unbelief and doubting, would be enough to sink me. Oh, I am convinced, O Lord, I stand dumb before thee for this: Let me be mine own judge in this, and I take a dreadful doom upon me for it; for I still misbelieve, though I have seen that my Lord hath

hath made my cross, as if it were all *crystal*, so as I can see thorow it Christ's fair face and heaven, and that God hath honoured a lump of sinful flesh and blood, the like of me, to be *Christ's honourable Lord-prisoner*. I ought to esteem the walls of the *Thieves-hole* (if I were shut up in it) or any stinking dungeon, all hung with tapestry, and most beautiful, for my Lord Jesus; and yet I am not so shut up, but that the sun shineth upon my prison, and the fair wide heaven is the covering of it. But my Lord in his sweet visits hath done more; for he makes me find, that he will be a confined Prisoner with me: He lieth down, and riseth up with me; when I sigh, he sigheth; when I weep, he suffereth with me: and I confess, here is the blessed issue of my suffering already begun, that my heart is filled with hunger and desire, to have him glorified in my sufferings. Blessed ye of the Lord, *Madam*, if ye would help a poor dyvour, and cause others of your acquaintance in Christ help me, to pay my debt of love, even real praises to Christ my Lord. *Madam*, let me charge you in the Lord, as ye will answer to him, help me in this duty (which he hath tied about my neck, with a chain of such singular expressions of his loving-kindness) to set on high Christ, to hold in my honesty at his hands; for I have nothing to give him. O that he would arrest and comprise my love and my heart for all! I am a dyvour, who have no more free goods in the world for Christ, save that: it is both the whole heritage I have, and all my moveables besides; *Lord, give the thirsty man a drink*. Oh to be over the ears in the well! Oh to be swattering, and swimming over head and ears, in Christ's love! I would not have Christ's love entring in me, but I would enter into it, and be swallowed up of that love. But I see not my self here; for I fear, I make more of his love than of himself; whereas himself is far-beyond and much better than his love. Oh if I had my sinful arms filled with that lovely One, Christ! Blessed be my rich Lord Jesus, who sendeth not away beggars from his house with a toom dish; he filleth the vessel of such as will come and seek: We might beg our selves rich, (if we were wise) if we could but hold out our withered hands to Christ, and learn to suit, and seek, ask, and knock. I ow my salvation for Christ's glory, I ow it to Christ, and desire that my hell, yea a new hell, seven times hotter than the old hell, might buy praises before men and angels to my Lord Jesus; providing always I were free of Christ's

hatred and displeasure. What am I, to be forfeited and sold in soul and body, to have my great and royal King set on high, and extolled above all? O if I knew how high to have him set, and all the world far, far beneath the soles of his Feet! Nay, I deserve not to be the matter of his praises, far less to be an agent in praising of him. But he can win his own Glory out of me, and out of one worse than I, (if any such be) if it please his holy Majesty so to do; he knoweth that I am not now flattering him. *Madam*, let me have your prayers, as ye have the prayers and blessing of him that is separated from his brethren. Grace, Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 15.

1637.

Your own in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To the Earl of CASSILLS.

My very Noble and Honourable Lord,

I make bold (out of the Honourable and Christian Report I hear of your Lordship, having no other thing to say, but that which concerneth the honourable Cause, which the Lord hath enabled your Lordship to profess) to write this, that it is your Lordship's crown, your glory, and your honour, to set your shoulder under the Lord's Glory, now falling to the ground; and to back Christ now, when so many think it wisdom, to let him fend for himself. The shields of the earth ever did, and do still believe, that Christ is a cumberfom neighbour, and that it is a pain to hold up his *yea's* and *nay's*: they fear he take their chariots, and their crowns, and their honour from them; but my Lord standeth in need of none of them all: But it is your glory to own Christ and his buried Truth; for, let men say what they please, the plea with *Sion's* enemies, in this day of *Jacob's* trouble, is, *If Christ should be King, and no mouth speak laws but his?* It concerneth the Apple of Christ's Eye, and his Royal Privileges, what now is debated: And Christ's kingly Honour is come to *yea* and *nay*. But let me be pardoned, *my dear and noble Lord*, to beseech you by the mercies of God, by the comforts of the Spirit, by the Wounds of your dear Saviour, by your compearance before the Judge of quick and dead, to stand for Christ, and to back him. Oh if the nobles had done their part, and been zealous for the Lord! it had not been as it is now; but men think it wisdom to stand beside Christ, till his head be broken, and sing dumb. There is a time coming
when

when Christ will have a thick Court, and he will be the Glory of *Scotland*; and he shall make a diadem, a garland, a seal upon his heart, and a ring on his finger, of these, who have avouched him before this faithless generation: Howbeit, ere that come, wrath from the Lord is ordained for this land. *My Lord*, I have cause to write this to your Lordship, for I dare not conceal his kindness to the soul of an afflicted, exiled prisoner; who hath more cause to boast in the Lord, than such a sinner as I? who am feasted with the consolations of *Christ*, and have no pain in my sufferings, but the pain of soul-sickness of love for *Christ*, and sorrow that I cannot help to sound aloud the high praises of him, who hath heard the sighing of the prisoner, and is content to lay the head of his oppressed servant in his bosom, under his chin, and let him feel the smell of his garments. This I behoved to write, that your Lordship might know, *Christ* is as good as he is called; and to testify to your Lordship the cause, your Lordship now professeth before this faithless world, is *Christ's*: and your Lordship shall have no shame of it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13.

1637.

Your Lordship's obliged
servant, S. R.

To the much honoured JOHN OSBURN, Provost
of Air.

Much honoured Sir,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you: Upon our small acquaintance, and the good report I hear of you, I could not but write to you: I have nothing to say, but *Christ*; in that honourable place he hath put you in, hath intrusted you with a dear pledge, which is his own Glory; And hath armed you with his sword, to keep the pledge, and make a good account of it to God. Be not afraid of men: Your Master can mow down his enemies, and make withered hay of fair flowers: Your time will not be long; after your afternoon will come your evening, and after evening night: serve *Christ*, back him, let his cause be your cause; give not an hair-breadth of truth away; for it is not yours, but God's. Then, since ye are going, take *Christ's* testificate with you out of this life, *Well done, good and faithful servant*. His *well done* is worth a shipful of good-days and earthly honours. I have cause to say this, because I find him Truth it-self. In my sad days, *Christ* laugheth cheerfully, and

faith, *All will be well.* Would to God, all this kingdom, and all that know God, knew what is betwixt me and Christ in this prison; what kisses, embracements, and love-communings: I take his cross in my arms with joy, I bless it; I rejoice in it: Suffering for Christ is my garland; I would not exchange Christ for ten thousand worlds; nay (if the comparison could stand) I would not exchange Christ with heaven. *Sir*, pray for me; and the prayers and blessing of a prisoner of Christ meet you, in all your straits. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14.
1637.

*Yours in Christ Jesus his
Lord, S. R.*

To ROBERT GORDON Baillie of Air.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you in paper. Remember your *Chief's* speeches on his death-bed: I pray you, *Sir*, sell all, and buy the Pearl; time will cut you from this world's glory: Look what will do you good, when your glass shall be run out; and let Christ's love bear most court in your soul, and that court will bear down the love of other things: Christ seeketh your help in your place, give him your hand. Who hath more cause to encourage others to own Christ, than I have? for he hath made me sick of love, and left me in pain to wrestle with his love, and love is like to fall a-swoon, through his absence: I mean not that he deferreth me, or that I am ebb of comforts; but this is an uncouth pain. Oh that I had an heart and a love to render to him back again! O if principalities and powers, thrones and dominions, and all the world, would help me to praise. Praise him in my behalf. Remember my love to your wife. I thank you most kindly for your love to my brother. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13.
1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To JOHN KENNEDY Baillie of Air.

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: Your not writing to me, cannot bind me up from remembring you, now and then, that at least ye may be a witness and a third man,

to behold in paper, what is betwixt Christ and me. I was in his eyes like a young orphan, wanting known parents, casten out in the open fields; either Christ behoved to take me up, and to bring me home to his house and fire-side, else I had died in the fields: And now, I am homely with Christ's love, so that I think the house mine own, and the Master of the house mine also. Christ enquired not, when he began to love me, whether I was fair, or black, or sun-burnt? love taketh what it may have. He loved me before this time, I know; but now I have the flower of his love: His love is come to a fair bloom, like a young rose opened up out of the green leaves, and it casteth a strong and fragrant smell. I want nothing but ways of expressing Christ's love: A full vessel would have a vent. O if I could smoke out and cast out coals, to make a fire in many breasts of this land! Oh! it is a pity that there were not many imprisoned for Christ, for no other purpose, but to write books and love-songs of the love of Christ. This love would keep all created tongues of men and angels in exercise, and busie night and day, to speak of it. Alas! I can speak nothing of it, but wonder at three things in his love, *First, Freedom.* O that lumps of sin should get such love for nothing! *Secondly, The sweetness* of his love, I give over either to speak or write of it; but these that feel it, may better bear witness, what it is: but it is so sweet, that, next to Christ himself, nothing can match it. Nay, I think a soul could live eternally blessed only on Christ's love, and feed upon no other thing: Yea, when Christ in love giveth a blow, it doth a soul good; and it is a kind of comfort and joy to it, to get a cuff with the lovely, sweet, and soft hand of Jesus. And, *Thirdly, What power and strength* is in his love? I am perswaded it can climb a steep hill, and hell upon its back; and swim through water, and not drown; and sing in the fire, and find no pain; and triumph in losses, prisons, sorrows, exile, disgrace; and laugh and rejoice in death. Oh for a year's lease of the sense of his love without a cloud, to try what Christ is! Oh for the coming of the Bridegroom! Oh when will I see the Bridegroom and the Bride meet in the clouds, and kiss each other! Oh when will we get our day and our hearts-fill of that love! Oh if it were lawful to complain of the famine, and want of that love of the immediate vision of God! O
time,

time, time, how dost thou torment the souls of those, that would be swallowed up of *Christ's* love, because thou movest so slowly! Oh if he would pity a poor prisoner, and blow love upon me, and give a prisoner a taste, or draught of that surpassing sweetness, (which is glory as it were begun) to be a confirmation, that *Christ* and I shall have our fill of other for ever: Come hither, O love of *Christ*, that I may once kiss thee before I die: What would I not give, to have time, that lieth betwixt *Christ* and me, taken out of the way, that we might once meet? I cannot think but at the first sight I shall see of that most lovely and fairest face, love shall come out of his two eyes, and fill me with astonishment: I would but desire to stand at the utter side of the gates of the *New Jerusalem*, and look thorow a hole of the door, and see *Christ's* face: a borrowed vision in this life would be my borrowed and begun heaven, while the long, long-looked for day dawn. It is not for nothing that it is said, *Colos. i. 27. Christ in you the hope of Glory.* I will be content of no pawn of heaven, but *Christ* himself: for *Christ*, possessed by faith here, is young heaven and glory in the bud: If I had that pawn, I would bide horning and hell both, ere I gave it again. All we have here, is scarce the picture of glory: Should not we young bairns, long and look for the expiring of our minority? It were good to be daily begging propines and love-gifts, and the Bridegroom's favours; and if we can do no more, seek crumbs, and hungry dinners of *Christ's* love, to keep the taste of heaven in our mouth, while supper-time. I know, it is far afternoon, and nigh the marriage-supper of the Lamb; the table is covered already. O Welbeloved, run, run fast! O fair day, when wilt thou dawn! O shadows, flee away! I think, hope and love woven thorew other, make our absence from *Christ*, spiritual torment: It is a pain to wait on, but hope that maketh not ashamed swalloweth up that pain. It is not unkindness that keepeth *Christ* and us so long asunder. What can I say to *Christ's* love? I think more than I can say: To consider, that when my Lord Jesus may take the air (if I may so speak) and go abroad, yet he will be confined and keep the prison with me: But in all this sweet communion with him, what am I to be thanked for? I am but a sufferer; whether I will or not, he will be kind to me, as if he had desired my guiltiness to make him unkind; so he beareth in his love on me. Here I die with wondring,
that

that justice hindreth not love; for there are none in hell, nor out of hell, more unworthy of *Christ's* love. Shame may confound and scar me, once to hold up my black mouth, to receive one of *Christ's* undeserved kisses: if my inner-side were turned out, and all men saw my vileness, they would say to me, *It is a shame for thee to stand still, while Christ kifs thee and embrace thee*: It would seem to become me rather to run away from his love, as ashamed at my own unworthiness. Nay, I may think shame to take heaven, who have so highly provoked my Lord Jesus: But seeing *Christ's* love will shame me, I am content to be shamed. My desire is, that my Lord would give me broader and deeper thoughts, to feed my self with wondring at his love: I would I could weigh it, but I have no balance for it. When I have worn my tongue to the stump, in praising of *Christ*, I have done nothing to him; I must let him alone, for my withered arms will not go about his high, wide, long and broad love. What remaineth then, but that my debt to the love of *Christ* lie unpaid for all eternity? All that are in heaven are black shain'd with his love, as well as I; we must all be dyvours together; and the blessing of that house-ful, or heaven-ful of dyvours, shall rest for ever upon him. O if this *land* and *nation* would come and stand beside his inconceivable and glorious perfections, and look in, and love, and wonder, and adore! Would to God, I could bring in many lovers to *Christ's* house! But this *nation* hath forsaken the fountain of living waters. Lord, cast not water on *Scotland's* coal. Wo, wo will be to this land, because of the day of the Lord's fierce anger, that is so fast coming. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Your affectionate Brother, in our
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN KENNEDY, Baillie of Air.

Worthy and dear Brother,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to see you in this northern world, in paper; I know it is not forgetfulness that ye write not: I am every way in good case, both in soul and body, all honour and glory be to my Lord: I want nothing, but a further Revelation of the Beauty of the unknown Son of God. Either I know not what Christianity is, or we have stinted a measure of so many ounce weights

weights and no more, upon holiness; and there we are at a stay, drawing our breath all our life; a moderation in God's way, now, is much in request. I profess, I have never taken pains to find out him whom my soul loveth; there is a gate yet of finding out Christ, that I have never lighted upon. Oh if I could find it out! Alas, how soon are we pleased with our own shadow in a glass! It were good to be beginning in sad earnest to find out God, and to seek the right tread of Christ: time, custom, and a good opinion of our selves, our good meaning, and our lazy desires, our fair shows, and the world's glistering lustres, and these broad passiments and buskings of religion, that bear bulk in the kirk, is that wherewith most satisfy themselves: But a watred bed with tears, a dry throat with praying, eyes as a fountain of tears for the sins of the land, is rare to be found among us. Oh if we could know the power of godliness! This is one part of my case; and another is, that I, like a fool, once summoned Christ for unkindness, and complained of his fickleness and unconstancy, because he would have no more of my service nor preaching, and had casten me out of the inheritance of the Lord: And I confess now, this was but a bought plea, and I was a fool; yet he hath born with me. I gave him a fair advantage against me, but love and mercy would not let him take it; and the truth is, now he hath chided himself friends with me, and hath taken away the mask, and hath renewed his wonted favour, in such a manner, that he hath paid me *my hundred fold in this life*, and one to the hundred. This prison is my banqueting-house; I am handled as softly and delicately, as a daunted child; I am nothing behind (I see) with Christ; he can in a month make up a year's losses: And I write this to you, that I may intreat, nay, adjure and charge you, by the love of our Welbeloved, to help me to praise, and to tell all your christian acquaintance to help me; for I am as deeply drowned in his debt, as any *dyvour* can be: and yet in this fair sun-blink, I have something to keep me from startling, or being exalted above measure; His word is a fire shut up in my bowels, and I am weary with forbearing. The ministers in this Town are saying, they shall have my prison changed into less bounds, because they see God with me; my mother hath born me a man of contention, one that striveth with the whole earth. The late wrongs and oppressions done to my brother, keep my sails low; yet I defy crosses, to embark me in such a plea against Christ, as I was troubled with

with of late. I hope to overhope and overbelieve my troubles: I have cause now to trust Christ's promise, more than his gloom. Remember my hearty affection to your wife. My soul is grieved for the success of our brethrens journey to *New-England*; but God hath somewhat to reveal, that we see not. Grace be with you. Pray for the prisoner.

Aberd. Jan. 4.

1637.

Tours in his only Lord

Jesus, S. R.

TO MARGARET BALLANTINE.

MISTRESS,

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: It is more than time that I should have written to you; but it is yet good time, if I could help your soul to mend your pace, and to go more swiftly to your heavenly country; for truly ye have need to make all haste, because the inch of your day that remaineth will quickly slip away; for, whether we sleep or wake, our glass runneth, the tide bideth no man. Beware of a beguile in the matter of your salvation: Wo, wo for evermore to them, that lose that prize: for what is behind, when the soul is once lost, but that sinners warm their bits of clay-houses at a fire of their own kindling, for a day or two, which doth rather suffocate with its smoke, than warm them, and at length they lie down in sorrow, and are clothed with everlasting shame? I would seek no further measure of faith to begin withal, than to believe really and stedfastly the doctrine of God's *Justice*, his all-devouring wrath and everlasting burning, where sinners are burnt soul and body, in a river and great lake of fire and brimstone: Then they would wish no more goods, but the thousandth part of a cold fountain-well to cool their tongue; they would then buy death, with enduring of pain and torment for as many years, as God hath created drops of rain since the creation; but there is no market in buying or selling life or death there: Oh! alas the greatest part of this world run to the place of that torment rejoicing and dancing, eating, drinking and sleeping. My counsel to you is, that ye start in time to be after Christ; for if ye go quickly, Christ is not far before you: Ye shall overtake him. O Lord God, what is so needful as this, *Salvation, salvation*? Fly upon this condemned and foolish world,

world, that would give so little for *Salvation*! Oh, if there were a free market of *Salvation* proclaimed, in that day, when the trumpet of God shall awake the dead; how many buyers would be then? God send me no more happiness, but that *Salvation*, which the blind world (to their eternal wo) letteth slip through their fingers: Therefore look if ye can give out your money (as *Isaiah* speaketh, *chap. lv. 2.*) for bread, and lay *Christ* and his blood in *madset* for heaven: It is a dry and hungry bairns-part of goods, that *Esaus* are hunting for here: I see thousands following the chase, and in the pursuit of such things, while in the mean time they lose the blessing; and when all is done, they have caught nothing to roist for supper, but lie down hungry; and besides, they go to their bed (when they die) without a candle, for God saith to them, *Isa. l. 11. This shall ye have at my hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow.* And truly this is as ill made a bed to lie upon, as one could wish: for he cannot sleep soundly, nor rest sweetly, who hath sorrow for his pillow. Rouze, rouze up therefore your soul, and ask how *Christ* and your soul met together: I am sure, they never got *Christ*, who were not once sick at the yolk of the heart for him: too too many whole souls think they have met with *Christ*, who had never a wearied night for the want of him: But alas, what richer are men, that they dreamed the last night they had much gold, and when they awoke in the morning, they found it was but a dream? What are all the Sinners in the world, in that day when heaven and earth shall go up in a flame of fire, but a number of beguiled dreamers? Every one shall say of his hunting and his conquest, *Behold it was a Dream*: every man in that day will tell his *Dream*. I beseech you, in the Lord Jesus, beware, beware of unsound work, in the matter of your salvation: ye may not, ye cannot, ye drow not want *Christ*: Then after this day convene all your lovers before your soul, and give them their leave; and strike hands with *Christ*, that thereafter there may be no happiness to you but *Christ*, no hunting for any thing but *Christ*, no bed at night (when death cometh) but *Christ*; *Christ*, *Christ*, who but *Christ*? I know this much of *Christ*, he is not ill to be found, nor lordly of his love; wo had been my part of it for evermore, if *Christ* had made a dainty of himself to me: but God be thanked, I gave nothing for *Christ*; and now, *I protest before Men and Angels*, *Christ* cannot be exchanged, *Christ* cannot be sold, *Christ* cannot be weighed: Where would

Angels,

Angels, or all the world, find a balance to weigh him in? All lovers, blush when ye stand beside Christ; we upon all love, but the love of Christ; hunger, hunger for evermore, be upon all heavens but Christ; Shame, shame for evermore, be upon all glory. I cry, death upon all lives, but the Life of Christ. O what is it that holdeth us asunder! O that once we could have a fair meeting. Thus recommending Christ to you, and you to him for evermore; I rest. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

T O J O N E T K E N N E D Y.

Loving and Dear Sister,

G Race, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your Letter: I know, the savour of Christ in you (that the Virgins love to follow) cannot be blown away with winds, either from hell, or the evil-smelled air of this polluted world: Sit far a-back from the walls of this *Pest-house*, even the pollutions of this defiling world. Keep your taste, your love and hope in heaven; it is not good, your love and your Lord should be in two sundry countries. Up, up after your Lover, that ye and he may be together. A King from heaven hath sent for you; by faith he sheweth you the *New Jerusalem*, and taketh you alongit, in the Spirit, thorow all the ease-rooms, and dwelling-houses in heaven, and saith, *All these are thine, this Palace is for thee and Christ*; and if ye only had been the Chosen of God, Christ would have built that one House for you and himself. Now, it is for you and many others also: take with you in your journey what ye may carry with you, your conscience, faith, hope, patience, meekness, goodness, brotherly kindness; for such wares as these are of great price, in the high and new Country whither ye go: As for other things, that are but the world's vanity and trash, since they are but the *house-sweepings*, ye shall do best not to carry them with you; ye found them here, leave them here, and let them keep the house. Your sun is well turned, and low: be nigh your lodging against night. We go one and one, out of this great market, till the town be empty, and the two lodgings, heaven and hell, be filled: At length there will be nothing in the Earth, but toom walls and burnt ashes, and therefore it is best to make away. *Antichrist* and his master are busie to plenish hell, and to seduce many: and
stars,

stars, great *Church-lights* are falling from heaven, and many are misled and seduced, and make up with their faith, and sell their Birthright, by their hungry hunting for I know not what. Fasten your grips fast upon Christ. I verily esteem him the best aught that I have: He is *my Second* in prison; having him, though my cross were as heavy as ten mountains of iron, when he putteth his sweet shoulder under me and it, my cross is but a feather. I please my self in the choice of Christ; he is *my Waile*, in heaven and earth: I rejoice that he is in heaven before me; God send a joyful meeting: and in the mean time, the traveller's charges for the way, I mean, a burden of Christ's love to sweeten the journey, and to encourage a breathless runner; for when I lose breath, climbing up the mountain, he maketh new breath. Now, the very God of peace establish you to the day of his appearance.

Aberd. Sept. 9.

1637.

Yours in his only Lord

Jesus, S. R.

T O M A R G A R E T R E I D.

My very Dear and Worthy Sister,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: Ye are truly blessed of the Lord, however a sower world gloom upon you, if ye continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel. It is good, there is a heaven, and it is not a night dream, or a fancy: It is a wonder that men deny not that there is a heaven, as they deny there is a way to it, but of mens making. You have learned of Christ, that there is a heaven; contend for it, and contend for Christ; bear well and submissively, the hard cross of this *step-mother world*, that God will not have to be yours. I confess, it is hard, and I would I were able to ease you of your burden; But believe me, this world (which the Lord will not have to be yours) is but the dross, the refuse and scum of God's creation, the portion of the Lord's poor hired servants; the moveables, not the heritage; a hard bone casten to the dogs, holden out of the *New Jerusalem*, whereupon they rather break their teeth, than satissie their appetite: It is your Father's blessing, and Christ's Birth-right, that our Lord is keeping for you; and I perswade you, your seed also shall inherit the earth (if that be good for them) for that is promised to them; and God's bond is as good, and better, than if men would give every one of them a bond for thousand

thousand, thousands. Ere ye was born, crosses in number, measure and weight were writtē for you, and your Lord will lead you thorow them: Make Christ sure, and the blessings of the earth shall be at Christ's back. I see many professors for the fashion follow on; but they are professors of glass: I would cause a little knock of persecution ding them in twenty pieces, and so the world should laugh at the sheards. Therefore make fast work, see that Christ lay the ground-stone of your profession; for wind and rain, and Speats will not wash away his building: his works have no shorter date, than to stand for evermore. I should twenty times have perished in my affliction, if I had not leaned my weak back, and laid my pressing burden, both upon the *Stone*, the *Foundation-stone*, the *Corner-stone laid in Zion*: And I desire never to rise off this stone. Now, the very God of peace confirm, and establish you unto the day of the blessed appearance of Christ Jesus. God be with you:

Aberd.

Yours in his dearest Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JAMES BAUTIE:

Loving Brother,

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter, and render you thanks for the same; but I have not time to answer all the heads of it, as the bearer can inform you. 1. Ye do well to take your self at the right stat, when ye wrong Christ by doubting and misbelief; for this is to *Nick-name* Christ, and term him a liar, which, being spoken to our prince, would be hanging or heading; but Christ hangeth not always for treason: It is good that he may registerate a believer's bond a hundred times, and more than seventy times a day have law against us, and yet he spareth us, *as a man doth his son that serveth him*: No tender-hearted mother, who may have law to kill her sucking-child, would put in execution that law. 2. For your failings, even when ye have a set tryst with Christ, and when ye have a fair seen advantage, by keeping your appointment with him, and salvation cometh to the very passing of the seals; I would say two things. 1. Concluded and sealed salvation may go through and be ended, suppose ye write your name to the tail of the *Covenant* with ink that can hardly be read: Neither think I ever any man's salvation passed the seals, but there was an odd trick or slip, in less or more, upon the fool's part, who

is inſeſted in heaven. In the moſt grave and ſerious work of our ſalvation, I think Chriſt had never good cauſe to laugh at our ſillineſs, and to put on us his merits, that we might bear weight. 2. It is a ſweet law of the *New Covenant*, and a privilege of the New Burgh, that citizens pay according to their means; for the New Covenant ſaith not, *ſo much obedience by ounce-weights*, and no leſs, under the pain of damnation: Chriſt taketh, as poor men may give; where there is a mean portion, he is content with the leſs, if there be ſincerity: broken ſums and little ſeckleſs obedience will be pardoned, and hold the foot with him: know ye not, that our kindly Lord retaineth his good old Heart yet? *He breaketh not a bruifed reed, nor quencheth the ſmoaking flax*: but if the wind blow, he holdeth his hands about it, till it riſe to a flame. The law cometh on with three *Oyes's*, *with all the heart, with all the ſoul, and with all the whole ſtrength*; and where would poor folks, like you and me, furniſh all theſe ſums? It feareth me, (nay, it is moſt certain) that if the payment were to come out of our purſe, when we ſhould put our hand in our bag, we would bring out the wind or worle. But the *Covenant* ſeeketh not *heap-meſe, nor ſtented obedience*, as the condition of it, becauſe forgiveness hath always place. Hence I draw this concluſion: To think matters betwixt Chriſt and us go back, for want of heaped meaſure, is a piece of old *Adam's* pride, who would either be at legal payment or nothing: We would ſtill have God in our common, and buy his kindneſs with our merits; for beggerly pride is *devils-boneſty*, and bluſheth to be in Chriſt's common, and ſcarce giveth God a *Grammercy*, and a liſted cap, (except it be the Pharifee's unlucky *God I thank thee*) or a bowed knee to Chriſt: it will only give a good-day for a good-day again; and if he diſſemble his kindneſs, as it were, in jeſt, and ſeem to miſken it, it in earneſt ſpurneth with the heels, and ſnuffeth in the wind, and careth not much for Chriſt's kindneſs: If he will not be friends, let him go, ſaith pride; beware of this thief, when Chriſt offereth himſelf. 3. No marvel then of whiſperings, whether you be in the covenant or not: For pride maketh looſe work of the covenant of grace, and will not let Chriſt be full Bargain-maker. To ſpeak to you particularly and ſhortly. 1. All the truly regenerated cannot determinately tell you the meaſure of their dejections; becauſe Chriſt beginneth young with many, and ſteal-eth into their heart, ere they wit of themſelves, and becometh

homely

homely with them, with little din or noise. I grant, many are blinded, in rejoycing in a good cheap conversion, that never cost them a sick night; Christ's physick wrought in a dream upon them: But for that, I would say, If other marks be found, that Christ is indeed come in, never make plea with him, because he will not answer, *Lord Jesus, how camest thou in? whether in at door or window?* Make him welcome since he is come. *The wind bloweth where it listeth*; all the world's wit cannot perfectly render a reason, why the winds should be a month in the east, six weeks possibly in the west, and the space only of an afternoon in the south or north. Ye will not find out all the nicks and steps of Christ's way with a soul, do what ye can; for sometimes he will come in stepping softly, like one walking beside a sleepy person, and slip to the door, and let none know he was there. 2. Ye object, The truly regenerate should love God for himself: and ye fear that ye love him more for his benefits (as incitements and motives to love him) than for himself. I answer, To love God for himself as the last end, and also for his benefits, as incitements and motives to love him, may stand well together; as a son loveth his mother, because she is his mother, howbeit she be poor; and he loveth her for an apple also: I hope ye will not say, that benefits are the only reason and bottom of your love; it seemeth there is a better foundation for it: Always, if a hole be in it, sew it up shortly. 3. Ye feel not such mourning in Christ's absence, as ye would. I answer, That the regenerate mourn at all times, and all in a like measure for his absence, I deny: There are different degrees of mourning, less or more, as they have less or more love to him, and less or more sense of his absence: But, 1. Some they must have. 2. Sometimes they miss not the Lord, and then they cannot mourn; howbeit, it is not long so; at least, it is not always so. 3. Ye challenge your self, that some truths find more credit with you than others. Ye do well; for God is true in the least, as well as in the greatest, and he must be so to you: Ye must not call him true in the one page of the leaf, and false in the other; for our Lord in all his writings never contradicted himself yet: although the best of the regenerate have slipped here, always labour ye to hold your feet. 4. Comparing the estate of one truly regenerate (whose heart is a *Temple of the holy Ghost*) and yours (which is full of uncleanness and corruption) ye stand dumb and discouraged, and dare not sometimes call Christ heartily your own. I an-

swer, The best regenerate have their defilements, and (if I may speak so) their *Drass-poke*, that will clog behind them all their days; and wash as they will, there will be filth in their bosom: But let not this put you from the well. 2. *I answer*, Albeit there be some ounce-weights of carnality, and some squint-look, or eye in our neck to an idol; yet love in its own measure may be found; for glory must purifie and perfect our love, it will never till then be absolutely pure: yet if the idol reign, and have the yolk of the heart, and the keys of the house, and Christ only be made an underling to run errands, all is not right; therefore examine well. 3. There is a twofold discouragement: one of unbelief, to conclude, and make doubt of the conclusion, for a mote in your eye, and a by-look to an idol: this is ill. There is another discouragement of sorrow for sin, when ye find a by-look to an idol: this is good, and a matter of thanksgiving; therefore examine here also. 5. The assurance of Jesus's love, ye say, would be the most comfortable news that ever ye heard. *Answer*, That may stop twenty holes, and loose many objections: That love hath telling in it, I trow. Oh that ye knew and felt it, as I have done! I wish you a share of my feast; sweet, sweet hath it been to me. If my Lord had not given me this love, I would have fallen through the cauley of *Aberdeen* ere now: But for you, hing on, your feast is not far off; ye shall be filled, ere ye go; there is as much in our Lord's pantry, as will satisfie all his bairns, and as much wine in his cellar, as will quench all their thirst: Hunger on; for there is meat in hunger for Christ: Go never from him, but fash him [who yet is pleased with the importunity of hungry souls] with a dish-full of hungry desires, till he fill you; and if he delay, yet come not ye away, albeit ye should fall a-swoon at his feet. 6. Ye crave my mind, whether sound comfort may be found in prayer, when conviction of a known idol is present. *I answer*, An idol, as an idol, cannot stand with sound comfort; for that comfort that is gotten at *Dagon's* feet, is a cheat or *Ble-flume*; yet sound comfort, and conviction of an eye to an idol, may as well dwell together, as tears and joy: But let this do you no ill, I speak it for your encouragement, that ye may make the best out of your joys ye can, albeit ye find them mixed with moles. 2. Sole conviction, if alone without remorse and grief, is not enough; therefore lend it a tear, if ye slow win at it. 7. Ye *question*, when ye win to more fervency sometimes with your neighbour in prayer, than when you're alone,

alone, whether hypocrisie be in it, or not? *I answer*, If this be always, no question a spice of hypocrisie is in it, which would be taken heed to; but possibly desertion may be in private, and presence in publick; and then the case is clear. 2. A fit of applause may occasion by accident a rubbing off a cold heart, and so heat and life may come; but it is not the proper cause of that heat: Hence, God of his free grace will ride his errands, upon our stinking corruption; but corruption is but a mere occasion and accident, as the playing on a pipe removed anger from the prophet, and made him fitter to prophesie, *2Kings*. iii. v. 15. 3. Ye complain of Christ's short visits, that he will not bear you company one night; but when ye lie down warm at one night, ye rise cold at morning. *Answer*, I cannot blame you [nor any other, who knoweth that sweet Guest] to bemoan his withdrawals, and to be most desirous of his abode and company; for he would captivate and engage the affection of any creature, that saw his face: since he looked on me, and gave me a sight of his fair love, he gained my heart wholly, and got away with it: Well, well may he brook it; he shall keep it long, ere I fetch it from him. But I shall tell you what ye shall do; treat him well, give him the chair and the board-head, and make him welcome to the mean portion ye have; a good supper, and kind entertainment, maketh the Guest love the inns the better: Yet sometimes Christ hath an errand elsewhere, for mere trial: and then, though ye give him king's-cheer, he will away; as is clear in desertions for mere trial, and not for sin. 9. Ye seek the difference betwixt the motions of the Spirit, in their least measure, and the natural joys of your own heart. *Answer*, As a man can tell, if he joy and delight in his wife, as his wife; or if he delight and joy in her for satisfaction of his lust; but hating her person, and so loving her for her flesh, and not grieving when ill befalleth her: so will a man's joy in God, and his whorish natural joy, be discovered; if he sorrow for any thing that may offend that Lord, it will speak the singleness of that love to him. 10. Ye ask the reason, why sense overcometh faith. *Answer*, Because sense is more natural, and near of kin to our own selfish and soft nature. Ye ask, if faith in that case be sound? *Answer*, If it be chased away, it is neither sound nor unsound, because it is not faith; but it might be, and was faith, before sense did blow out the act of believing. *Lastly*, Ye ask what to do, when promises are born in upon you, and sense of impenitency, for sins of youth, hindreth ap-

plication. *I answer,* If it be living sense, it may stand with application; and in this case, put to your hand and eat your meat in God's name: if false, so that the sins of youth are not repented of, then as faith and impenitency cannot stand together, so neither that sense and application can consist. *Brother,* excuse my brevity, for time straitneth me, that I get not my mind said in these things, but must refer that to a new occasion, if God offer it. *Brother,* pray for me. Grace be with you.
Aberd. 1637. Yours in his dearest Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO JOHN STEWART, *Provost of Air, now in Ireland.*

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you. I long to hear from you, being now removed from my flock, and the prisoner of Christ at *Aberdeen*. I would not have you to think it strange, that your journey to *New-England* hath gotten such a dash: it indeed hath made my heart heavy; yet I know it is no dumb providence, but a speaking one, whereby our Lord speaketh his mind to you, tho' for the present ye do not well understand what he saith: however it be, he who sitteth upon the floods, hath shewn you his marvellous kindness in the great depths. I know your loss is great, and your hope is gone far against you; but I intreat you, *Sir*, expound aright our Lord's laying all hindrances in the way. I perswade my self, your heart aimeth at the footsteps of the flock, to feed beside the shepherds tents, and to dwell beside Him whom your soul loveth; and that it is your desire to remain in the wilderness, where the woman is kept from the dragon: And this being your desire, remember that a poor prisoner of Christ said it to you, that, *That miscarried journey is with child to you of mercy and consolation; and shall bring forth a fair birth, and the Lord shall be midwife to the birth: Wait on, he that believeth maketh not haste, Isa. xxviii. 16.* I hope, ye have been asking what the Lord meaneth, and what further may be his will, in reference to your return: *My dear brother*, let God make of you what he will, he will end all with consolation, and shall make glory out of your sufferings; and would ye wish better work? This water was in your way to heaven; and written in your Lord's book, ye behoved to cross it; and therefore kiss his wise and unerring providence. Let not the censures of men, who see but the out-side of things (and scarce well that) abate your courage and rejoicing in the Lord: howbeit

beit your faith seeth but the black side of providence, yet it hath a better side, and God shall let you see it. Learn to believe Christ better than his strokes, himself and his promises better than his glooms: Dashes and disappointments are not *canonick Scripture*; fighting for the promised land, seemed to cry to God's promise, *Thou liest*. If our Lord ride upon a straw, his horse shall neither stumble nor fall, *Rom. viii. 28.* For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God; Ergo, shipwrack, losses, &c. work together for the good of them that love God: Hence I infer, that losses, disappointments, ill tongues, loss of friends, houses or country, are God's workmen, set on work, to work out good to you, out of every thing that befallerh you. Let not the Lord's dealing seem harsh, rough or unfatherly, because it is unpleasant; when the Lord's blessed will bloweth cross your desires, it is best in humility to strike sail to him, and to be willing to be led any way our Lord pleaseth: it is a point of denial of your self, to be as if ye had not a will, but had made a free disposition of it to God, and had sold it over to him; and to make use of his will for your own, is both true holiness, and your ease and peace: Ye know not what the Lord is working out of this, but ye shall know it hereafter. And what I write to you, I write to your wife, I compassionate her case, but intreat her not to fear or faint; this journey is a part of her wilderness to heaven and the promised land, and there are fewer miles behind: it is nearer the dawning of the day to her, than when she went out of Scotland. I would be glad to hear, that ye and she have comfort and courage in the Lord. Now as concerning our Kirk: Our *Service-book* is ordained, by open proclamation and sound of trumpet, to be read in all the Kirks of this Kingdom; our *Prelates* are to meet this Month for it and our *Canons*, and for a *Reconciliation* betwixt us and the *Lutherans*. The *Professors of Aberdeen-University* are charged to draw up the articles of an *uniform Confession*: But *reconciliation* with *Popery* is intended; this is the *Day of Jacob's visitation*: The ways of Zion mourn, our gold is become dim, the Sun is gone down upon our prophets. A dry wind, but neither to tan nor to cleanse, is coming upon this land; and all our ill is coming from the multiplied transgressions of this land, and from the friends and lovers of Babel amongst us, *Jer. xxxi. 53.* The violence done to me and my flesh be upon thee, Babylon, shall the inhabitant of Zion say, and my blood upon the inhabitants of Chaldea, shall Jerusalem

I can say. Now for my self, I was three days before the *High Commission*, and accused of treason preached against our King: A Minister being witness, went well nigh to swear it; God hath saved me from their malice. 1. They have deprived me of my *Ministry*. 2. Silenced me, that I exercise no part of the *Ministerial Function* within this *Kingdom*, under the pain of *Rebellion*. 3. Confined my person within the town of *Aberdeen*, where I find the Ministers working for my confinement in *Caithness* or *Orkney*, far from them; because some people here (willing to be edified) resort to me. At my first entry, I had heavy challenges within me, and a *court fenced* (but I hope, not in Christ's name) wherein it was asserted, that my Lord would have no more of my service, and was tired of me: And, like a fool, I *summoned* Christ also for unkindness; my soul fainted, and I refused comfort, and said, *What ailed Christ at me? for I desired to be faithful in his House*. Thus, in my roivings and mistakings, my Lord Jesus bestowed mercy on me, *who am less than the least of all saints*. I lay upon the dust, and *bought a plea* from Satan against Christ, and he was content to sell it: But at length Christ did shew himself Friends with me, and in mercy pardoned and past my part of it; and only complained, that a court should be holden in his bounds, without his own allowance. Now I pass from my compearance; and, as if Christ had done the fault, he hath made the *mends*, and returned to my soul; so that now his poor prisoner feedeth on the feasts of love. My adversaries know not what a courtier I am now with my *royal King*, for whose crown I now suffer: it is but our soft and lazy flesh that hath raised an ill report of the cross of *Christ*; O sweet, sweet is his yoke! Christ's chains are of pure gold; sufferings for him are perfumed: I would not give my weeping for the laughing of all the *fourteen Prelates*, I would not exchange my sadness with the world's joy. O lovely, lovely Jesus, how sweet must thy kisses be, when thy cross smelleth so sweetly! O if all the three Kingdoms had part of my love-feast, and of the comfort of a dawted prisoner! Dear Brother, I charge you to praise for me, and seek help of our acquaintance there, to help me to praise. Why should I smother Christ's honesty to me? My heart is taken up with this, that my silence and sufferings may preach. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, to help me to praise. Remember my love in Christ to your wife, to Mr. Blair, and Mr. Livingston, and Mr. Cunningham. Let me hear from you, for I am anxious what to do: if I saw

a call for *New-England*, I would follow it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in our Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN STEWART *Provost of Air.*

Much honoured and dearest in Christ,

Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be upon you. I expected the comfort of a letter to a prisoner from you, ere now. I am here, *Sir*, putting off a part of my inch of time; and when I awake first in the morning (which is always with great heaviness and sadness) this question is brought to my mind, *Am I serving God or not?* Not that I doubt of the truth of this honourable cause, wherein I am engaged [I dare venture in to eternity, and before my Judge, that I now suffer for the truth: Because that I cannot endure that my *Master*, who is a free-born King, should pay tribute to any of the shields or pot-sheards of the earth; Oh that I could hold the crown upon my princely King's head with my sinful arm, howbeit it should be stroke from me in that service from the shoulder-blade!] but my closed mouth, my dumb Sabbaths, the memory of my communion with *Christ*, in many fair, fair days in *Amwoth* (whereas now my *Master* getteth no service of my tongue as then) hath almost broken my faith in two halves: Yet, in my deepest apprehensions of his anger, I see through a cloud that I am wrong; and he, in love to my soul, hath taken up the controversie betwixt faith and apprehensions, and a decreet is past on *Christ's* side of it, and I subscribe the decreet. The Lord is equal in his ways, but my *guiltiness* often overmastereth my believing. I have not been well known; for, except as to open out-breakings, I want nothing of what *Judas* and *Cain* had; only he hath been pleased to prevent me in mercy, and to cast me into a fever of love for himself, and his absence maketh my fever most painful; and beside, he hath visited my soul, and watred it with his comforts; but yet I have not what I would, the want of real and felt possession is my only death; I know *Christ* pitieth me in this. The great Men my friends, that did for me, are dried up, like winter-brooks of water: all say, *No dealing for that man; his best will be, to be gone out of the kingdom:* So I see they tire of me; but, believe me, I am most gladly content that *Christ* breaketh all my idols in pieces: it hath put a new edge upon my blunted love to *Christ*; I see

he is jealous of my love, and will have all to himself. *In a word*, these six things are my burden. 1. *I am not id the Vineyard* as others are, it may be, because *Christ* thinketh me a withered tree, not worth its room; but God forbid. 2. *Wo, wo, wo* is coming upon *my Harlot-mother*, this apostate Kirk; the time is coming, when we shall wish for doves wings, to flie and hide us: Oh for the desolation of this land! 3. *I see my dear Master, Christ*, going his alone (as it were) mourning in sackcloth: his fainting friends fear that *King Jesus* shall lose the field; but he must *carry the day*. 4. My guiltiness and the *sins of my youth* are come up against me, and they would come in the plea in my sufferings, as deserving causes in God's justice; but *I pray God*, for *Christ's* sake, he never give them that room: *Wo's me* that *I cannot get my royal, dreadful, mighty and glorious Prince of the Kings of the earth*, set on high. *Sir*, ye may help me and pity me in this, and bow your knee, and bless his name, and desire others to do it, that he hath been pleased in my sufferings to make Atheists, Papists, and enemies about me, say, *It is like, God is with this prisoner*. Let hell and the powers of hell (*I care not*) be let loose against me to do their worst, so being *Christ*, and my Father and his Father, be magnified in my sufferings. 6. *Christ's* love hath pained me; for howbeit his presence hath shamed me, and drowned me in debt, yet he often-goeth away when my love to him is burning; he seemeth to look like a proud Wooer, who will not look upon a poor match, who is dying of love: *I will not say he is lordly*; but *I know* he is wise, in hiding himself from a child and a fool, who maketh an idol and a god of one of *Christ's* kisses, which is idolatry. *I fear I adore his comforts more than himself*, and that *I love the apples of life better than the Tree of life*. *Sir*, write to me: Commend me to your wife, *Mercy* be her portion. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his dearest Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN STEWART Provost of Air.

Worthy and dearly beloved in our Lord,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: *I was refreshed and comforted with your letter*; what *I wrote to you for your comfort*, *I do not remember*; but *I believe*, love will prophesie home-ward, as it would have it. *I wish I could help you to praise his great and holy Name, who keepeth the*

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fect of his saints, and hath numbered all your goings. I know our dearest Lord will pardon and pass by our honest errors and mistakes, when we mind his honour; yet I know, none of you have seen the other half and the hidden-side of your wonderful return home to us again. I am confident ye shall yet say, That God's mercy blew your sails back to *Ireland* again. Worthy and dear *Sir*, I cannot but give you an account of my present state, that ye may go an errand for me, to my high and royal Master, of whom I boast all the day. I am as proud of his love, I say, I bless my self, and boast more of my present lot) as any poor man can be of an earthly king's court, or of a kingdom. *First*, I am very often turning both the sides of my cross, especially my dumb and silent Sabbaths, not because I desire to find a cross or defect in my Lord's love, but because love is sick with fancies, and fear: whether or not the Lord hath a process leading against my guiltiness, that I have not yet well seen, I know not; my desire is to ride fair, and not to spark dirt (if, with reverence to him; I may be permitted to make use of such a word) in the face of my only, only Welbelov'd; but fear of guiltiness, is a tale-bearer betwixt me and Christ, and is still whispering ill tales of my Lord, to weaken my faith: I had rather a cloud went over my comforts by these misfages, than that my faith should be hurt; for, if my Lord get no wrong by me, verily I desire grace not to care what become of me. I desire to give no faith, nor credit to my sorrow, that can make a lie of my Friend, Christ; wo, wo be to them all, who speak ill of Christ. Hence these thoughts awake with me in the morning, and go to bed with me; Oh what service can a dumb body do in Christ's house! Oh I think the word of God is imprisoned also! Oh I am a dry tree! Alas I can neither plant, nor water! Oh if my Lord would make but dung of me, to fatten, and make fertile his own corn-ridges, in *Mount-Zion*! Oh if I might but speak to three or four *herd-boys*, of my worthy Master, I would be satisfied to be the meanest and most obscure of all the Pastors in this land; and to live in any place, in any of Christ's basest *out-houses*! but he saith, *Sirra, I will not send you, I have no errands for you there-away*: My desire to serve him is sick of jealousy, lest he be unwilling to employ me. *Secondly*, This is seconded with another, Oh, what I have done in *Anmoh*? the fair work that my Master began there, is like a bird dying in the shell: and what will I then have to shew of all my labour,

bour, in the day of my compareance before him, when the Master of the vineyard calleth the labourers, and giveth them their hire? *Thirdly*, But truly, when Christ's sweet wind is in the right airth, *I* repent, and *I* pray Christ to take *law-borrows* of my quarrelous and unbelieving sadness and sorrow, (Lord rebuke them that put ill betwixt a poor servant like me, and his good Master :) then *I* say, whether the black cross will or not, *I* must climb on hands and feet, up to my Lord. *I* am now ruing from my heart, that *I* pleased the Law (my old dead husband) so far as to apprehend wrath in my sweet Lord Jesus: *I* had far rather take an hire to plead for the grace of God; for *I* think my self Christ's *sworn debtor*. And the Truth is, to speak of my Lord what *I* cannot deny, *I* am over head and ears drowned in many obligations to his love and mercy; he handleth me sometimes so, that *I* am ashamed almost to seek more for a *four-bours*, but to live content, till the *Marriage-Supper* of the Lamb, with that which he giveth: but *I* know not how greedy, and how ill to please love is; for either my Lord Jesus hath taught me ill manners, not to be content with a seat, except my head lie in his bosom, and except *I* be fed with the fatness of his house; or else *I* am grown impatiently dainty, and ill to please, as if Christ were obliged, under this cross, to do no other thing, but bear me in his arms, and as if *I* had claim by his merit for my suffering for him: But *I* wish he would give me grace to learn to go on my own feet, and to learn to want his comforts, and to give thanks and believe, when the sun is not in my firmament, and when my Welbeloved is from home, and gone another errand. O what sweet peace have *I*, when *I* find Christ holdeth and *I* draw, when *I* climb up and he shurtheth me down, when *I* grip him and embrace him, and he seemeth to loose the grips, and flee away from me! *I* think, there is even a sweet joy of faith, and contentedness, and peace, in his very tempting unkindness, because my faith, *Christ is not in sad earnest with me, but trying if I can be kind to his mask and cloud that covereth him, as well as to his fair face.* *I* bless his great Name, that *I* love his vail, that goeth over his face, while God send better: For faith can kiss God's tempting reproaches, when he nicknameth a sinner, *a dog, not worthy to eat bread with the bairns.* *I* think it an honour, that Christ miscalleth me and reproacheth me; *I* will take that well of him, howbeit *I* would not bear it well, if another would be that homely; but because

because I am his own, (God be thanked) he may use me as he pleaseth: I must say, the saints have a sweet life betwixt them and Christ; there is much sweet solace of love betwixt him and them, when he *feedeth among the lilies*, and *cometh into his garden*, and *maketh a feast of bony-combs*, and *drinketh his wine and his milk*, and crieth, *Eat, O friends, drink, be ye drunken, O Welbeloved*. One hour of this labour is worth a shipful of world's drunken and muddy joy: Nay, even the gate of heaven is the sunny-side of the brae, and the very garden of the world; for the men of this world have their own *unchristned* and profane crosses: and wo be to them and their cursed crosses both; for their ills are salted with God's vengeance, and our ills seasoned with our Father's blessing: So they are no fools, who choose Christ, and sell all things for him; it is no bairns market, nor a blind block; we know well what we get and what we give. Now, for any resolution, to go to any other kingdom, I dare not speak one word: My hopes of enlargement are cold, my hopes of re-entry to my Master's ill-dressed vineyard again, are far colder: I have no seat for my faith to sit on, but bare *Omnipotency*, and God's holy arm and good-will; here I desire to stay, - and ride at anchor and winter, while God send fair weather again, and be pleased to take home to his house my *harlot-mother*: Oh if her Husband would be that kind, as to go and fetch her out of the *brothel-house*, and chase her lovers to the hills! but there will be sad days ere it come to that. Remember my bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in our Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

Mistress,

Although not acquaint, yet because we are Father's children, I thought good to write unto you: Howbeit my first discourse and communing with you of Christ, be in paper; yet I have cause, since I came hither, to have no *paper thoughts* of him; for in my sad days, he is become the flower of my joys, and I but lie here living upon his love; but cannot get so much of it, as fain I would have: not because Christ's love is lordly, and looketh too high; but because I have a narrow vessel to receive his love, and I look too low: but I give under my own hand-write to you a testimonial of Christ and his cross, that they are a sweet couple, and that

Christ

Christ hath never yet been set in his own *due chair of honour* amongst us all. Oh, I know not where to set him! O for a high seat to that royal princely One! O that my poor withered soul had once a running-over flood of that love to put sap in my dry root, and that that flood would spring out to the tongue and pen, to utter great things, to the high and due commendation of such a fair One! O holy, holy, holy One! Alas there are too many dumb tongues in the world, and dry hearts, seeing there is employment in Christ for them all, and ten thousand worlds of men and angels mo, to set on high and exalt the greatest Prince of the kings of the earth. Wo's me, that bits of living clay dare come out, to *rash* hard-beads with him; and that *my unkind Mother*, this *harlot-birk*, hath given her sweet *Half-marrow* such a meeting; for this land hath given up with Christ, and the Lord is cutting *Scotland* in two halves, and sending the worst half, the *harlot-sister*, over to *Rome's brothel-house*, to get her fill of *Egypt's* love. I would my sufferings (nay, suppose I were burnt quick to ashes) might buy an agreement betwixt his fairest and sweetest *Love*, and his *gaddy lewd wife*: Fain would I give Christ his *welcome-home* to *Scotland* again, if he would return. This is a black day, a day of clouds and darkness; for the *Roof-tree* of my Lord Jesus his fair Temple is fallen, and Christ's back is towards *Scotland*. O thrice blessed are they, who would hold Christ with their tears and prayers! I know ye will help to deal with him, for he shall return again to this land; the next day shall be Christ's, and there shall be a fair green young garden for Christ in this land, and God's summer-dew shall lie on it all the night, and we shall sing again our new *marriage-song* to our *Bridegroom*, concerning his Vineyard; but who knoweth, whether we shall live and see it? I hear the Lord hath taken pains to afflict and dress you, as a fruitful vine for himself; grow and be green, and cast out your branches, and bring forth fruit: Fat and green and fruitful may ye be, in the true and sappie Root. Grace, grace, free grace be your portion. Remember my bonds with prayers and praises.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To N I N I A N M U R E.

Loving friend,

I Received your letter: I intreat you, now in the morning of your life, seek the Lord and his face: **Beware** of the folly

folly of dangerous Youth, a perilous time for your soul: Love not the world; keep faith and truth with all men, in your covenants and bargains; walk with God, for he seeth you: Do nothing but that which ye may and would do, if your eye-strings were breaking, and your breath growing cold. Ye heard the truth of God from me; *my dear heart*, follow it, and forsake it not; prize Christ and salvation above all the world: To live after the guise and course of the rest of the world, will not bring you to heaven; without faith in Christ, and repentance, ye cannot see God: Take pains for salvation; press forward toward the mark of the prize of the high calling: If ye watch not against evils night and day, which beset you, ye will come behind: Beware of lying, swearing, uncleanness, and the rest of the works of the flesh; because *for these things the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience*: How sweet soever they may seem for the present, yet the end of these courses is the eternal wrath of God, and utter darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To Mr. THOMAS GARVEN,

Reverend and dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you. I am sorry, that what joy and sorrow drew from my *imprisoned pen*, in my love-fits, hath made you and many of God's children believe, that there is something in a *broken reed* the like of me: Except that Christ's grace hath bought such a sold body, I know not what else any may think of me, or expect from me. My stock is less (my Lord knoweth I speak truth) than many believe; my empty sounds have promised too much: I would be glad to lie under Christ's feet, and keep and receive the *off-fallings*, or any *old pieces* of any grace, that fall from his sweet fingers to forlorn sinners. I lie often uncouth-like, looking in at the Kings windows; surely I am unworthy of a seat in the King's *hall-floor*: I but often look afar off, both *fear'd* and *framed-like*, to that fairest Face, fearing he bid me look away from him; my guiltiness riseth up upon me, and I have no answer for it. I offered my tongue to Christ, and my pains in his House; and what know I what it meaneth, when Christ will not receive my poor *propine*? When love will not take, we expone, it will neither take nor give, borrow nor lend. Yet Christ hath another *sea-compass* he saileth by,

by, than my short and raw thoughts: I leave his part of it to himself. I dare not expound his dealing, as sorrow and misbelief often dictateth to me: I look often with my beared and blind eyes to my Lord's cross; and when I look to the wrong side of his cross, I know I miss a step and slide: surely I see I have not legs of my own for carrying me to heaven; I must go in at heaven's gates, borrowing strength from Christ. I am often thinking, O if he would but give me leave to love him, and if Christ would but open up his wares, and the infinite pyles and windings & corners of his *soul-delighting love*, and let me see it, *back-side and fore-side*, and give me leave but to stand beside it, like an *hungry man* beside meat, to get my fill of wondring, as a *preface* to my fill of *enjoying*! But verily, I think my *foul eyes* would defile his *fair love* to look to it: Either my hunger is over humble, (if that may be said) or else I consider not what honour it is, to get leave to love Christ. O that he would pity a prisoner, and let out a *flood upon the dry ground*! It is nothing to him to fill the like of me; one of his looks would do me *meikle world's good*, and him no ill. I know, I am not at a point yet with *Christ's love*, I am not yet fitted for so much as I would have of it; my hope sitteth neighbour with *meikle black hunger*: and certainly I dow not but think, there is more of that love ordained for me, than I yet comprehend; and I know not the weight of the *pension* the King will give me; I shall be glad, if my *hungry Bill* get leave to lie beside *Christ*, waiting on an *Answer*. Now I would be full and rejoice, if I got a poor man's alms of that sweetest love: but I confidently believe, there is a bed made for Christ and me, and that we shall take our *fill of love* in it; and I often think, when my *joy* is run out, and at the lowest ebb, that I would seek no more, but my rights past the King's great Seal, and that these eyes of mine could see Christ's hand at the pen. If your Lord call you to suffering, be not *dismayed*; there shall be a new allowance of the King for you, when ye come to it: One of the softest pillows Christ hath, is laid under his Witnesses head, tho' often they must set down their bare feet among thorns. He hath brought my poor soul to desire and wish, O that my *ashes*, and the powder I shall be dissolved into, had well-tuned tongues to praise him. Thus in haste, desiring your prayers and praises, I recommend you to my sweet, sweet Master, my honourable Lord, of whom I hold all. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord, S. R.

T.

To JANE BROWN.

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I am glad that ye go on at Christ's back, in this dark and cloudy time: it were good to sell other things for him; for, when all these days are over, we shall find it our advantage, that we have taken part with Christ. I confidently believe, his enemies shall be his *footstool*, and that he shall make green flowers dead withered hay, when the honour and glory shall fall off them, like the bloom or flower of a green herb shaken with the wind. It were not wisdom for us, to think that Christ and the gospel will come and sit down at our *fire-side*; nay, but we must go out of our *warm houses*, and seek Christ and his gospel: it is not the *sunny side* of Christ that we must look to, and we must not forsake him for want of that; but must set our face against what may befall us, in following on, till he and we be through the *briers and bushes*, on the *dry ground*. Our soft nature would be born through the troubles of this miserable life, in Christ's arms; and it is his wisdom, who knoweth our mould, that his bairns go *wet-shod* and *cold-footed* to heaven. O how sweet a thing were it for us, to learn to make our burdens light, by framing our hearts to the burden, and making our Lord's will a law! I find Christ and his cross not so ill to please, nor yet such troublesome Guests, as men call them; nay, I think patience should make Christ's *water* good *wine*, and his *dross* good *mettal*: And we have cause to wait on; for, ere it be long, our *Master* will be at us, and bring this whole world out before the sun and day-light in their *blacks* and *whites*. Happy are they who are found watching: our stand-glais is not so long as we need to weary; time will eat away and root out our woes and sorrow: our heaven is in the bud, and growing up to an harvest; why then should we not follow on, seeing our *span-length* of time will come to an *inch*? Therefore I commend Christ to you, as your *last living* and *longest living Husband*, and the *Staff* of your old age; let him have now the rest of your days: and think not much of a storm upon the ship, that Christ saileth in; there shall no passenger fall over-board, but the crazed ship and the sea-sick passengers shall come to land safe. I am in as sweet communion with Christ, as a poor sinner can be; and am only pained, that he hath much *beauty* and *fairness*, and I little

love; he great power and mercy, and I little faith; he much light, and I bleared eyes. Oh that I saw him in the sweetneſs of his love and in his marriage-clothes, and were over head and ears in love with that princely One, Chriſt Jeſus my Lord! Alas! my *ruven diſh* and *running-out veſſel* can hold little of Chriſt Jeſus. I have joy in this, that I would not reſuſe death, before I put Chriſt's lawful heritage in men's *truſting*; and what know I, if they would have pleaſed both Chriſt and me? Alas, that this *land* hath put Chriſt to open *rouping*, and to an, *any man more bids!* Bleſſed are they who would hold the crown on his head, and buy Chriſt's honour with their own loſſes. I rejoice to hear, your ſon *John* is coming to viſit Chriſt, and taſte of his love: I hope he ſhall not loſe his pains, or rue of that choice. I had always (as I ſaid often to you) a great love to dear Mr. *John Brown*, becauſe I thought I ſaw Chriſt in him, more than in his brethren; ſain would I write to him, to ſtand by my ſweet *Maſter*; and I wiſh ye would let him read my letter, and the joy I have, if he will appear for, and ſide with my Lord Jeſus. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. Tours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus, S.R.

To JANE MACMILLAN.

Loving Siſter,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I cannot come to you, to give you my counſel; and howbeit I would come, I cannot ſtay with you: but I beſeech you to keep Chriſt; for I did what I could to put you within grips of him: I told you Chriſt's teſtament and latter-will plainly, and I kept nothing back that my Lord gave me; and I gave Chriſt to you with good-will: I pray you make him *your own*, and go not from that truth I taught you, in one *hair-breadth*; that truth ſhall ſave you, if ye follow it. Salvation is not an eaſie thing and ſoon gotten; I often told you, *few* are ſaved, and *many*, *many* damned: I pray you, make your poor ſoul ſure of ſalvation, and make the ſeeking of heaven your daily taſk. If ye never had a ſick night and a pained ſoul for ſin, ye have not yet lighted upon Chriſt: look to the right marks of having cloſed with Chriſt; if ye love him better than the world, and would quit all the world for him, then that ſaith the work is found. O if ye ſaw the beauty of Jeſus, and felt the ſmell of his love, you would run through fire and water to be at him!

God

God send you him. Pray for me, for I cannot forget you.
Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I am glad to hear that Christ and ye are one, and that ye have made him your *one thing*; where many are *painfully* toiled in seeking many things, and their *many things* are *nothing*. It is only best, ye set your self apart, as a thing laid up and out of the gate, for Christ alone; for ye are good for no other thing but Christ, and he hath been going about you these *many years*, by afflictions, to engage you to himself; it were a pity and a loss, to say him nay. Verily I could wish, that I could swim through hell, and all the ill weather in the world, and Christ in my arms; but it is my *evil* and *folly*, that except Christ come unpent for, I drow not go to seek him: When he and I fall in *reckoning*, we are both behind, he in *payment*, and I in *counting*; and so *marches* lie still *unrid*, and *counts* *uncleared* betwixt us. O that he would take his own blood for *counts* and *miscounts*, that I might be a *free-man*, and none had any claim to me, but *only, only Jesus*. I will think it no bondage to be *rouped*, *comprised* and *possessed* by Christ, as his *bond-man*. Think well of the visitations of your Lord: for I find one thing, I saw not well before, that when the saints are under trials, and well humbled, little sins raise great cries and *war-shouts* in the conscience; and in *prosperity*, conscience is a *Pope*, to give dispensations, and *let out* and *in*, and give *latitude* and *elbow-room* to our heart. O how little care we for pardon at Christ's hand, when we make dispensations! And all is but *bairns-play*, till a cross without beget an heavier cross within, and then we play no longer with our idols. It is good still to be severe against our selves; for we but transform God's mercy into an idol, and an idol that hath a dispensation to give, for *turning of the grace of God into wantonness*. Happy are they who take up God, wrath, justice, and sin, as they are in themselves; for we have miscarrying light, that parteth with child, when we have good resolutions: But, God be thanked, that salvation is no rolled upon our wheels. O but Christ hath a *saving eye*! *Salvation* is in his *eye-lids*: When he first looked on me, I was *saved*; it cost him but a look, to make hell quit of

me: O Merits, free Merits, and the dear blood of God, was the best *gate* that ever we could have gotten of hell! O what a sweet, O what a safe and sure way is it, to come out of hell, leaning on a Saviour! That Christ and a sinner should be one, and have heaven betwixt them, and be halvers of salvation, is the wonder of salvation. What more humble could love be? and what an excellent smell doth Christ cast on his lower Garden, where there grow but *wild flowers*, if we speak by way of comparison; but there is nothing but perfect *garden-flowers* in heaven, and the best plenishing that is there, is Christ. We are all obliged to love heaven for Christ's sake; he graceth heaven and all his Father's house with his presence: He is a Rose that beautifieth all the upper Garden of God; a leaf of that Rose of God, for smell, is worth a world: O that he would blow his smell upon a withered and dead soul! let us then go on to meet with him, and to be filled with the sweetness of his love. Nothing will hold him from us; he hath decreed to put time, sin, hell, devils, men and death out of the way, and to rid the *rough way* betwixt us and him, that we may enjoy one another. It is strange and wonderful, that he would think long in heaven without us, and that he would have the company of sinners to solace & delight himself withal in heaven: and now the supper is abiding us; Christ the Bridegroom with desire is waiting on, till the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, be *busked* for the marriage, and the *great hall* be rid for the meeting of that joyful Couple. O fools, what do we here? and why sit we still? why sleep we in the prison? Were it not best to make us wings, to flee up to our blessed *Match*, our *Marrow*, and our *fellow friends*? I think, *Mistress*, ye are looking thereaway, and this is your second or third thought; make forward, your Guide waiteth on you. I cannot but bless you for your care and kindness to the saints. God give you to find mercy in that day of our Lord Jesus, to whose saving grace I recommend you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in our Lord Jesus, S. R.

To WILLIAM RIGG of Athernie.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

YOUR Letter, full of complaints, bemoaning your guiltiness, hath humbled me: But give me leave to say, Ye seem to be too far upon the *Law's* side, ye will not gain much to be the *Law's* advocate; I thought ye had not been the *Law's*

Law's, but *Grace's man*: Nevertheless, *I* am sure, ye desire to take God's part against your self; whatever your guiltiness be, yet when it falleth into the sea of God's mercy, it is but like a drop of blood fallen in the great ocean. There is nothing here to be done, but let Christ's doom light on the *old man*, and let him bear his condemnation, seeing in Christ he was condemned; for the *Law* hath but power over your worst half: let the blame therefore lie, where the blame should be; and let the *new man* be sure to say, *I am comely as the tents of Kedar, howbeit I be black and sun-burnt, by sitting neighbour beside a body of sin.* I seek no more here, but room for *Grace's* defence, and Christ's white throne, whereto a sinner, condemned by the *Law*, may appeal: But the use that *I* make of it, is, *I* am sorry that *I* am not so tender and *thin-skinn'd*, tho' *I* am sure Christ may find employment for his calling in me, if in any living, seeing from my youth upward *I* have been making up the blackest process, that any minister in the world, or any other can answer to: And when *I* had done this, *I* painted a providence of my own, and wrote ease for my self, and a peaceable ministry, and the sun shining on me, till *I* should be in at heaven's gates; such green and raw thoughts had *I* of God. *I* thought also of a sleeping devil, that would pass by the like of me, lying in *muirs and out-fields*; so *I* bigged the *gouk's nest*, and dreamed of dying at ease, and living in a fool's paradise: But since *I* came hither, *I* am often so; as that they would have much rhetorick that would perswade me, that Christ hath not written *wrath* on my dumb and silent Sabbaths; (which is a persecution of the latest edition, being used against none in this land, that *I* can learn of, besides me) and often *I* lie under a *non-entry*, and would gladly sell all my joys, to be confirmed King *Jesus's free-tenant*, and to have sealed assurances; but *I* see often blank papers. And my greatest desires are these two, 1. That Christ would take me in hand to cure me, and undertake for a sick man: *I* know, *I* should not die under his hand; and yet in this, while *I* still doubt, *I* believe through a cloud, that sorrow, which hath no eyes, hath but put a vail on Christ's love. 2. It pleaseth him often, since *I* came hither, to come with some short blinks of his *sweet love*; and then, because *I* have none to help me to praise his love, and can do him no service in my own person, (as *I* thought once *I* did in his Temple) *I* die with *wishes* and desire, to take up house, and dwell at the *well-side*, and to have him praised and set on high: But alas, what can the like

of me do, to get a good name raised upon my Welbelov'd Lord Jesus, suppose I could desire to be suspended for ever of my part of heaven, for his glory? I am sure, if I could get my will of Christ's love, and could be once over head and ears in the believed, apprehended, and seen love of the Son of God, it were the fulfilling of the desires of the only happiness I would be at; but the truth is, I hinder my communion with him, because of want of both faith and repentance, and because I will make an idol of Christ's kisses: I will neither lead nor drive, except I see Christ's love run in my channel; and when I wait and look for him the upper way, I see his wisdom is pleas'd to play me a slip, and come the lower way: so that I have not the right art of guiding Christ; for there is art and wisdom required in guiding of Christ's love aright, when we have gotten it. O how far are his ways above mine! O how little of him do I see! And when I am as dry as a burnt heath in a drouthy summer, and when my root is withered, howbeit I think then, that I would drink a sea-full of Christ, ere ever I would let the cup go from my head; yet I get nothing but delays, as if he would make hunger my daily food: I think my self also hungered of hunger; the rich Lord Jesus satisfy a famished man. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen, 10. Sept.

1637.

Your own in his sweet

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To his worthy and much honoured Friend,

F U L K E L I E S.

Worthy and much honoured in our Lord,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad of our more than paper-acquaintance: Seeing we have one Father, it reckoneth the less though we never saw one another's face. I profess my self most unworthy to follow the camp of such a worthy and renowned Captain, as Christ. Oh alas, I have cause to be grieved, that men expect any thing of such a wretched man as I am: It is a wonder to me, if Christ can make any thing of my naughty, short and narrow love to him; surely it is not worth the uptaking. 2. As for our lovely and beloved Church, in Ireland, my heart bleedeth for her desolation; but I believe our Lord is only lopping the vine-trees, but not intending to cut them down, or root them out. It is true, seeing we are Heart-Atheists by nature, and cannot take providence aright, (because we halt and crook, ever since we fell) we dream of an halting providence, as if God's yard, where-

whereby he measureth joy and sorrow to the sons of men, were crooked and unjust, because *servants are on horse-back, and princes go on foot*: but our Lord dealeth good and evil, and some one portion or other to both, by ounce-weights; and measureth them in a just and even balance. It is but folly to measure the Gospel by summer or winter-weather: The summer-sun of the saints, shineth not on them in this life: How should we have complained, if the Lord had turned the same providence, that we now stomach at, *up-side-down*, and had ordered matters thus, that first the saints should have enjoyed heaven, glory, and ease, and then *Methusalem's days* of sorrow and daily miseries? We would think a short heaven no heaven; certainly his ways pass finding out.

3. Ye complain of the evil of *Heart-Atheism*; but it is to a greater atheist, than any man can be, that ye write of that: Oh, Light findeth not that reverence and fear, as a Plant of God's setting should find in our soul! How do we by nature, as others, detain and *captivate the truth of God in unrighteousness*, and so make God's light a bound prisoner? And even when the prisoner breaketh the jayle, and cometh out, in belief of a Godhead, and in some practice of holy obedience, how often do we, of new, lay hands on the prisoner, and put our Light again in fetters? Certainly there cometh great mist and clouds from the lower part of our soul, our earthly affections, to the higher part, which is our conscience, either natural or renewed; a smoke in a lower house breaketh up, and defileth the house above: If we had more practice of obedience, we should have more sound light. I think, lay aside all other guiltiness, this one, the violence done to God's candle in our soul, were a sufficient *dittay* against us; for there is no helping of this, but by striving to stand in awe of God's Light; lest Light *tell tales* of us, we desire little to hear: But since it is not without God, that *Light* sitteth neighbour to *Will*, (*a lawless lord*) no marvel that such a neighbour should leaven our *Judgment*, and darken our *Light*. I see there is a necessity, that we *protest* against the doings of the *old man*, and raise up a party against our worst half, to accuse, condemn, sentence, and with sorrow bemoan the dominion of sin's kingdom; and withal, make law, in the *new Covenant*, against our guiltiness; for *Christ once condemned sin in the flesh*, and we are to condemn it over again: And if there had not been such a thing as the grace of Jesus, I should have long since given up with heaven, and with the expectation to see

God: But grace, grace, free grace, the merits of *Christ* for nothing, white and fair, and large *Saviour-mercy* (which is another sort of thing than *creature-mercy*, or *law-mercy*, yea, a thousand degrees above *angel-mercy*) hath been, and must be the rock; that we, drowned souls, must swim to: New washing, renewed application of purchased redemption by that sacred Blood, that sealeth the free Covenant, is a thing of daily and hourly use to a poor sinner: Till we be in heaven, our issue of blood will not be quite dried up; and therefore we must resolve to apply peace to our souls, from the new and living way; and Jesus, who cleanseth and cureth the leprous soul, lovely Jesus, must be our song on this side of heaven's gates: And even when we have won the castle, then must we eternally sing, *Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, who hath saved us, and washed us in his own Blood.* I would counsel all the ransomed ones to learn this song, and to drink and be drunk with the love of Jesus. O fairest, O highest, O loveliest One, open the Well! O water the burnt and withered travellers with this love of thine! I think it is possible on earth to build a *young new Jerusalem*, a *little new Heaven* of this surpassing love. God either send me more of this love, or take me quickly over the water, where I may be filled with his love: My softness cannot take with want; I profess, I bear not hunger of *Christ's* love, fair: I know not, if I *play foul play* with *Christ*, but I would have a link of that chain of his providence mended, in pineing and delaying the *hungry on-waiters*. For my self, I could wish that *Christ* would let out upon me more of that love: Yet to say *Christ* is a *Niggard* to me, I dare not; and if I say, I have abundance of his love, I should lie: I am half-straitned to complain and cry, *Lord Jesus, hold thy hand no longer. Worthy Sir*, let me have your prayers in my bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 7. Sept. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JAMES LINDSAY.

Dear Brother,

THe constant and daily observing of God's going alongst with you, in his coming, going, ebbing, flowing, embracing and kissing, glooming and striking, giveth me (a witless and lazy observer of the Lord's way and working) an heavy stroke: could I keep sight of him, and know when I want, and carry as became me in that condition, I would bless my case. But, 1. For desertions, I think them like *lying-lee* of

of lean and weak land, for some years, while it gather sap for a better crop: It is possible to gather gold, where it may be had, with moon-light. Oh if I could but creep one foot, or half 2 foot, nearer in to Jesus, in such a dismal night as that, when he is away! I should think it an happy absence. 2. If I knew the Beloved were only gone away for trial, and for further humiliation, and not smoked out of the house with new provocations, I would forgive desertions, and hold my peace at his absence; but *Christ's bought absence* (that I bought with my sin) is two running boils at once, one upon either side; and what side then can I lie on? 3. I know, as night and shadows are good for flowers, and moon-light and dews are better than a continual sun; so is *Christ's* absence of special use, and it hath some nourishing virtue in it, and giveth sap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furnisheth a fair field to faith to put forth it self, and to exercise its fingers in gripping, it seeth not what. 4. It is mercy's wonder, and grace's wonder, that *Christ* will lend a piece of the lodging, and a *back-chamber* beside himself, to our lusts; and that he and such swine should keep house together in our soul: For, suppose they couch and contract themselves into little room when *Christ* cometh in, and seem to lie as dead under his feet; yet they often break out again: And that a foot of the *old man*, or a leg or arm nailed to *Christ's* cross looeth the nail, or breaketh out again; and yet *Christ*, beside this unruly and misnurtured neighbour, can still be making Heaven in the saints, one way or other. May not I say, *Lord Jesus, what doest thou here?* Yet here he must be; but I will not lose my feet to go on into this depth and wonder; for free mercy and infinite merits took a lodging to *Christ* and us, beside such a lothsom guest as sin. 5. Sanctification, and mortification of our lusts, are the hardest part of Christianity: It is in a manner as natural to us to leap, when we see the *New Jerusalem*, as to laugh, when we are tickled; Joy is not under command, or at our nod, when *Christ* kisseth: but O how many of us would have *Christ* divided into two halves, that we might take the half of him only, and take his office, *Jesus and Salvation!* but *Lord* is a cumberfom word, and to *Obey*, and *work out our own Salvation*, and to *perfect Holiness*, is the cumberfom and stormy north-side of *Christ*, and that we shew and shift. 6. For your question, the access that reprobates have to *Christ* (which is none at all; for to the Father in *Christ*, neither can they, nor will

will they come, because Christ died not for them; and yet by law, God and justice overtaketh them) I say, *First*, There are with you more worthy and learned than I am, *Mrs. Dickson, Blair and Hamilton*, who can more fully satisfy you; but I shall speak in brief, what I think of it, in these assertions. 1. All God's justice toward man (and angels floweth from an act of the absolute, sovereign, free-will of God, who is our Former and Potter, and we are but clay; for if he had forbidden to eat of the rest of the trees of the Garden of *Eden*, and commanded *Adam* to eat of the Tree of knowledge of good and evil, that command no doubt had been as just as this, *Eat of all the trees, but not at all of the tree of knowledge of good and evil*. The reason is, because his will is his justice, and he willeth not things without himself, because they are just: God cannot, God needeth not hunt Sanctity, Holiness or Righteousness from things without himself; and so not from the actions of men and angels; because his will is essentially holy and just, and the prime rule of Holiness and Justice: As the fire is naturally light, and inclineth upward, and the earth heavy, and inclineth downward. The second Assertion then is, That God saith to reprobates, *Believe in Christ* (who hath not died for your salvation) and *ye shall be saved*, is just and right; because his eternal and essentially just will, hath so enacted and decreed: Suppose natural reason speak against this, this is the deep and special *mystery of the Gospel*. God hath obliged *hard and fast*, all the reprobates of the visible Church to believe this promise, *He that believeth shall be saved*; and yet, in God's decree and secret intention, there is no salvation at all decreed and intended to reprobates; and yet the obligation of God, being from his sovereign free-will, is most just, as is said in the first Assertion. Third Assertion, The righteous Lord hath right over the reprobates and all reasonable creatures, that violate his commandments; this is easie. Fourth Assertion, The faith that God seeketh of reprobates, is, That they rely upon Christ, as despairing of their own righteousness, leaning wholly, and withal humbly; as weary and loaden, upon Christ, as on the Resting-stone laid in *Zion*; but he seeketh not that, without being weary of their sin, they rely on Christ, mankind's Saviour; for to rely on Christ, and not to be weary of sin, is presumption, not faith: faith is ever neighbour to a contrite spirit; and it is impossible that faith can be, where there is not a casten-down and contrite heart,

heart, in some measure, for sin: Now it is certain, God commandeth no man to presume. Fifth *Affertion*, Then reprobates are not absolutely obliged to believe, that Christ died for them in particular; for in truth, neither reprobates nor others are obliged to believe a lie: only they are obliged to believe Christ died for them, if they be first weary, burdened, sick and condemned in their own consciences, and stricken dead and killed with the Law's sentence, and have indeed embraced him as offered, which is a second and subsequent act of faith, following after a coming to him, and closing with him. Sixth *Affertion*, Reprobates are not formally guilty of contempt of God, and misbelief, because they apply not Christ and the promises of the Gospel to themselves in particular; for so they should be guilty because they believe not a lie, which God never obliged them to believe. Seventh *Affertion*, Justice hath a right to punish reprobates, because out of pride of heart, confiding in their own righteousness, they rely not upon Christ, as a Saviour of all them that come to him: This God may justly oblige them unto; because in Adam they had perfect ability to do; and men are guilty, because they love their own inability, and rest upon themselves, and refuse to deny their own righteousness, and to take them to Christ, in whom there is righteousness for wearied sinners. Eighth *Affertion*, It is one thing to rely, lean, and rest upon Christ, in humility and weariness of spirit, and denying our own righteousness, believing him to be the only righteousness of wearied sinners; and it is another thing to believe Christ died for me, *John, Thomas, Anna*, upon an intention and decree to save us by name. For, *First*, The *first* goeth first, the *latter* is always after in due order. 2. The *first* is faith, the *second* is a fruit of faith. The *first* obligeth reprobates and all men in the visible Kirk, the *latter* obligeth only the weary and laden, and so only the elect and effectually called of God. Ninth *Affertion*, It is a vain order, *I know not if Christ died for me, John, Thomas, Anna by name; and therefore I dare not rely on him*. The reason is, because it is not faith, to believe God's intention and decree of election at the first, ere ye be wearied: Look first to your own intention and soul, if ye find sin a burden, and can, and do rest, under that burden, upon Christ; if this be once, now come and believe in particular, or rather apply by sense (for in my judgment it is a *fruit of belief*, not *belief*) and feeling the good-will, intention, and gracious purpose of God

ment your salvation: Hence, because there is malice in reprobrates, and contempt of Christ, guilty they are, and Justice hath Law against them: And, which is the *mystery*, they cannot come up to Christ, because he died not for them; but their sin is, that they love their inability to come to Christ; and he who loveth his chains, deserveth chains: And thus in short, remember my bonds.

Aberd, Sept. 7.

1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

To the Earl of CASSILLS.

My very honourable and noble Lord,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Lordship. Pardon me to express my earnest desire to your Lordship for Zion's sake, for whom we should not hold our peace. I know your Lordship will take my pleading on this behalf in the better part, because the necessity of a falling and weak Church is urgent. I believe your Lordship is one of Zion's friends, and that by obligation; for when the Lord shall count and write up the people, it shall be written, *This man was born there*. Therefore, because your Lordship is a born son of the House, I hope your desire is, that the Beauty and Glory of the Lord may dwell in the midst of the City, whereof your Lordship is a son. It must be without all doubt the greatest honour of your place and house, to kiss the Son of God, and for his sake, to be kind to his oppressed and wronged *Bride*, who, now in the day of her desolation, beggeth help of you, that are *the shields of the earth*: I am sure many kings, princes and nobles, in the day of Christ's second coming, would be glad to run errands for Christ, even *barefooted* thorow fire and water; but in that day he will have none of their service. Now he is asking, if your Lordship will help him against the mighty of the earth; when men are setting their shoulders to Christ's fair and beautiful tent in this land, to loose its stakes, and break it down; and certainly such as are not with Christ, are against him: And blessed shall your Lordship be of the Lord, blessed shall your house and seed be, and blessed shall your honour be, if ye *empownd*, and lay in Christ's hand the Earldom of *Cassils* (and it is but a shadow in comparison of the City made without hands) and lay it even at the stake, rather than Christ and born-down truth want a witness of you, against the apostasie of this land. Ye hold your lands of Christ, your charters are under his seal,
and

and he who hath many crowns on his head, dealeth, cutteth, and carveth pieces of this clay-heritage to men, at his pleasure. It is little your Lordship hath to give him; he will not sleep long in your common, but shall surely pay home your losses for his cause. It is but our bliered eyes that look thorrow a false glass to this idol-god of clay, and think something of it: They who are past with their last sentence to heaven or hell, and have made their reckoning, and departed out of this smokie inn, have now no other conceit of this world, but as a piece of beguiling well-lustred clay; and how fast doth time (like a flood in motion) carry your Lordship out of it? and is not *Eternity* coming with wings? court goeth not in heaven as it doth here. Our Lord (who hath all you, the nobles, lying in the shell of his balance) esteemeth you, accordingly as ye are the Bridegroom's friends or foes: Your *honourable Ancestors*, with the hazard of their lives, brought Christ to our hands; and it shall be cruelty to the posterity, if ye lose him to them. One of our Tribes, *Levi's sons*, the *watchmen*, are fallen from the Lord, and have sold their *Mother*, and their *Father* also, and the Lord's truth, for their new *Velvet-world*, and their *Satin-church*. If ye, the nobles, play Christ a *slip*, now when his back is at the wall, (if I may so speak) then may we say, That the Lord hath casten water upon *Scotland's* smoking-coal; but we hope better things of you. It is no wisdom, however it be the *State-wisdom* now in request, to be silent, when they are casting lots for a better thing than Christ's coat. All this land, and every man's part of the play for Christ, and tears of poor and friendless *Zion*, (now going dool-like in sackcloth) are up in heaven before our Lord; and there is no question, but our King and Lord shall be Master of the fields at length: and we would all be glad to divide the spoil with Christ, and to ride in triumph with him; but Oh how few will take a cold bed of straw in the camp, with him! How fain would men have a well-thatched house above their heads, all the way to heaven? And many now would go to heaven *the land-way* (for they love not to be sea-sick) riding up to Christ upon *foot-mantles*, and *rattling-coaches*, and *rubbing their velvet with the princes of the land*, in the highest seats. If this be the way Christ called *strait and narrow*, I quit all skill of the way to salvation. Are they not now rousing Christ and the Gospel? Have they not put our Lord Jesus to the market, and he who out-biddeth his fellow, shall get him? O my dear and noble

noble Lord, go on (howbeit the wind be in your face) to back our princely Captain; be courageous for him: Fear not these who have no subscribed lease of days, the worms shall eat kings; let the Lord *Jehovah* be your fear: And then, as the Lord liveth, the victory is yours. It is true, many are striking up a new way to heaven; but my soul for theirs, if they find it; and if this be not the only way, whose end is Christ's Father's house: And my weak experience, since the day I was first in bonds, hath confirmed me in the truth and assurance of this: Let doctors and learned men cry the contrair, I am perswaded this is the way. The bottom hath fallen out of both their wit and conscience at once; their book hath beguiled them, for we have fallen upon the true Christ. I dare hazard, if I alone had ten souls, my salvation upon this Stone, that many now break their bones upon. Let them take this fat World, Oh poor and hungry is their paradise! Therefore let me entreat your *Lordship*, by your compearance before *Christ*, now while this piece of the afternoon of your day is before you, (for ye know not when your sun will turn, and eternity shall benight you) let your *glory, honour and might* worldly be for our Lord Jesus: and to his rich grace, and tender mercy, and to the never-dying comforts of his gracious Spirit, I recommend your *Lordship* and *Noble house*.

Aberd. Sept. 9. 1637. Your Lordship's at all obedience, S. R.

To the Lady L A R G I R I E.

Mistress,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I hope ye know what conditions past betwixt Christ and you, at your first meeting: ye remember, he said, your summer days would have clouds, and your rose a prickly thorn beside it: Christ is unmixt in heaven, all sweetness and bony; here we have him with his thorny and rough cross; yet I know no tree beareth sweeter fruit, than Christ's cross, except I would raise a lying report on it. It is your part to take Christ, as he is to be had in this life: sufferings are like a wood planted round about his house, over door and window: if we could hold fast our grips of him, the field were won. Yet a little while, and Christ shall triumph: give Christ his own short time, to spin out these two long threads of heaven and hell to all mankind, for certainly the thread will not break; and when he hath accomplished his work in *mount Zion*, and hath refined his silver, he will bring new vessels out of the furnace,

nace, and plenish his house, and take up house again. I counsel you, to free your self of clogging temptations, by overcoming some and contemning others, and watching over all : abide true and loyal to Christ, for few now are fast to him : they give Christ blank paper, for a bond of service and attendance, now when Christ hath most ado : to waste a little blood with Christ, and to put our part of this drossie world in pawn over in his hand, as willing to quit it for him, is the safest cabinet to keep the world in : but these who would take the world and all their *fitting* on their back, and run away from Christ, they will fall by the way, and leave their burden behind them, and be taken captive themselves. Well were my soul, to put all I have, life and soul, over in Christ's hands ; let him be forthcoming for all. If any ask, How I do ? I answer, None can be but well, that are in Christ : and if I were not so, my sufferings had melted me away in ashes and smoke ; I thank my Lord, that he hath something in me, that this fire cannot consume. Remember my love to your *husband*, and shew him from me, I desire that he may set aside all things, and make sure work of salvation, that it be not a seeking, when the sand-glass is run out, and time and eternity shall try together ; there is no errand so weighty as this : O that he would take it to heart. Grace be with you.

Aberd.

Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord, S. R.

To the Lady DUNGUEIGH.

Mistress,

I Long to hear from you, and how ye go on with Christ : I am sure that Christ and ye once met : I pray you, fasten your grips ; there is holding and drawing, and much *sea-way* to heaven, and we are often *sea-sick* ; but the voyage is so needful, that we must on any terms take shipping with *Christ*. I believe it is a good country we are going to, and there is ill lodging in this smoky House of the world, in which we are yet living ; Oh that we should love smoke so well, and clay that holdeth our feet fast ! It were our happiness to follow on after *Christ*, and to anchor our selves upon the Rock, in the upper side of the vail. *Christ* and Satan are now drawing two parties ; and they are blind who see not *Scotland* divided in two camps, and *Christ* coming out with his white banner of Love, and he hangereth that over the heads of his soldiers : and the other captain, the *Dragon*, is coming out with a great

great black flag, and crieth, *the world, the world, ease, honour, and a whole skin, and a soft couch*; and there ly they, and leave *Christ* to fend for himself. My counsel is, that ye come out and leave the multitude, and let *Christ* have your company; let them take clay and this present world, who love it: *Christ* is a more worthy and noble portion; blessed are these who get him: It is good, ere the storm rise, to make ready ail, and to be prepared to go to the camp with *Christ*, seeing he will not keep the house, nor sit at the fire-side, with couchers: A showre for *Christ* is little enough. Oh I find all too little for him! Wo, wo, wo's me, that I have no propine for my Lord Jesus: my love is so feckless, that it is a shame to offer it to him. Oh if it were as broad as heaven, as deep as the sea, I would gladly bestow it upon him! I perswade you, God is wringing grapes of red wine for Scotland, and this land shall drink and spue and fall: His enemies shall drink the thick of it, and the grounds of it; but Scotland's withered tree shall blossom again, and *Christ* shall make a second marriage with her, and take home his Wife out of the Furnace: but if our eyes shall see it, he knoweth who hath created time. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO JONET MACKCULLOCH.

Loving Sister,

GRace, mercy, and peace be to you. Hold on your course, for it may be, I will not soon see you: venture through the thick of all things after *Christ*, and lose not your Master, *Christ*, in the throng of this great Market. Let *Christ* know how heavy, and how many a *stone-weight* you, and your cares, burdens, crosses, and sins are; let him bear all: make the heritage sure to your self; get charters and writs passed and through, and put on Arms for the battle, and keep you safe by *Christ*, and then let the wind blow out of what airth it will, your soul will not blow in the sea. I find *Christ* the most steadable Friend and Companion in the world to me now: the need and usefulness of *Christ* is seen best in trials. Oh he be not well worthy of his room! Lodge him in house and heart; and stir up your husband to seek the Lord: I wonder he hath never written to me; I do not forget him. I taught you the whole counsel of God, and delivered it to you; it will be inquired for, at your hands; have it in readiness, against the

the time that the Lord ask for it : make you to meet the Lord, and rest and sleep in the love of that fairest among the sons of men : desire Christ's beauty : give out all your love to him, and let none fall by : learn in prayer to speak to him : help your *mother's* soul, and desire her from me, to seek the Lord and his Salvation ; it is not soon found, many miss it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your loving pastor, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Cannot expound your Lordship's contrary tides, and these tentations, wherewith ye are assaulted, to be any other thing but Christ trying you, and saying unto you, *And will ye also leave me?* I am sure, Christ hath a great advantage against you, if ye play foul play to him, in that the holy Spirit hath done his part, in evidencing to your Conscience, that this is the way of Christ, wherein ye shall have peace ; and the other, as sure as God liveth, the *Antichrist's* way : therefore as ye fear God, fear your light, and stand in awe of a convincing conscience : it is far better for your Lordship to keep your conscience, and to hazard, in such a honourable cause, your place ; than wilfully, and against your light, to come under guiltiness : kings cannot heal broken consciences ; and when death and judgment shall comprize your soul, your counsellors and others cannot become caution to justice for you. Ere it be long, our Lord will put a final determination to *Alls of Parliament* and mens laws, and will clear you, before men and angels, of mens unjust sentences. Ye received honour, and place and authority, and riches and reputation from your Lord, to let forward and advance the liberties and freedom of *Christ's* kingdom : Men, whose consciences are made of stoutness, think little of such matters, which notwithstanding incroach directly upon *Christ's Prerogative Royal*. So would men think it a light matter for *Uzzab* to put out his hand, to hold the Lord's falling ark ; but it cost him his life. And who doubteth, but a carnal friend will advise you, to shut your window, and pray beneath your breath : *To make too great a din with your prayers* ; so would a head-of-wit speak, if ye were in *David's* place : But mens overgilded reasons will not help you, when your conscience is like to rive with a double charge. Alas, alas, when will this world learn to submit their wisdom

to the wisdom of God? I am sure, your *Lordship* hath found the truth; go not then to search it over again; for it is ordinary for men to make doubts, when they have a mind to desert the truth. Kings are not their own men, their ways are in God's hand. I rejoyce and am glad, that ye resolve to walk with Christ, howbeit his court be thin. Grace be with your *Lordship*.

Aberd. Sept. 7.
1637.

Your *Lordship's* in his sweet Master and
Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO WILLIAM RIGG of Atherny.

Worthy and much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: How sad a Prisoner would I be, if I knew not that my Lord Jesus had the keys of the prison himself; and that his death and blood hath bought a blessing to our crosses, as well as to our selves? I am sure, troubles have no prevailing right over us, if they be but our Lord's *Serjeants*, to keep us in ward, while we are in this side of Heaven: I am perswaded also, that they shall not go over the *bound-road*, nor enter into Heaven with us; for they find no welcome there, where *there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain*: and therefore we shall leave them behind us. Oh if I could get as good a gate off sin, even this woful and wretched body of sin, as I get of *Christ's* cross! Nay indeed, I think the cross beareth both me and it self, rather than I it, in comparison of the tyranny of the lawless flesh and wicked neighbour, that dwelleth beside *Christ's* new creature: But Oh, this is that which presseth me down, and paineth me: Jesus Christ in his saints sitteth neighbour with an ill *second*, corruption, deadness, coldness, pride, lust, worldliness, self-love, security, falshood, and a world of mo the like, which I find in me, that are daily doing violence to the new Man. O but we have cause to carry low sails, and to cleave-fast to free Grace, free, free Grace! blessed be our Lord, that ever that way was found out: If my one foot were in heaven, and my soul half in, if free-will and corruption were absolute lords of me, I should never win wholly in. O but the sweet, new and living way, that Christ hath struck up to our home, be a safe-way! I find now presence and access a greater dainty than before; but yet the Bridegroom looketh through the lattices, and throw the hole

of the door. O if he and I were on fair dry-land together, in the other side of the water. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 30. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

To the Lady KILCONQUHAR:

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter: I am heartily content, ye love and own this oppressed and wronged cause of Christ, and that now, when so many are miscarried, ye are in any measure taken with the love of Jesus: Weary not, but come in, and see if there be not more in Christ, than the tongue of men and angels can express: If ye seek a gate to Heaven, the way is in him, or, he is it: what ye want is treasured up in Jesus, and he saith, *all this are yours*, even his Kingdom, he is content to divide it betwixt him and you, yea his Throne and his Glory, *Luke. xxi. 30. John xvii. 24. Rev. iii. 21.* and therefore take pains to climb up that besieged house to Christ: For devils, men, and armies of temptations, are lying about the house, to hold out all that are out, and *it is taken with violence*: It is not a smooth and easie way, neither will your weather be fair and pleasant; but whosoever saw the invisible God and the fair City, make no reckoning of crosses or crosses: *In ye must be*, cost you what it will; stand not, for a price, and for all that ye have, to win the castle; the rights to it are won to you, and it is *disposed* to you, in your Lord Jesus's testament, and see what a fair legacy your lying Friend *Christ* hath left you: and there wanteth nothing but possession. Then get up, in the strength of the Lord; get over the water to possess that good land: it is better than a land of olives and wine-trees; for the Tree of Life, *that beareth twelve manner of Fruits every month*, is there before you; and a pure river of Life, *clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb*, is there. Your time is short, therefore lose no time: gracious and faithful is He, who hath called you to his Kingdom and Glory. The city is yours by conquest and by promise, and therefore let no uncouth word-idol put you from your own. The Devil hath cheated the simple heir of his paradise, and by enticing us to taste of the forbidden fruit, hath, as it were, brought us out of our kindly heritage; but our Lord, Christ Jesus, hath done more than bought the Devil by, for he hath *redeemed the wadset*, and made the poor heir free to the inheritance. If we knew

the glory of our elder Brother in Heaven, we would long to be there to see him, and to get our fill of Heaven: we children think the Earth a fair garden, but it is but God's *enclosed field*, and wild, cold, barren ground; all things are fading that are here: It is our happiness to make sure Christ to our selves. Thus remembering my love to your husband, and wishing to him what I write to you, I commit you to God's tender mercy.

Aberd. Sept. 13. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady CRAIGHALL.

Honourable and Christian Lady,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I cannot but write to your *Ladyship* of the sweet and glorious terms I am in with the most joyful King that ever was, under this well-thriving and prosperous cross: It is my Lord's salvation wrought by his own right hand, that the water doth not suffocate the breath of hope and joyful courage in the Lord Jesus. For his own Person is still in the camp, with his poor Soldier. I see, the cross is tied with Christ's hand to the end of an honest profession: we are but fools to endeavour to loose Christ's knot. When I consider the comforts of God, I durst not consent to sell or *wadset* my short liferent of the cross of the Lord Jesus. I know that Christ bought with his own blood a right to sanctified and blessed crosses, in as far as they blow me over the water, to my long-desired home: And it were not good that Christ should be the *buyer*, and I the *seller*. I know time and death shall take sufferings fairly off my hand. I hope we shall have an honest parting at night, when the piece cold and frosty afternoon-tide of my evil and rough day shall be over: Well is my soul of either sweet or sowre, that Christ hath any part or portion in: if he be at the one end of it, it shall be well with me. I shall die ere I *libel* faults against Christ's cross; it shall have my *testimonial* under my hand, as an honest and saving mean of Christ, for mortification and faith's growth. I have a stronger assurance, since I came over *Forth*, of the excellency of Jesus, than I had before. I am rather about him, than in him, while I am absent from him, in this house of clay; but I would be in heaven for no other cause but to essay and try, what boundless joy it must be, to be one head and ears in my Welbeloved Christ's love. *O that I saw* One hath my heart for evermore! But alas, it is ever little for him

him! O if it were better and more worthy for his sake! O if I might meet with him face to face, in this side of eternity, and might have leave to plead with him, that I am so hungred, and famished here, with the niggardly portion of his love, that he giveth me! O that I might be carver and steward my self, at mine own will, of *Christ's* love! (if I may lawfully wish this) then would I enlarge my vessel (alas! a narrow and ebb soul) and take in a Sea of his Love. My hunger, for it is hungry and lean, in believing that ever I shall be satisfied with that love, so fain would I have, what I know I cannot hold. O Lord Jesus, delightest thou, delightest thou, to pine and torment poor Souls with the want of thy incomparable love! O if I durst call thy dispensation cruel! I know, thou thy self art Mercy, without either brim or bottom; I know, thou art a God bank-full of mercy and love, but Oh alas! little of it cometh my way: I die to look afar off to that love, because I can get but little of it: But hope faith, this providence shall ere long look more favourably upon poor bodies, and me also. Grace be with your Ladyship's spirit.

Aberd. Sep. 10.

1637.

Your Ladyship's in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES HAMILTON.

Reverend and dear Brother,

Peace be to you from God our Father and from our Lord Jesus: I am laid low, when I remember what I am, and that my out-side casteth such a lustre, when I find so little within. It is a wonder, that *Christ's* glory is not defiled, running through such an unclean and impure channel; but see *Christ* will be *Christ*, in the dreg and refuse of men: his art, his shining wisdom, his beauty speaketh loudest in blackness, weakness, deadness, yea, in nothing. I see, nothing, no money, no worth, no good, no life, no deserving, is the ground that omnipotency delighteth to draw Glory out of. O how sweet is the inner side of the walls of *Christ's* house, and a room beside himself! my distance from him maketh me sad. O that we were in others arms! O that the middle things betwixt us were removed! I find it a difficult matter to keep all close with *Christ*: when he laugheth, I scarce believe it, I would so fain have it true. But I am like a low Man looking up to a high mountain, whom weariness and fainting overcometh. I would climb up, but I find that I do not advance

in my journey as I would wish: Yet I trust he shall take me home against night. I marvel not that *Antichrist* in his slaves is so busie; but our crowned King seeth and beholdeth, and will arise for *Zion's* safety. I am exceedingly distracted with letters and company that visit me; what I can do, or time will permit, I shall not omit. Excuse my brevity, for I am straitened. Remember the Lord's prisoner, I desire to be mindful of you. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. GEORGE DUMBAR.

Reverend and dearly beloved in the Lord,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: Because your words have strengthened many, I was silent, expecting some lines from you in my bonds; and this is the cause why I wrote not to you; but now I am forced to break off and speak. I never believed, till now, that there was so much to be found in *Christ*, in this side of death and of heaven. O the ravishments of heavenly joy that may be had here; in the small gleanings and comforts that fall from *Christ*! what fools are we, who know not, and consider not the weight and the telling that is in the very earnest-penny, and the first fruits of our hoped-for harvest! How sweet, how sweet is our inheritance! O what then must personal possession be! I find that my Lord Jesus hath not *miscooked* or *spilt* this sweet cross; he hath an eye on the fire and the melting gold, to separate the mettall and the dross. O how much time would it take me, to read my obligations to Jesus my Lord, who will neither have the faith of his own to be burnt to ashes; nor yet will have a poor believer in the fire to be half raw, like *Ephraim's* unturned cake! this is the wisdom of him, who *bath his fire in Zion, and furnace in Jerusalem*. I need not either bud or flatter temptations, crosses, nor strive to buy the devil, or this malicious world by, or redeem their kindness with half a hair-breadth of truth: He, who is Surety for his servant for good, doth powerfully over-rule all that. I see my prison hath neither lock nor door; I am free in my bonds, and my chains are made of rotten straw, they shall not bide one pull of faith. I am sure they are in hell, who would exchange their torments with our crosses, suppose they should never be delivered, and give twenty thousand years torment to

boot, to be in our bonds for ever : and therefore we wrong *Christ*, who sigh, and fear, and doubt, and despond in them. Our sufferings are washen in *Christ's* blood, as well as our souls ; for *Christ's* merits bought a blessing to the crosses of the Sons of God ; and Jesus hath a *back-bond* of all our temptations, that the *free warders* shall come out by law and justice, in respect of the infinite and great sum that the Redeemer paid. Our troubles owe us a free passage through them : Devils and men, and crosses are our debtors ; death and all storms are our debtors, to blow our poor tossed bark over the water fraught-free, and to set the travellers in their own known ground : Therefore *we shall die, and yet live* : we are over the water (some way) already ; we are married, and our *tocher-good* is paid ; we are already more than Conquerors : If the devil and the world knew, how the court with our Lord shall go, I am sure they would ~~hate~~ *hate* death to take us off their hand ; our sufferings are the only wrack and ruin of the black kingdom : and yet a little, and the *Antichrist* must play himself with bones and slain bodies of the Lamb's followers ; but withal we stand with the *hundred forty and four thousand*, who are with the *Lamb*, upon the top of mount *Zion* : *Antichrist* and his followers are down in the valley-ground, we have the advantage of the hill ; our temptations are always beneath, our waters are beneath our breath ; *as dying, and behold we live* : I never heard before of a living death, or a quick death, but ours : our death is not like the common death ; *Christ's* skill, his handy-work, and a new cast of *Christ's* admirable art, may be seen in our quick death. I bless the Lord, that all our troubles come through *Christ's* fingers, and that he casteth sugar among them, and casteth in some ounce-weights of Heaven, and of the Spirit of glory, (that resteth on suffering believers) in our cup, in which there is no taste of hell. *My dear Brother*, ye know all these better than I : I send water to the sea, to speak of these things to you : But it easeth me, to desire you to help me to pay tribute of praise to Jesus. O what praises I owe him ! I would I were in my free heritage, that I might begin to pay my debts to Jesus. I entreat for your prayers and praises : I forget not you.

Aberd. Sept. 17.
1637.

Your Brother and fellow-sufferer
in and for *Christ*, S. R.

TO MR. DAVID DICKSON.

Reverend and welbeloved Brother in the Lord,

I Bless the Lord, who hath so wonderfully stopped the on-going of that lawless process against you. The Lord reigneth, and hath a saving eye upon you, and your ministry; and therefore fear not what men can do. I bless the Lord, that the *Irish ministers* find employment, and the professors comfort of their ministry: Believe me, I durst not, as I am now disposed, hold an honest Brother out of the pulpit: I trust, the Lord shall guard you, and hide you in the shadow of his hand: I am not pleased with any that are against you in that. I see this, in prosperity mens conscience will not start at small sins: But if some had been where I have been, since I came from you, a little mote would have caused their eye water, and troubled their peace. O how ready are we to incline to the world's hand? Our arguments, being well examined, are often drawn from our skin: the whole-skin and a peaceable tabernacle is a *topick maxim*, in great request in our *legick*. I find a little *breirding* of God's seed in this town, for the which the *Doctors* have told me their mind, that they cannot bear with it, and have examined and threatned the people, that haunt my company: I fear I get not leave to winter here; and whither I go, I know not; I am ready at the Lord's call. I would I could make acquaintance with *Christ's* cross; for I find comforts lie to, and follow upon the cross. I suffer in my name by them; I take it as a part of the crucifying of the *old man*: Let them cut the throat of my credit, and do as they like best with it; when the wind of their calumnies hath blown away my good name from me, in the way to heaven, I know *Christ* will take my name out of the mire, and wash it, and restore it to me again. I would have a mind (if the Lord would be pleased to give me it) to be a fool for *Christ's* sake. Sometimes, while I have *Christ* in my arms, I fall a sleep in the sweetness of his presence, and he in my sleep stealeth away out of my arms; and when I awake, I miss him. I am much comforted with my Lady *Pitsligo*, a good Woman, and acquainted with God's ways. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 11.
1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Right Honourable, my Lord LOWDOWN,

Right Honourable,

Grace, mercy and peace be to your *Lordship*: I rejoyce exceedingly, that I hear, your *Lordship* hath a good mind to *Christ*, and his now born-down truth. My very dear Lord, go on, in the strength of the Lord, to carry your *honour* and *worldly glory* to the *New Jerusalem*: For this cause your *Lordship* received these of the Lord; this is a sure way for the establishment of your house, if ye be of these, who are willing in your place to build *Zion's* old waite places in *Scotland*. Your *Lordship* wanteth not God's and man's law both, now to come to the streets for *Christ*: And suppose the *bastard laws* of man were against you, it is an honest and zealous error, if here ye slip against a point or *puntilio* of standing policy: when your foot slippeth in such known ground, as is the *royal prerogative of our high and most truly dread Sovereign* (who hath many crowns on his Head) and the liberties of his house, he will hold you up. Blessed shall they be, who take *Babel's* little ones, and dash their heads against stones: I wish your *Lordship* have a share of that blessing, with other worthy *nobles* in our land. It is true, it is now accounted wisdom for men to be partners in pulling up the stakes, and loosing the cords of the tent of *Christ*: But I am perswaded, that that wisdom is cried down in heaven, and shall never pass for true wisdom with the Lord, whose word crieth shame upon *wit* against *Christ* and truth: And accordingly, it shall prove shame and confusion of face in the end. Our Lord hath given your *Lordship* light of a better stamp, and learning also, wherein ye are not behind the *disputer* and the *scribe*. O what a blessed thing is it, to see *nobility*, *learning* and *sanctification*, all concur in one! For these ye owe your self to *Christ* and his Kingdom: God hath bewildered and bemisted the *wit* and the *learning* of the *scribes* and *disputers* of this time; they look *asquint* to the *Bible*: This blinding and bemisting *world* blindfoldeth mens light, that they are afraid to see straight out before them; nay, their very light playeth the *knave*, or worse, to truth. Your *Lordship* knoweth, within a little while, policy against truth will blush, and the *works* of men shall burn, even their speeders-web, who spin out many hundred ells and *webs* of *indifferencies*, in the Lord's worship, mo than ever *Moses*, who would have

an hoof material, and *Daniel*, who would have a look out at a window, a matter of life and death, than ever. (*I say*) these men of God dreamed of. Alas, that men dare shape, carve, cut and clip our King's princely testament, in length and breadth, and in all dimensions, answerable to the conceptions of such policy as a *Head of wit* thinketh a safe and trim way of serving God! how have men forgotten the Lord, that they dare go against even that truth, which once they preached themselves, howbeit, their sermons now be as thin down, as straw-berries in a wood or wilderness? Certainly the sweetest and safest course is, for this short time of the afternoon of this old and declining world, to stand for Jesus: He hath said it, and it is our part to believe it, that, ere it be long, *Time shall be no more, and the heaven shall wax old as a garment*: Do we not see it already an old, hollie, and threed-bare garment? doth not criples and lame nature tell us, that the Lord will fold up the old garment, and lay it aside; and that the heavens shall be folded together as a scroll, and this pest-house shall be burnt with fire, and that both plenishing and walls shall melt with fervent heat? For at the Lord's coming, he will do with this earth, as men do with a leper-house; he will burn the walls with fire, and the plenishing of the house also, *2 Peter iii. 10, 12. My very dear Lord*, how shall ye rejoice in that day, to have Christ, angels, heaven, and your own conscience to smile upon you? I am perswaded, one sick night through the terrors of the Almighty, would make men (whose conscience hath such a wide throat, as an image like a *Cathedral-church* would go down it) have other thoughts of Christ and his worship, than now they please themselves with. The scarcity of faith in the earth saith, we are hard upon the last nick of time: Blessed are those who keep their garments clean, against the *Bridegroom's* coming. There shall be spotted clothes, and many defiled garments, at his last coming; and therefore, few sound worthy to walk with him in white. I am perswaded, *my Lord*, this poor *travailing Woman*, our *pained Church*, is with child of victory, and shall bring forth a *man-child*, that shall be caught up to God and his Throne, howbeit the *dragon* (in his his followers) be attending the *child-birth-pain*, as an *Egyptian* midwife, to receive the birth and strangle it, *Isa. xxix. 8*. But they shall be disappointed, who thirst for the destruction of *Zion*, *They shall be as when a hungry man dreameth that he eateth; but behold he awaketh,*

th, and his soul is empty : or when a thirsty man dreameth, that he drinketh ; but behold he awaketh, and is faint, and his soul is not satisfied : So shall it be, I say, with the multitude of all the nations, that fight against Mount Zion. Therefore the weak, and feeble, these that are as signs and wonders in Israel, have chosen the best side, even the side that victory is upon ; and I think, this is no evil policy. Verily, for my self, I am so well pleased with Christ and his noble and honest-born cross, this cross that is come of Christ's house, and is of kin to himself, that I should weep, if it should come to missering and bartering of lots and condition, with those that are at ease in Zion ; I hold still my choice, and bless my self in it. I see, and I believe, there is salvation in this way, that is every-where spoken against. I hope to eternity, and to venture upon the last evil to the saints, even upon death, fully perswaded, that this only, even this, is the saving way for racked consciences, and for weary and loaden sinners, to find ease and peace for evermore into : And indeed it is not for any worldly respect, that I speak so of it ; the weather is not so hot, that I have great cause to startle in my prison, or to boast of that entertainment, that my good friends, the *Prelates*, intend for me, which is *banishment*, if they shall obtain their desire, and effectuate what they design ; but let it come, I rue not that I made Christ my *waile* and my choice ; I think him ay the longer the better. *My Lord*, it shall be good service to God, to hold your noble friend and chief upon a good court, for the truth of Christ. Now the very God of peace establish your Lordship in Christ Jesus unto the end.

Aberd. Sept. 10.

1637.

Your Lordship's in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Laird of GAITGIRTH.

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you : I can do no more but thank you in paper, and remember you to him whom I serve, for your kindness and care of a prisoner. I bless the Lord, the cause I suffer for, needeth not to blush before kings : Christ's white, honest and fair truth, needeth neither wax pale for fear, nor blush for shame. I bless the Lord, who hath graced you to own Christ now, when so many are afraid to profess him, and hide him, for fear they suffer loss by avouching him. Alas that so many in these days are carried with the times ! as if their conscience rolled upon oiled wheels,

so do they go any way the wind bloweth them: And because Christ is not *market-sweet*, men put him away from them. *Worthy and much honoured Sir*, go on to own Christ and his oppressed truth: The end of sufferings for the Gospel, is rest and gladness: *Light and joy is sown for the mourners in Zion*, and the harvest (which is of God's making for time and manner) is near: Crosses have right and claim to Christ in his members, till legs and arms, and whole *mystical Christ* be in heaven. There will be rain, and hail, and storm, in the saints clouds, ever till God cleanse with fire the works of creation, and till he burn the *botch-house* of heaven and earth, that mens sin hath subjected unto vanity. They are blessed who suffer and sin not, for suffering is the badge that Christ hath put upon his followers: Take what way we can to heaven, the way is hedged up with crosses, there is no way, but to break through them; wit and wiles, shifts and laws, will not find out a way about the cross of Christ, but we must through: One thing by experience my Lord hath taught me, that the waters betwixt this and heaven may all be ridden, if we be well-hors'd, I mean, if we be in Christ; and not one shall drown by the way, but such as love their own destruction. Oh if we could wait on for a time, and believe in the dark the salvation of God! At least we are to believe good of Christ, till he give us the slip (which is impossible) and to take his word for caution, that he shall fill up all the blanks in his promises, and give us what we want: But to the unbeliever Christ's testament is white, blank, unwritten paper. *Worthy and dear Sir*, set you face to heaven, and make you to stoop at all the low entries in the way; that ye may receive the kingdom as a child: Without this, he that knew the way, said, there is no entry in. O but Christ be willing to lead a poor sinner! O what love my poor soul hath found in him, in the house of my pilgrimage! Suppose love in heaven and earth were lost, I dare swear, it may be found in Christ. Now the very God of peace establish you, till the day of the glorious appearance of Christ.

Aberd. Sept. 7.

1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady GAITGIRTH.

Much Honoured and Christian Lady,

Goeth with you and your children: I long to hear how it
Race, mercy and peace be to you: I exhort you, not to
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lole breath, nor to faint in your journey: The way is not so long to your home, as it was; it will wear to one step or an inch at length, and ye shall come ere long to be within your arm-length of the glorious crown. Your Lord Jesus did sweat and pant, ere he got up that Mount; he was at, *Father, save me*, with it; it was he who, *Psal. xxii. 14. laid, I am poured out like water: all my bones are out of joint*, (Christ was as if they had broken him upon the wheel) *my heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels*—ver. 15. *My strength is dried up like a pot-sheard*. I am sure, ye love the way the better, his holy feet trode it before you. Crosses have a linell of crossed and pained Christ. I believe your Lord will not leave you to die your alone in the way. I knew ye have sad hours, when the Comforter is hid under a vail, and when ye enquire for him, and find but a *toom nest*; this, I grant, is but a cold *good-day*, when the looker misseth him whom the soul loveth: But even his unkindness is kind, his absence lovely, his mask a sweet sight, till God send Christ himself in his own sweet presence: Make his sweet comforts your own, and be not strange and shame-faced with Christ: Homely dealing is best for him, it is his liking. When your winter-storms are over, the summer of your Lord shall come: Your sadness is with child of joy, he will do you good in the latter end. Take no heavier list of your children than your Lord alloweth; give them room beside your heart, but not in the *yolk* of your heart, where Christ should be; for then they are your idols, not your bairns: If your Lord take any of them home to his house, before the storm come on, take it well; the Owner of the Orchard may take down two or three Apples off his own Trees, before midsummer, and ere they get the harvest sun; and it would not be seemly that his servant, the gardener, should chide him for it: Let our Lord pluck his own fruit at any season he pleaseth; they are not lost to you, they are laid up so well, as that they are coffered in heaven, where our Lord's best jewels lie: They are all free goods that are there, death can have no law to arrest any thing that is within the walls of new *Jerusalem*. All the saints, because of sin, are like old rusty horologies, that must be taken down; and the wheels scoured and mended, and set up again, in better case than before; sin hath rusted both soul and body: our dear Lord by death taketh us down to scour the wheels of both, and to purge us perfectly from the root and remainder of sin; and we shall be set up in better case than before. Then
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pluck up your heart; heaven is yours, and that is a word few can say. Now the great Shepherd of the sheep, and the very God of peace, confirm and establish you, to the day of the appearance of Christ our Lord:

Aberd. 7. Sept.

1637-

Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To his reverend and very dear Brother, Mr. George Gillespie.

My very dear Brother,

I Received yours: I am still with the Lord, his cross hath done that which I thought impossible once: Christ keepeth trust in the fire and water with his own, and cometh ere our breath goeth out, and ere our blood grow cold. Blessed are they, whose feet escape the great golden net that is now spread: It is happiness to take the crabbed, rough and poor side of Christ's world, which is a lease of crosses and losses for him: For Christ's in-comes and casualties that follow him are many; and it is not a little one, that a good conscience may be had in following him: This is true gain, and must to be laboured for, and loved. Many give Christ for a shadow, because Christ was rather beside their conscience in a dead and reprobate light, than in their conscience. Let us be ballasted with grace, that we be not blown over; and that we stagger not. Yet a little while, and Christ and his redeemed ones shall fill the field, and come out victorious; Christ's glory of triumphing in Scotland, is yet in the bud and in the birth, but the birth cannot prove an abortive: He shall not faint nor be discouraged, till he have brought forth judgment unto victory. Let us still mind our Covenant: And the very God of peace with you.

Aberd. 9. Sept. 1637.

Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

To Mr. MATTHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Am refreshed with your Letters: I would take all well at my Lord's hands that he hath done, if I knew I could do my Lord any service in my suffering; suppose my Lord would make a *stop-hole* of me, to fill a hole in the wall of his house, or a pinning in Zion's new work: For any place of trust in my Lord's house, as steward, or chamberlain, or the like; surely I think my self (my very dear brother, I speak not by any proud

proud figure or trop) unworthy of it; nay, I am not worthy to stand behind the door: if my head and feet and body were half out, half in, in Christ's house, so I saw the fair face of the Lord of the house, it would still my *griening* and love-sick desires. When I hear that the men of God are at work, and speaking in our Lord Jesus his Name, I think my self but an outcast or out-law, chased from the city, to lie on the hills, and livelamongst the rocks and out-fields. O that I might but stand in Christ's out-house, or hold a candle in any low vault of his house! But I know this is but the vapours that arise out of a quarrellous and unbelieving heart, to darken the wisdom of God. And your fault is just mine, that I cannot believe my Lord's bare and naked word: I must either have an apple to play me with, and shake hands with Christ, and have seal, caution, and witness to his word, or else I count my self loose; howbeit I have the word and faith of a King. Oh, I am made of unbelief, and cannot swim but where my feet may touch the ground! Alas, Christ under my temptations is presented to me as lying-waters, as a dyvour and a coufener! We can make such a Christ; as temptations (casting us in a night-dream) do feign and devise, (and temptations represent Christ ever unlike himself) and we in our folly listen to the tempter. If I could minister one saving Word to any, how glad would my soul be! But I my self (which is my greatest evil) often mistake the cross of Christ: For I know, if we had wit, and knew well that ease slayeth us fools, we would desire a market, where we might barter or niffer our lazie ease with a profitable cross; howbeit there be an-out-cast natural betwixt our desires and tribulation: But some give a dear price and gold for Physick, which they love not; and buy sickness, howbeit they wish rather to have been whole than to be sick. But surely, *Brother*, ye shall not have my advice (howbeit alas I cannot follow it my self) to contend with the honest and faithful Lord of the house; for, go he or come he, he is ay gracious in his departure: There are grace and mercy and loving-kindness upon Christ's back-parts: And when he goeth away, the proportion of his Face, the image of that fair Sun, that stayeth in eyes, senses and heart, after he is gone, leaveth a mass of love behind it in the heart. The sound of his knock at the door of his Beloved, after he is gone and past, leaveth a share of joy and sorrow both: So we have something to feed upon till he return; and he is more loved in his departure, and after he is gone,
than

than before; as the day in the declining of the Sun, and towards the evening, is often most desired. And as for Christ's cross, *I* never received evil of it, but what was mine own making: when *I* miscooked Christ's Physick, no marvel that it hurt me; for since it was on Christ's back, it hath always a sweet smell, and these 1600 years it keepeth the smell of Christ: nay, it is elder than that too, for it is a long time since *Abel* first *hansel'd* the cross, and had it laid upon his shoulder; and down from him, all alongst to this very day, all the Saints have known what it is. *I* am glad that Christ hath such a relation to this cross, and that it is called *the cross of our Lord Jesus*, Gal. vi. v. 14. *His reproach*, Heb. xiii. 12, as if Christ would claim it as his proper goods, and so it cometh in the reckoning among Christ's own property: if it were simple evil, as sin is, Christ, who is not the author nor owner of sin, would not own it. *I* wonder at the enemies of Christ (in whom malice hath run away with wit, and will is up, and wit down) that they would essay to lift up the Stone laid in *Zion*: Surely it is not laid in such sinking Ground, as that they can raise it, or remove it; for when we are in their belly, and they have swallowed us down, they will be sick, and spue us out again. *I* know *Zion* and her Husband cannot both sleep at once: *I* believe our Lord once again shall water with his dew the withered Hill of Mount *Zion* in *Seotland*, and come down, and make a new marriage again, as he did long since. Remember our Covenant: Your excuse for your advice to me, is needless: Alas, many sit beside light, as sick folks beside meat, and cannot make use of it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637.

Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN MEINE.

Dear Brother,

I Received your Letter: *I* cannot but testify under mine own hand, that Christ is still the longer the better, and that *this time is the time of loves*. When *I* have said all *I* can, others may begin and say, *I* have said nothing of him; *I* never knew Christ to ebb or flow, wax or wane: His Winds turn not; when he seemeth to change, it is but we who turn our wrong side to him. *I* never had a plea with him, in any hardest conflicts, but of mine own making. Oh that *I* could live in peace and good neighbourhood with such a Second

and let him alone. My unbelief made many black lies, but my recantation to Christ, is not worth the hearing. Surely he hath born with strange gades in me: He knoweth my heart hath not natural wit to keep quarters with such a Saviour. Ye do well, to fear your own backsliding. I had stood sure, if I had in my Youth borrowed Christ to be my bottom: But he that beareth his own weight to heaven, shall not fail to slip and sink. Ye had no need to be barefooted among the thorns of this apostate generation, lest a stub stick up in your foot, and cause you to halt all your days. And think not, Christ will do with you, in the matter of suffering, as the Pope doth in the matter of sin: Ye shall not find that Christ will sell a dispensation, or give a dyvour's protection against crosses; crosses are proclaimed as common accidents to all the saints, and in them standeth a part of our communion with Christ: But there lieth a sweet casualty to the cross, even Christ's presence and his comforts, when they are sanctified. Remember my love to your father and mother. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 7. Sept. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN FLEEMING Baillie of Leith.

Much honoured in the Lord;

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am still in good terms with Christ: However my Lord's wind blow, I have the advantage of the calm and sunny-side of Christ. Devils, and hell, and devil's servants, are all blown blind, in pursuing the Lord's little *Bride*: *They shall be as a night-dream, who fight against mount Zion.* *Worthy Sir*, I hope ye take to heart the worth of your calling: This great fair and meeting of the people will scall, and the port is open for us: As fast as time weareth out, we flee away: Eternity is at our elbow. O how blessed are they, who in time make Christ sure for themselves! Salvation is a great errand, I find it hard to fetch heaven. Oh that we could take pains on our lamps for the Bridegroom's coming; The other side of this world will be turned up incontinent, and up shall down; and these that are weeping in sackcloth, shall triumph on white horses, with him, whose name is, *The word of God*. These dying idols, the fair creatures, that we whorishly love better than our Creator, will pass away like snow-water. The God-head, the God-head, a communion with God in Christ, to be halvers with Christ of the purchased house and inheritances in heaven,

should be your scope and aim. For my self, when I lay my counts, O what telling, O what weighing is Christ! O how soft are his kisses! O love, love surpassing in Jesus! I have no fault to that love, but that it seemeth to deal niggardly with me: I have little of it. O that I had Christ's seen and read band, subscribed by himself, for my fill of it! What garland have I, or what crown, if I looked right on things, but Jesus? Oh there is no room in us, on this side of the water, for that love! This narrow bit earth, and these ebb and narrow souls, can hold little of it, because we are full of rifts. I would glory, glory would enlarge us (as it will) and make us tight, and close up our seams and rifts, that we might be able to comprehend it, which yet is incomprehensible. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 7. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON of Earlestown.

Much honoured Sir,

Howbeit I would have been glad to have seen you; yet seeing our Lord hath been pleased to break the snare of your adversaries, I heartily blest our Lord on your behalf. Our crosses for Christ are not made of iron, they are softer and of more gentle mettall: It is easy for God, to make a fool of the devil, the father of all fools. As for me, I but breathe out, what my Lord breatheth in: The scum and froth of my letters, I father upon my unbelieving heart. I know your Lord hath something to do with you, because Satan and malice have shot sore at you; but your bow abideth in its strength. Ye shall not, by my advice, be a halver with Christ, to divide the glory of your deliverance, betwixt your self and him, or any other second mean whatsoever: Let Christ (as it setteth him well) have all the glory, and triumph his alone. The Lord set himself on high in you: I see Christ can borrow a cross for some hours, and set his servants beside it, rather than under it, and win the plea too, yea, and make glory to himself, and shame to his enemies, and comfort to his children, out of it: But whether Christ buy or borrow crosses, he is King of crosses, and King of devils, and King over hell, and King over malice: When he was in the grave, he came out, and brought the keys with him; he is Lord Jaylor: Nay, what say I? he is Captain of the castle, and he hath the keys of death and hell: and what are our troubles but little

the deaths: And he, who commandeth the great castle, commandeth the little also. 2. I see a hardened face and two skins upon our brows, against the winter-hail, and stormy wind, is meetest for a poor traveller, in a winter-journey to heaven. O what art is it to learn to endure hardness, and to learn to go bare-footed, either through the devil's fiery coals, or his frozen waters! 3. I am perswaded a sea-venture with Christ maketh great riches: Is not our King Jesus his ship coming home, and shall not we get part of the gold? Alas, we fools miscount our gain, when we seem losers. Believe me, I have no challenges against this *well-born cross*; for it is come of Christ's house, and is honourable, and his *propine*, *To you it is given to suffer*. O what fools are we, to undervalue his merits, and to lightly that which is true honour! For if we could be faithful, our tackling shall not loose, nor our mast break, nor our sails blow into the sea. The *bastard crosses*, be kinless and base-born crosses of worldlings for evil-doing, must be heavy and grievous; but our afflictions are light and momentary. 4. I think my self happy, that I have lost creature with Christ, and that in this bargain, I am Christ's sworn dyvour, to whom he will lippen nothing, no not one pin in the work of my salvation: Let me stand in black and white in the dyvour-book before Christ, I am happy that my salvation is concredited to Christ's mediation: Christ oweth nothing to me, to lippen any thing to me; but O what faith and credit I owe to him! Let my name fall, and let Christ's name stand in honour with men and angels. Alas, I have no room to spread out my affection before God's people; and see not how I can shout out and cry out the loveliness, the high honour and the glory of my fairest Lord Jesus. Oh that I would let me have a bed to lie in, to be delivered of my reb, that I might paint him out in his beauty to men, as I do. 5. I wondred once at providence, and called white providence black and unjust, that I should be smothered in a town, where no soul will take Christ off my hand: But providence hath another lustre with God, than with my *blinded* eyes. I proclaim my self a blind body, who know not black and white, in the uncouth course of God's providence. Suppose Christ would set hell where heaven is, and devils up in glory beside the elect angels, (which yet cannot be) I would have had a heart to acquiesce in his way, without further dispute. For infinite Wisdom is the Mother of his Judgments, and his Ways pass finding out. 6. I cannot learn; but I desire.

to learn to bring my thoughts, will, and lusts, in under *Christ's* feet, that he may trample upon them: But alas, I am still upon *Christ's* wrong side. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 12. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT LENNOX of Disdove.

Worthy and dear Brother,

I Forgot you not in my bonds: I know ye are looking to *Christ*; and I beseech you, follow your look. I can say more of *Christ* now by experience (though he be infinitely above and beyond all that can be said of him) than when I saw you. I am drowned over head and ears in his love. Sell, sell, sell all things for *Christ*. If this whole world were the balk of a balance, it should not be able to bear the weight of *Christ's* love; men and angels have short arms to fathom it: Set your feet upon this piece blue and bale clay of an over-gilded and fair-plastered world; an hour's kissing of *Christ*, is worth a world of worlds. Sir, make sure work of your salvation; build not upon sand; lay the foundation upon the Rock in *Zion*: Strive to be dead to this world, and to your will and lusts: Let *Christ* have a commanding power and a king's throne in you: Walk with *Christ*, howbeit the world should take the hide off your face: I promise you, *Christ* will win the field. Your pastors cause you to err; except you see *Christ's* word, go not one foot with them: countenance not the reading of that *Rome-service-book*: Keep your garments clean, as ye would walk with the Lamb in white. The wrongs I suffer are upon record in heaven; our great Master and Judge will be upon us all, and bring us before the sun in our blacks and whites: Blessed are they who watch and keep themselves in God's love. Learn to discern the Bridegroom's Tongue, and to give your self to prayer and reading. Ye was often a hearer of me: I would put my heart-blood upon the doctrine I taught, as the only way to salvation: go not from it, my dear brother. What I write to your self, I write to your wife also. Mind heaven and *Christ*, and keep the spunk of the love of *Christ* you have gotten: *Christ* shall blow on it, if ye entertain it, and your end shall be peace. There is a fire in our *Zion*; but our Lord is but seeking a new Bride refined and purified out of the furnace: I assure you, howbeit we be nick-named Puritans, all the powers of the world shall not prevail against us; remember,

though

though a sinful man write it to you, these people shall be in Scotland as a green Olive-tree, and a field blessed of the Lord; and it shall be proclaimed, *Up, up with Christ, and down, down with all contrary powers.* Sir, Pray for me, - (I name you to the Lord) for further evil is determined against me. Remember my love to *Christian Murray*, and her daughter; I desire her, in the edge of her evening, to wait a little, the King is coming, and he hath something, that she never saw, with him: Heaven is no dream; *Come and see*, will teach her best. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 13.
1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Dearest in our Lord Jesus,

Count it your honour, that Christ hath begun at you to fine you first: *Fear not*, saith the *Amen, the true and faithful Witness*; I write to you, As my Master liveth, upon the Word of my Royal King, continue in prayer and in watching, and your glorious Deliverance is coming: Christ is not far off; a fig, a straw for all the bits of clay, that are risen against us: *Ye shall thresh the mountains, and fan them like chaff, Isa. xli.* If ye slack your hands at your meetings, and your watching to prayer, then it would seem our Rock hath sold us; but be diligent, and be not discouraged. I charge you in Christ, rejoyce, give thanks, believe, be strong in the Lord: That burning Bush in *Galloway* and *Kirkcudbright* shall not be burnt to ashes; for the Lord is in the Bush. Be not discouraged, that banishment is to be procured by the king's warrant to the council, against me: the earth is my Lord's; I am filled with his sweet love, and running over: I rejoyce, to hear ye are in your journey: Such news as I hear, of all your faith and love, rejoyce my sad heart. Pray for me, for they seek my hurt; but I give my self to prayer. The blessing of my Lord, and a prisoner of Christ's blessing be with you. O chosen and greatly beloved woman, faint not: *Py,* if ye faint now, ye lose a good cause: double your meetings: cease not for *Zion's* sake, and hold not your peace, till he make *Jerusalem* a praise in the earth.

Aberd. 1637.

*Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord,
S. R.*

Dear Friend,

I Forget you not: It shall be my joy, that ye follow after *Christ*, till ye find him: My conscience is a feast of joy to me, that I fought in singleness of heart, for *Christ*'s love, to put you upon the *King's high way* to our Bridegroom, and our Father's house: Thrice blessed are ye, my dear Brother, if ye hold the way: I believe, ye and *Christ* once met, I hope ye will not sunder with him: Follow the counsel of the Man of God, Mr. *William Dalgliesh*. If ye depart from what I taught you in a hair-breadth, for fear or favour of men, or desire of ease in this world, I take heaven and earth to witness, that ill shall come upon you in end: Build not your nest here: This world is an hard ill-made bed, no rest in it for your soul: awake, awake, and make haste to seek that Pearl, *Christ*, that this world seeth not. Your night, and your Master *Christ*, will be upon you within a clap; your hand breadth of time will not bide you: Take *Christ*, howbeit a storm follow him; howbeit this day be not yours and *Christ*'s, the morrow will be yours and his. I would not exchange the joy of my bonds and imprisonment for *Christ*, with all the joy of this dirty and foul-skinned world. I have a love-bed with *Christ*, and am filled with his love. I desire your wife to do what I write to you: Let her remember how dear *Christ* would be to her, when her breath turneth cold, and the eye-strings shall break. O how joyful should my soul be, to know that I had brought on a marriage betwixt *Christ* and that people, few or many; if it be not so, I will be woe to be a witness against them. Use prayer, love not the world, be humble and esteem little of your self; love your enemies, and pray for them; make conscience of speaking truth, when none knoweth but God. I never eat, but I pray for you all. Pray for me: Ye and I shall see one another up in our Father's house. I rejoyce to hear, that your eye is upon *Christ*. Follow on, hie on; and quit him not. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Aberd. 1637.

Your affectionate Brother in our
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON of Earlston.

Much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, which refreshed me: Except from your son and my Brother,

Brother, I have seen few letters from my acquaintance in that country, which maketh me heavy : But I have the company of a Lord, who can teach us all to be kind, and hath the right gate of it : for though for the present, I have seen up's and down's every day, yet I am abundantly comforted, and feasted with my King and Welbeloved daily : It pleaseth him to come and dine with a sad prisoner, and a solitary stranger : His spike-nard casteth a smell, yet my sweet hath some sowre mixed with it, wherein I must acquiesce ; for there is no reason that his comforts be too cheap, seeing they are delicacies ; why should he not make them so to his own : But I verily think now, *Christ* hath led me up to a nick in Christianity, that I was never at before ; I think all before was but Child-hood and *Bairns-play*. Since I departed from you, I have been scalded, while the smoke of hell's-fire went in at my throat, and I would have bought peace with a thousand years torment in hell : and I have been up also, after these deep down-castings and sorrows, before the Lamb's white throne, in my Father's inner-court, the great King's dining-hall ; and Christ did cast a covering of love on me, he hath casten in a coal in my soul, and it is smoking among the straw, and keeping the hearth warm : I look back to what I was before, and I laugh to see the sand-houses, I built when I was child. At first, the remembrance of the many fair feast-days with my Lord Jesus in publick, which are now changed into silent sabbaths, raised a great tempest, and (if I may speak so) *made the devil ado* in my soul : the devil came in, and would prompt me to make a plea with Christ, and to lay the blame on him, as a hard Master : But now these mists are blown away, and I am not only silenced, as to all quarrelling, but fully satisfied. Now I wonder that any man living can laugh upon the world, or give it a hearty *good-day*. The Lord Jesus hath handled me so, that, as I am now disposed, I think never to be in this world's common again for a night's lodging : Christ beareth me good company ; he hath eased me, when I saw it not, lifting the cross off my shoulders, so that I think it to be but a feather, because underneath are everlasting Arms. God forbid, it came to bartering or niffing of crosses ; for I think my cross so sweet, that I know not where I would get the like of it. *Christ's* hony-combs drop so abundantly, that they *sweeten* my gall : Nothing breaketh my heart, but that I cannot get the daughters of *Jerusalem*, to tell them of my Bridegroom's glory : I charge you in the name of *Christ*, that ye

tell all ye come to, of it; and yet it is above telling and understanding. Oh if all the kingdom were as *I* am, except my bonds! they know not the love-kisses, that my only Lord *Jesus* wasteth on a dawted prisoner. On my salvation, this is the only way to the new City. *I* know *Christ* hath no dumb seals; would he put his privy-seal upon blank paper? He hath sealed my sufferings with comforts. *I* write this to confirm you. *I* write *n* *m*, what *I* have seen, as well as heard. Now and then my silence burneth up my spirit; But *Christ* hath said, *Thy stipend is running up with interest in heaven, as if thou wert preaching*: And this from a King's mouth rejoiceth my heart. At other times, *I* am sad, dwelling in *Kedar's* tents. There are none (that *I* yet know of) but two persons in this town, that *I* dare give my word for: And the Lord hath removed my brethren and my acquaintance far from me; and it may be, *I* be forgotten in the place, where the Lord made me the instrument to do some good. But *I* see this is vanity in me: Let him make of me what he pleaseth, if he make salvation out of it to me; *I* am tempted and troubled, that all the fourteen Prelates should have been armed of God against me only, while the rest of my brethren are still preaching: But *I* dare not say one word, but this, *It is good, Lord Jesus, because thou hast done it*. Wo is me for the *Virgin Daughter*; Wo is me for the desolation of the *Virgin Daughter* of *Scotland*! O if my eyes were a fountain of tears, to weep day and night for that poor widom kirk, that poor miserable harlot! Alas that my Father hath put to the door my poor harlot Mother! Oh for that cloud of black wrath, and fury of the indignation of the Lord, that is hanging over the Land. Sir, Write to me, *I* beseech you: *I* pray you also, be kind to my afflicted brother. Remember my love to your wife: and the prayer and blessing of the prisoner of *Christ* be on you. Frequent your meetings for prayer and communion with God, they would be sweet meetings to me.

Aberd. 16. Febr.

Yours in his sweet Lord

1637.

Jesus, S. R.

TO ROBERT GORDON of Knockbrex.

My dear Brother,

G Race, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you: *I* am almost wearying, yea wondring, that ye write not to me; though *I* know it is not forgetfulness. As for my self,

self, I am every way well, all glory to God: I ~~was~~ before at a plea with Christ, but it ~~was~~ bought by me, and unlawful; because his whole providence was not *yea* and *ay* to my *yea* and *ay*, and because I believed Christ's outward look better than his faithful promise: Yet he hath in patience waited on, while I be come to my self, and hath not taken advantage of my weak apprehensions of his goodness: Great and holy is his Name: He looketh to *what* I desire to be, and not to *what* I am. One thing I have learned, if I had been in Christ, by way of adhesion only, as many branches are, I should have been burnt to ashes, and this world should have seen a suffering minister of Christ turned (of something once in shew) into unfavoury salt. But my Lord Jesus had a good eye; that the tempter should not play foul play, and blow out Christ's candle: He took no thought of my Stomach, and fretting and grudging humour, but of his own grace; when he burnt the house, he saved his own goods: And I believe, the Devil, and the persecuting world, shall reap no fruit of me, but burnt ashes: for he will see to his own Gold, and save that from being consumed with the fire. O what owe I to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus! who hath now let me see how good the wheat of Christ is, that goeth through his mill and his oven, to be made bread for his own table: *Grace tried* is better than grace, and it is more than grace, it is glory in its infancy. I now see, godliness is more than the outside and this world's pastiments and their buskings: Who knoweth the truth of grace without a trial? O how little getteth Christ of us, but that which he winneth (to speak so) with much toil and pains! And how soon would faith freeze without a cross? How many dumb crosses have been laid upon my back, that had never a tongue to speak the sweetness of Christ, as this hath? When Christ bleisseth his own crosses with a tongue, they breathe out Christ's love, wisdom, kindness, and care of us. Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know he is no idle Husband, he purposeth a crop. O that this white withered *ley-ground* were made fertile to bear a crop for him, by whom it is so painfully dressed; and that this fallow-ground were broken up? Why was I [a fool] grieved, that he put his garland and his rose upon my head, the glory and honour of his faithful witnesses? I desire now to make no mo pleas with Christ: verily, he hath not put me to a loss by what I suffer, he oweth me nothing; for in my bonds,

holds, how sweet and comfortable have the thoughts of him been to me, wherein I find a sufficient recompence of reward! How blind are my adversaries, who sent me to a banquet-house, to a house of wine, to my lovely Lord Jesus his love-feasts, and not to a prison or place of exile? Why should I smother my Husband's honesty, or sin against his love, or be a niggard in giving out to others, what I get for nothing. *Brother*, eat with me, and give thanks: I charge you before God, that ye speak to others, and invite them to help me to praise. Oh my debt of praise, how weighty is it, and how far run up! Oh that others would lend me to pay, and learn me to praise! Oh, I am a drowned dyvour! Lord Jesus, take my thoughts for payment. Yet I am in this hot summer-bleak with the tear in my eye; for, by reason of my silence, sorrow, sorrow hath filled me: my harp is hanged upon the willow-trees, because I am in a strange land. I am still kept in exercise with covious bretheren: My mother hath born me a man of contention. Write to me your mind anent Y. C. I cannot forget him, I know not what God hath to do with him: And your mind anent my *Parishoners* behaviour, and how they are served in preaching, or if there be a minister as yet thrust in upon them, which I desire greatly to know, and which I much fear. *Dear brother*, ye are in my Heart, to live and to die with you. Visit me with a Letter; pray for me: Remember my love to your *Wife*. Grace, grace be with you: And God, who heareth prayer, visit you, and let it be unto you according to the prayers of

Alberd. Jan. 1.

1637.

Your own Brother and Christ's
Prisoner, S. R.

To my welbeloved and reverend Brother, Mr. Robert Blair.

Reverend and dearly beloved Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be to you: It is no great wonder, my dear Brother, that ye be in heaviness for a season, and that God's will, in crossing your design and desires to dwell amongst a people, whose God is the Lord, should move you: I deny not, but ye have cause to enquire, what his providence speaketh in this to you; but God's directing and commanding will can, by no good Logick, be concluded from events of providence. The Lord sent *Paul* many errands, for the spreading of his gospel, where he found lions in his way;

way. A promise was made to his people of the holy land, and yet many Nations in the way fighting against, and ready to kill them, who had the promise, or to keep them from possessing that good land, which the Lord their God had given them. I know ye have most to do with submission of spirit; but I perswade my self, ye have learned in every condition, wherein ye are cast, therein to be content, and to say, *Good is the will of the Lord; let it be done.* I believe, the Lord tacklcth his Ship often to fetch the wind, and that he purposeth to bring mercy out of your sufferings and silence, which (I know from mine own experience) is grievous to you: Seeing he knoweth our willing mind to serve him, our wages and stipend is running to the fore with our God; even as some sick Soldiers get their pay, when they are bed-fast, and not able to go to the fields with others. *Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength, Isa. xlix. 5.* and we are to believe it shall be thus, ere all the play be played, *Jer. li. 35. The violence done to me and my Flesh, be upon Babylon, and the great whore's lovers, shall the inhabitants of Zion say; and my blood be upon Caldea, shall Jerusalem say.* And *Zech. xii. 2. Behold, I will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling to all the People about, when they shall be in the siege, both against Judah and Jerusalem. v. 3. And in that day, I will make Jerusalem a burdensom Stone for all people; they that burden themselves with it, shall be broken in pieces, though all the People of the earth be gathered against it.* When they have eaten and swallowed us up, they shall be sick, and vomit us out living men again: The Devil's stomach cannot digest the Church of God. Suffering is the other half of our Ministry, howbeit the hardest: For we would be content, our King Jesus would make an open proclamation, and cry down crosses, and cry up joy, gladness, ease, honour and peace: but it must not be so; *through many afflictions we must enter into the Kingdom of God:* Not only by them, but *through* them must we go: And wiles will not take us by the cross: It is folly to think, to steal to heaven with a whole skin. For my self, I am here a prisoner, confined in *Aberdeen*, threatned to be removed to *Caithness*, because I desire to edifie in this Town; and I am openly preached against in the Pulpits, in my hearing, and tempted with disputations by the Doctors, especially by *D. B.* Yet I am not ashamed of my Lord Jesus his garland and crown: I would not exchange my weeping with the fourteen Prelates
their

their painted laughter. At my first coming here, I took the *sorts* at Christ, and would forthwith summon him for unkindness: I sought a plea of my Lord, and was tossed with challenges, whether he loved me or not? and disputed all over again that he had done to me; because *his word was a fire shut up in my bowels, and I was weary with forbearing*; because I said, I was cast out of the Lord's inheritance: But now I see, I was a fool: My Lord mis kent all, and did bear with my foolish jealousies, and mis kent that ever I wronged his love; and now he is come again with mercy under his wings. I pass from my [O witless] summons: He is God [I see] and I am man. Now it hath pleased him to renew his love to my Soul, and to dawe his poor Prisoner. Therefore, my dear Brother, help me to praise, and shew the Lord's people with you, what he hath done to my Soul, that they may pray and praise: And I charge you, in the name of Christ, not to omit it; for, for this cause I write to you, that my Sufferings may glorifie my royal King, and edifie his Church in Ireland. He knoweth how one of Christ's love-coals hath burnt my soul, with a desire, to have my bonds to preach his glory, whose cross I now bear. God forgive you, if ye do it not: But I hope the Lord will move your heart, to proclaim in my behalf, the sweetness, excellency and glory of my royal King. It is but our soft flesh that hath raised a slander on the cross of Christ; I see now the white side of it: My Lord's chains are all over gilded. O if Scotland and Ireland had part of my feast! And yet I get not my meat but with many strokes. There are none here, to whom I can speak; I dwell in Kedar's tents. Refresh me with a letter from you: For, know what is betwixt Christ and me. Dear Brother, upon my Salvation, this is his Truth that we suffer for: Christ would not seal a blank charter to souls. Courage, courage, joy, joy for evermore! O joy unspeakable and glorious! Oh for help to set my crowned King on high! O for love to him, who is altogether lovely! That love which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown! I remember you, and bear your name on my breast to Christ: I beseech you, forget not his afflicted prisoner. Grace, mercy and peace be with you. Salute in the Lord from me, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Ridge, Mr. Colwart, &c.

Aberd. Feb. 7. 1637. Your Brother and fellow Prisoner, S. R.

To JOHN KENNEDY Baillie of Air.

Worthy and welbelovèd Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you. I am yet waiting what our Lord will do for his afflicted Church, and for my re-entry to my Lord's House. Oh that I could hear the forfeiture of Christ (now out of his inheritance) recalled and taken off, by open Proclamation; and that Christ were restored to be a *Freeholder* and a *landed Heritor* in *Scotland*; and that the courts, fenced in the name of the *bastard Prelates*, (their *Godfathers* the *Pope's Bailiffs* and *Sheriffs*) were cried down! Oh how sweet a sight were it, to see all the tribes of the Lord in this land fetching home again our banished King, Christ, to his own *palace*, his *sanctuary* and *throne*! I shall think it mercy to my soul, if my faith shall out-watch all this *winter-night*, and not nod or slumber, till my Lord's *summer-day* dawn upon me. It is much if *faith* and *hope*, in the sad nights of our *heavy trial*, escape with a whole skin, and without crack or crook. I confess, *unbelief* hath not reason to be either *father* or *mother* to it: (for *unbelief* is always an irrational thing) but how can it be, but such *weak eyes* as ours must cast water in a great smoke; or that a *weak head* should not turn giddy, when the water runneth deep and strong? But God be thanked, that Christ in his children can endure a *stress* and *storm*; howbeit soft nature would fall down in pieces. Oh that I had that confidence, as to rest on this, that he should grind me into *small powder*, and *bray* me into *dust*, and scatter the *dust* to the *four winds of heaven*; That my Lord would gather up the *powder*, and make me up a *new vessel* again, to bear Christ's name to the world! I am sure that love, bottomed and seated upon the faith of his love to me, would desire and endure this, and would even claim and *tribe* kindness upon Christ's strokes, and kiss his love-glooms; and both spell and read *Salvation*, upon the *wounds* made by Christ's sweet hands. Oh that I had but a promise from the mouth of Christ, of his love to me! and then, howbeit my faith were as tender as paper, I think longing, and dwining, and griening of sick desires would cause it bide out the siege, till the Lord came to fill the soul with his love: And I know also, in that case, faith should bide *green* and *sappy* at the root, even at *mid-winter*; and stand out against all storms. However it be, I know Christ winneth heaven in despite of hell: But I ow as many praises and thanks to free grace, as would
lie

lie betwixt me and the utmost border of the highest heaven, suppose ten thousand heavens were all laid above other. But oh! I have nothing that can hire or buy grace; for, if grace would take hire, it were no more grace: but all our *stability*, and the *strength* of our salvation, is anchored and fastned upon free grace; and I am sure, Christ hath by his death and blood casten the knot so fast, that the fingers of devils, and *bell-falls* of sins cannot loose it: And that bond of Christ (that never yet was, nor never shall, nor can be registered) standeth surer than heaven or the days of heaven, as that sweet Pillar of the covenant, whereupon we all hang. Christ, and all his little ones under his two wings, and in the compass or circle of his arms, is so sure, that, cast him and them in the ground of the sea, he shall come up again, and not lose one; an odd one cannot, nor shall not be lost in the telling. This was always God's aim, since Christ *came in the play* betwixt him and us, to make men dependent creatures, and in the work of our salvation to put created *strength*, and *arms*, and *legs of clay*, quite out of *play*, and out of *office* and *court*: And now God hath substituted in our room, and accepted his Son the Mediator for us, and all that we can make. If this had not been, I would have *skinned over* and forgone my part of paradise and salvation, for a breakfast of dead moth-eaten earth; but now I would not give it, nor let it go, for more than I can tell: and truly they are *filly fools*, and ignorant of Christ's worth, (and *so*-full ill trained and tutored) who tell heaven and Christ over the board, for *two feathers*, or *two straws* of the devil's painted pleasures, only lusted in the outer-side. This is our happiness now, that our reckonings at night, when *Eternity* shall come upon us, cannot be told; we shall be so far gainers, and so far from being superexpended (as the poor fools of this *world* are, who give out their money, and get in but black hunger) that angels cannot lay our counts, nor sum our advantage and in-comes. Who knoweth how far it is to the bottom of our Christ, and to the ground of our heaven? Who ever weighed Christ in a pair of balances? Who hath seen the *foldings* and *plies*, and the *heights* and *depths* of that *glory*, which is in him, and kept for us? Oh for such a heaven, as to stand afar off, and see, and love, and long for him, while time's thread be cut, and this great *work* of creation dissolved, at the coming of our Lord! Now to his grace I recommend you. I beseech you also, pray for a *re-entry* to me into the Lord's House, if it be his good will.

Aberd. Jan. 6. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO ELISABETH KENNEDY.

Mistress,

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you. I have long had a purpose of writing to you, but I have been hindred. I heartily desire, that ye would mind your *Country*, and consider to what airth your soul setteth its face; for all come not home at night, who suppose they have set their face heavenward: it is a woful thing to die and miss heaven, and to lose house-room with *Christ* at night; it is an evil journey, where travellers are benighted in the fields. I perswade my self, that thousands shall be deceived and ashamed of their hope: Because they cast their anchor in sinking sands, they must lose it. Till now, I knew not the pain, labour, nor difficulty that there is to win home; nor did I understand so well, before this, what that meaneth, *The righteous shall scarcely be saved.* Oh how many a poor professor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again! I see, *ordinary profession*, and to be ranked amongst the *children of God*, and to have a name among men, is now thought good enough to carry professors to heaven; but certainly, a name is but a name, and will never bide a blast of God's storm: I counsel you, not to give your Soul or *Christ* rest, nor your eyes sleep, till ye have gotten something that will bide the fire, and stand out the storm. I am sure, if my one foot were in heaven, and then he would say, *Fend thy self; I will hold my grips of thee no longer*; I should go no further, but presently fall down in as many pieces of dead nature. They are happy for evermore, who are over head and ears in the love of *Christ*, and know no sickness, but love-sickness for *Christ*; and feel no pain, but the pain of an *absent* and *hidden Welbeloved*. We run our souls out of breath, and tire them in coursing and galloping after our own night-dreams (such are the roivings of our *miscarrying hearts*) to get some created good thing in this life, and on this side of death: We would tainstay, and spin out a heaven to our selves, in this side of the *water*; but *sorrow, want, changes, crosses* and *sin*, are both *woof* and *warp*, in that *ill-spun web*, O how sweet and dear are these thoughts, that are still upon the things which are above! And how happy are they, who are longing to have little sand in their glass, and to have time's tread cut, and can cry to *Christ, Lord Jesus, have over, come and fetch the drier passenger!* I wish our thoughts were more frequently than they

they are upon our country. O but heaven casteth a sweet smell afar off, to those who have spiritual smelling! God hath made many fair flowers, but the fairest of them all is Heaven, and the Flower of all flowers is Christ. O why do we not flee up to that lovely One? Alas that there is such scarcity of love and lovers of Christ, amongst us all! *Fy, fy* upon us, who love fair things, as fair gold, fair houses, fair lands, fair pleasures, fair honours and fair persons; and do not pine and melt away with love to Christ! O would to God, I had more love for his sake! O for as much love, as would lie betwixt me and heaven, for his sake! O for as much love, as would go round about the earth, and over the heaven, yea, the heaven of heavens, and ten thousand worlds, that I might let all out upon fair, fair, only fair Christ! But alas I have nothing for him; yet he hath much for me: it is no gain to Christ, that he getteth my little feckless span-length and hand-breadth of love. If men would have something to do with their hearts and their thoughts, that are always rolling up and down, like men with oars in a boat, after sinful vanities, they may find great and sweet employment to their thoughts upon Christ: if those *fitty, fluctuating* and *restless hearts* of ours would come all about Christ, and look into his love, to bottomless love, to the depth of mercy, to the unsearchable riches of his grace, to enquire after and search into the beauty of God in Christ; they would be swallowed up in the depth and height, length and breadth of his goodness. Oh if men would *draw the curtains*; and look into the inner side of the ark, and behold how the *Fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily*! O who would not say, *Let me die, let me die ten times, to see a sight of him*! Ten thousand deaths were no great price to give for him. I am sure, sick, fainting love would heighten the market, and raise the price to the double for him. But alas, if men and angels were roused and sold at the dearest price, they would not all buy a night's love, or a four and twenty hours sight of Christ: O how happy are they, who get Christ for nothing! God send me no more for *my part* of paradise, but Christ; and surely I were rich enough, and as *well beaven'd* as the best of them, if Christ were *my Heaven*. I can write no better thing to you, than to desire you, if ever ye laid Christ in a count, to take him up, and count over again; and weigh him again and again: And after this, have no other to court your love, and to woo your soul's delight, but Christ; he will be found worthy of all your love, howbeit it should

well upon you from the earth to the uppermost circle of the
heaven of heavens. To our Lord Jesus and his love I com-
mend you.

Aberd. 1627.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JONET KENNEDY.

Mistress,

G Race, mercy and peace be unto you. Ye are not a little
obliged to his rich grace, who hath separate you for
himself, and for the promised inheritance, with the saints in
light, from this *condemned and guilty world*. Hold fast Christ,
contend for him: it is a lawful plea to go to *holding and draw-
ing* for Christ; and it is not possible to keep Christ *peaceably*,
having once gotten him, except the Devil were dead. It must
be your resolution, to set your face against Satan's northern
tempests and storms, for salvation: Nature would have heaven
come sleeping to us in our beds. We would all *buy* Christ,
so being we might make *price* our selves; but *Christ* is worth
more blood and lives, than either you or I have to give him.
When we shall come home, and enter to the possession of our
Brother's fair Kingdom, and when our heads shall find the
weight of the *eternal crown of glory*, and when we shall look
back to pains and sufferings; then shall we see *life*, and *for-
row*, to be less than one step or stride from a *prison* to *glory*;
and that our little inch of *time-suffering* is not worthy of our
first night's *welcome-home* to heaven. O what then will be
the weight of every one of *Christ's* kisses! O how weighty and
of what worth shall every one of *Christ's* love-smiles be! O
when once he shall thrust a *wearied traveller's* head betwixt
his blessed breasts, the poor soul shall think one kiss of *Christ*
hath fully paid home forty or fifty years wet feet, and all its
sore hearts and light sufferings, it had in following after *Christ*!
O thrice blinded souls, whose hearts are charmed and bewitch-
ed with *dreams, shadows, seckless things, night-vanities* and
night-fancies of a miserable life of sin. Shame on us, who
sit still fettered with the love and liking of the loan of a piece
of *dead clay*. O poor fools, who are beguiled with painted
things, and this *world's fair weather* and *smooth promises*, and
rotten worm-eaten hopes! May not the devil laugh, to see us
give out our *souls*, and get in but *corrupt and counterfeit plea-
sures of sin*? O for a sight of *Eternity's glory*, and a little ta-
king of the *Lamb's marriage-supper*! Half a draught or a
drop

drop of the wine of consolations; that is up in our banquetting
 bouley, out of Christ's own hand; would make our stomachs
 lothe the brown bread and the soure drink of a miserable life.
 O how far are we bereft of wit, to chafe and hunc and run,
 till our souls be out of breath, after a condemned happiness of
 our own making! And do we not sit far in our own light, to
 make it a matter of bairns-play, to skink and drink over para-
 dise, and the heaven that Christ did sweat for, even for a
 blast of smoke, and for Esau's morning-breakfast? O that we
 were out of our selves, and dead to this world, and this world
 dead and crucified to us! And when we should be clove out of
 love and conceit of any masked and faired lover whatsoever,
 then Christ would win and conquer to himself a lodging in the
 inmost yolk of our heart; then Christ should be our night-song
 and our morning-song; then the very noise and din of our
 Welbeloved's feet, when he cometh, and his first knock or rap
 at the door, should be as the news of two heavens to us. O
 that our eyes and our souls smelling should go after a blasted
 and sun-burnt flower, even this fair plaistered out-sided world;
 and then we have neither eye nor smell for the Flower of Jesse,
 for that Plant of Renown, for Christ, the choicest, the fairest,
 the sweetest Rose that ever God planted! O let some of us die
 to feel the smell of him, and let my part of this rotten world
 be forfeited and sold for evermore, providing I may anchor
 my tottering soul upon Christ! I know it is sometimes at this
 Lord, what wilt thou have for Christ? But, O Lord, can
 thou be budded or propined with any gift for Christ? O Lord,
 can Christ be sold? Or rather, may not a poor sinner have
 him for nothing? If I can get no more, O let me be pained to
 all eternity with longing for him. The joy of hungering for
 Christ, should be my heaven for evermore. Alas that I can-
 not draw souls and Christ together! But I desire the coming
 of his Kingdom, and that Christ (as I assuredly hope he shall)
 would come upon withered Scotland, as rain upon the new-
 mown grass. O let the King come! O let his Kingdom come!
 O let their eyes rot in their eye-boles, who will not receive
 him home again to reign and rule in Scotland! Grace, grace
 be with you.

Aberdeen, 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus
 S. R.

To his reverend and dear Brother Mr. David Dickson.

Reverend and dearest Brother,

What joy have I out of heaven's gates, but that my Lord Jesus be glorified in my bonds? Blessed be ye the Lord, who contribute any thing to my obliged and indebted praises. Dear Brother, help me a poor dyvour to pay interest, for I cannot come nigh to render the principal. It is not jest nor sport, which maketh me to speak and write as I do: I never before came to that nick or pitch of communion with Christ, that I have now attained unto. For my confirmation, I have been these two Sabbaths or three in private, taking instruments in the name of God, that my Lord Jesus and I have kissed each other in Aberdeen, the house of my pilgrimage. I seek not an apple to play me with, he knoweth, whom I serve in the Spirit, but a seal; I but beg earnest, and am content to suspend and frist glory while supper-time. I know this world will not last with me; for my moon-light is sun-day light, and my four-hours above my feasts, when I was a preacher; at which times also, I was embraced very often in his arms: But who can blame Christ to take me on behind him (if I may say so) on his white horse, or in his chariot paved with love, through a water? Will not a Father take his little dawted Davie in his arms, and carry him over a ditch or a mire? My short legs could not step over this lair, or sinking mire; and therefore my Lord Jesus will bear me thorough. If a change come, and a dark day, so being that he will keep my faith without flaw or crack, I dare not blame him, howbeit I get no more while I come to heaven: But ye know, the physick behoved to have sugar; my faith was fallen in swoon, and Christ but held up a swooning man's head. Indeed I pray not for a dawted bairn's diet; he knoweth, I would have Christ some or sweet; any way, so being it be Christ indeed: I stand not now upon paired apples, or sugared dishes; but I cannot blame him to give, I must gape and make a wide mouth. Since Christ will not pantry-up joys, he must be welcome, who will not bide away: I seek no other fruit, but that he may be glorified; he knoweth, I would take hard fare to have his name set on high. I bless you for your counsel: I hope to live by faith, and swim without a mals or bundle of joyful sense under my chin; at least to venture, albeit I should be ducked. Now for my case, I think the Court-

all should be essayed, and the event referred to God: Duties are ours, and events are God's. I shall go through yours upon the *Covenant* at leisure, and write to you my mind thereanent; and anent the *Arminian Contrast betwixt the Father and the Son*. I beseech you, set to, to go through Scripture. Yours on the *Hebrews* is in great request with all, who would be acquaint with *Christ's Testament*. I purpose (God willing) to set about *Hosea*, and to try if I can get it to the press here. It refresheth me much, that ye are so kind to my brother; I hope your counsel shall do him good; I recommend him to you, since I am so far from him. I am glad, that the dying Servant of God, famous and faithful Mr. *Cunninghame*, sealed your ministry before he fell asleep. Grace, grace be with you.
Aberd. March 7. 1637. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

To the much honoured, WILLIAM RIGG of Athenae.

Much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I received your long-looked-for and short letter; I would ye had spoke more to me, who stand in need. I find Christ, as ye write, *ay the longer the better*, and therefore cannot but rejoice in his *Salvation*, who hath made my chains my wings, and hath made me a king over my crosses, and over my adversaries: Glory, glory, glory to his high, high and holy Name; not one ounce, not one grain-weight more is laid on me, than he hath enabled me to bear: and I am not so much wearied to suffer, as *Zion's* haters are to persecute. Oh if I could find a way, in any measure, to strive to be even with Christ's love! but that I must give over. Oh who would help a *dyvour* to pay praises to the King of Saints, who triumpheth in his weak servants! I see, if Christ but ride upon a *worm*, or a *feather*, his horse will neither stumble nor fall; The *worm Jacob* is made by him, a *new sharp threshing instrument having teeth*, to thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them, so as the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them, *Isa. xli. 14, 15, 16*. Christ's enemies are but breaking their own heads in pieces upon the Rock laid in *Zion*, and the Stone is not removed out of its place: Faith hath cause to take courage, from our very afflictions; the devil is but a *whet-stone*, to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints; I know he but heweth and polisheth stones, all this time, for the *new Jerusalem*. But in all this,

his three things have much moved me, since it hath pleased my Lord to turn my *moon-light* into *day-light*. First, He hath *loved* me to work, to *wrestle* with Christ's love of longing, wherewith I am sick, pained, fainting, and like to die, because I cannot get himself, which I think a *strange sort of desertion*; for I have not himself (whom if I had, my love-sickness would *cool*, and my fever *go away*; at least, I should know the heat of the fire of *complacency*, which would *cool* the scorching heat of the fire of *desire*) and yet I have no *pecuniary* of his love; and so I dwine, I die, and he seemeth not to rue on me. I take instruments in his hand, that I would have him, but I cannot get him; and my best cheer is *black hunger*: I bless him for that feast. Secondly, Old challenges now and then revive, and cast all down; I go halting and sighing, fearing there be an unseen process yet coming out, and that heavier than I can answer. I cannot read distinctly my Surety's *act of cautionry*, for me in particular, and my discharge; and *sense* rather than *faith* assureth me of what I have: So unable am I to go, but by a hold. I could (with reverence of my Lord) forgive Christ, if he would give me as much *faith*, as I have *hunger* for him. I hope, the pardon is now obtained, but the peace is not sure to me, as I would wish: Yet, one thing I know, there is not a *way* to heaven, but the *way* he hath graced me to profess and suffer for. Thirdly, Wo, wo is me for the Virgin-daughter of Scotland, and for the fearful desolation, and wrath appointed for this Land; and yet all are sleeping, eating and drinking, laughing and sporting, as if all were well. Oh our dim gold, our dumb, blind pastors, the sun is *gone down* upon them, and our nobles bid Christ *send for himself*, if he be Christ: it were good, we should learn in time the way to our *strong hold*. Sir, howbeit not acquainted, remember my love to your wife. I pray God establish you.

Aberd. March 9, 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN EWART Baillie of Kirkcudbright.

My very worthy and dear friend,

I Cannot but most kindly thank you, for the expressions of your love: Your love and respect to me is a great comfort to me. I bless his high and glorious Name, that the terrors of great men have not affrighted me from open avouching of the Son of God; nay, his cross is the sweetest burden that

ever I bare; it is such a burden, as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour. I have not much cause to fall in love with the world; but rather to wish, that he who sitteth upon the floods, would bring my broken ship to land, and keep my conscience safe, in these dangerous times: For wrath from the Lord is coming on this sinful Land. It were good, that we prisoners of hope knew of our strong hold to run to, before storm come on: Therefore, Sir, I beseech you, by the mercies of God, and comforts of his Spirit, by the Blood of your Saviour, and by your compearance before the sin-revenging Judge of the world, keep your garments clean, and stand for the truth of Christ, which ye profess. When the time shall come that your eye-things shall break, your face wax pale, your breath grow cold, and this house of clay shall totter, and your one foot shall be over the march, in eternity; it shall be your comfort and joy, that ye gave your name to Christ. The greatest part of the world think heaven at the next door, and that Christianity is an easie task; but they will be beguiled. *Worthy Sir,* I beseech you make sure work of salvation: I have found by experience, that all I could do, hath had much ado, in the day of my trial; and therefore lay up a sure foundation for the time to come. I cannot requite you, for your undeserved favours to me and my now afflicted brother; but I trust to remember you to God: Remember me heartily to your kind wife.

Aberd. March 13.

*Yours in his only Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

1637.

To William Fullerton Provost of Kirkeudbright.

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I am obliged to your love in God: I beseech you, Sir, let nothing be so dear to you, as Christ's truth; for salvation is worth all the world; and therefore be not afraid of men, that shall die: The Lord shall do for you in your suffering for him, and shall bless your house and seed; and ye have God's promise, that ye shall have his presence in fire, water, and in seven tribulations. Your day will wear to an end, and your sun go down: In death it will be your joy, that ye have ventured all ye have for Christ; and there is not a promise of heaven made, but to such, as are willing to suffer for it: It is a castle taken by force. This earth is but the clay-portion of bastards; and there-

fore,

fore, no wonder the world smile on its own; but better things are laid up for his lawfully begotten bairns, whom the world hateth: I have experience to speak this; for I would not exchange my prison and sad nights, with the court, honour, and ease of my adversaries: My Lord is pleased to make many unknown faces to laugh upon me, and to provide a lodging for me; and he himself visiteth my soul with feasts of spiritual comforts. O how sweet a Master is Christ! Blessed are they who lay down all for him. I thank you kindly for your love to my distressed brother. Ye have the blessing and prayers of the prisoner of Christ to you, your wife and children. Remember my love and blessing to William and Samuel: I desire them in their Youth to seek the Lord, and fear his great Name, to pray twice a-day (at least) to God, and to read God's Word; to keep themselves from cursing, lying, and filthy talking. *Now the only wise God, and the presence of the Son of God be with you all.*

Aberd. March 13.

1637.

*Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.*

*To the worthy and much honoured,
Mr. ALEXANDER COLVILL of Blair.*

Much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: The bearer hereof, M. R. F. is most kind to me; I desire you to thank him: But none is so kind as my only royal King and Master, whose cross is my garland: The King dineth with his prisoner, and his spikenard casteth a smell: He hath led me up to such a pitch and nick of joyful communion with himself, as I never knew before: When I look back to by-gones, I judge my self to have been a child at A, B, C, with Christ. *Worthy Sir,* pardon me, I dare not conceal it from you, it is as a fire in my bowels: In his presence, who seeth me, I speak it, I am pained, pained with the love of Christ; he hath made me sick, and wounded me: Hunger for Christ out-runneith faith; I miss faith more than love. O if the three Kingdoms would come and see! O if they knew his kindness to my soul! It hath pleased him to bring me to this, that I will not strike sails to this world, nor flatter it, nor adore this *clay-idol*, that fools worship: As I am now disposed, I think I will neither borrow nor lend with it; and yet I get my meat from Christ with nurture; for seven times a-day I am lifted up and

casten down: My dumb Sabbath's burden my heart, and make it bleed: I want not fearful challenges, and jealousies, sometimes of Christ's love, that he hath casten me over the dike of the Vineyard, as a dry tree: But this is my infirmity; by his grace I take my self in these ravings: It is kindly that faith and love both be sick, and fevers are kindly to molt joyful communion with Christ. Ye are blessed, who avouch Christ openly before the Prince of this Kingdom, whose eyes are upon you: It is your glory to lift him up on his throne, to carry his train, and bear up the hem of his robe royal: He hath an hiding-place for M. A. C. against the storm: Go on, and fear not what man can do. The saints seem to have the worst of it, (for apprehensions can make a lie of Christ and of his love) but it is not so: Providence is not rolled upon unequal and crooked wheels: *All things work together for the good of those who love God, and are called according to his purpose.* Ere it be long, we shall see the white side of God's Providence. My brother's case hath moved me not a little: He wrote to me your care and kindness. Sir, The prisoner's blessings and prayers, I trust, shall not go by you. He that is able to keep you, and to present you before the presence of his face with joy, establish your heart in the love of Christ.

Aberd. 19. Feb. 1637. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO EARLSTOUN younger.

Honoured and dear Brother,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, which refreshed my soul. I thank God, the court is closed, I think shame of my part of it: I pass now from my unjust summons of unkindness, libelled against Christ my Lord: He is not such a Lord and Master as I took him to be; verily, he is God, and I am dust and ashes: I took Christ's glooms to be as good as Scripture speaking wrath; but I have seen the other side of Christ, and the white side of his cross now. I behoved to come to *Aberdeen*, to learn a new mystery of Christ, that his promise is better to be believed, than his looks; and that the devil can cause Christ's glooms speak a lie to a weak man. Nay, verily I was a child before, all by-gones are but *hairs-play*: I would I could begin to be a Christian in sad earnest. I need not blame Christ, if I be not one; for he hath shewed me heaven and hell in *Aberdeen*: But the truth is, for all my sorrow, Christ is nothing in my debt; for comforts have refreshed my soul: I have heard and

seen

seen him in his sweetness, so, as *I* am almost saying, it is not he that *I* was wont to meet with; he laugheth more cheerfully, his kisses are more sweet and soul-refreshing, than the kisses of the Christ *I* saw before, were; (though he be the same) or rather, the King hath led me up to a measure of joy and communion with my Bridegroom, that *I* never attained to before; so that *I* often think, *I* will neither borrow nor lend with this world; *I* will not strike sail to crosses, nor flatter them, to be quit of them, as *I* have done. Come all crosses, welcome, welcome! so *I* may get my heart full of my Lord Jesus. *I* have been so near him, as *I* have said, *I* take instruments, this is the Lord; leave a token behind thee, that *I* may never forget this. Now, what can Christ do more to dawe one of his poor prisoners? Therefore, Sir, *I* charge you, in the Name of my Lord Jesus, praise with me, and shew unto others what he hath done unto my soul. This is the fruit of my sufferings, that *I* desire Christ's Name may be spread abroad in this Kingdom, in my behalf. *I* hope in God not to slander him again; yet in this, *I* get not my feasts without some mixture of gall; neither am *I* free of old jealousies; for he hath removed my lovers and friends far from me; he hath made my congregation desolate, and taken away my crown: and my dumb Sabbaths are like a stone tied to a bird's foot, that wanteth not wings; they seem to hinder me to flee, were it not that *I* dare not say one word, but, *Well done, Lord Jesus*. We can in our prosperity sport our selves, and be too bold with Christ; yea, be that insolent, as to chide with him: but under the water we dare not speak. *I* wonder now of my sometimes boldness, to chide and quarrel Christ, to nickname Providence, when it stroaked me against the hair: but now swimming in the waters, *I* think my will is fallen to the ground of the water; *I* have lost it. *I* think *I* would fain set Christ alone, and give him leave to do with me what he pleaseth, if he would smile upon me. Verily, we know not what an evil it is, to spill and indulge our selves, and to make an idol of our will: *I* was once, *I* would not eat, except *I* had wailed meat; now *I* dare not complain of crumbs and pairings under his table: *I* was once that *I* would make the house ado, if *I* saw not the world carved, and set in order to my liking; now *I* am silent, when *I* see God hath set servants on horse-back, and is fatning and feeding the children of perdition. *I* pray God, *I* never find my will again: Oh if Christ would subject my will to his, and trample it under his feet,

and

and liberate me from that lawless Lord! Now, *Sir*, in your Youth gather fast; your sun will mount to the Meridian quickly, and thereafter decline: Be greedy of grace: Study above any thing, *my dear brother*, to mortifie your lusts. On but pride of youth, vanity, lust, idolizing of the *world*, and charming pleasures, take long time to root them out! As far as ye are advanced in the *way* to heaven, as near as ye are to *Christ*, as much progress as ye have made in the *way* of mortification, ye will find that ye are far behind, and have most of your *work* before you. I never took it to be so hard, to be dead to my *lusts* and to this *world*: When the day of visitation cometh, and your old idols come weeping about you, ye will have much ado not to break your heart; it is best to give up in time with them, so as ye could at a call quit your part of this *world* for a drink of *water*, or a thing of nothing. Verily, I have seen the best of this *world*, a *moth-eaten, thread-bare coat*: I purpose to lay it aside, being now holier and old. O for my house above, not made with hands! Pray for *Christ's* prisoner, and write to me. Remember my love to your Mother: Desire her from me, to make for removing; the Lord's tide will not bide her; and to seek an heavenly mind, that her heart may be often there. Grace be with you.
Aberd. Feb. 20. 1637. Yours and Christ's prisoner, S. R.

TO ROBERT GLENDINING.

My dear Friend,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I thank you most kindly for your care of me, and your love and respectful kindness to my *Brother* in his distress: I pray the Lord, ye may find mercy in the day of *Christ*; and I entreat you, *Sir*, to consider the times ye live in, and that your soul is of more worth to you, than the whole *world*, which, in the day of the *blowing* of the last trumpet, shall lie in *white* ashes, as an old castle burnt to nothing: And remember, that judgment and eternity is before you. *My dear and worthy friend*, Let me entreat you in *Christ's* Name, and by the salvation of your soul, and by your compareance before the dreadful and sin-revenging Judge of the *world*, make your accounts ready: read them ere ye come to the *water-side*; for your afternoon will wear short, and your sun fall *low* and go *down*: and ye know, that this long time your Lord hath *waited* on you. O how comfortable a thing shall it be to you, when time shall be

no more, and your soul shall depart out of the house of clay, to vast and endless eternity, to have your soul dressed up, and prepared for your Bridegroom! No loss is comparable to the loss of the soul, there is no hope of regaining that loss. O how joyful would my soul be, to hear, that ye would start to the gate, and contend for the Crown, and leave all vanities, and make Christ your Garland! Let your soul put away your old lovers, and let Christ have your whole love: I have some experience to write of this to you. My Witness is in heaven, I would not exchange my chains and bonds for Christ, and my sighs for ten *worlds* glory. I judge this clay-idol, that *Adam's* sons are rousing and selling their souls for, not worth a drink of cold water. O if your soul were in my soul's stead, how sick would ye be of love for that fairest One, that fairest among the sons of men! *May-flowers*, and morning-vapour, and summer-mist parteth not so fast away, as these worm-eaten pleasures that we follow: We build castles in the air, and night-dreams are our daily idols, that we dote on: *Salvation*, *salvation* is our only one necessary thing. *Sir*, Call home your thoughts to this work, to enquire for your Welbeloved: This earth is the portion of bastards; seek the Son's inheritance, and let Christ's truth be dear to you. I pawn my salvation on it, that this is the honour of Christ's kingdom, I now suffer for, (and this *world*, I hope, shall not come between me and my Garland) and that this is the way to life. When ye and I shall lie lumps of pale clay upon the cold ground, our pleasures, that we now naturally love, shall be less than nothing, in that day. *Dear Brother*, fulfil my joy, and betake you to Christ, without further delay; ye will be fain at length to seek to him, or do infinitely worse. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

TO WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Welbeloved and dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I thank you most kindly for your care and love to me, and in particular to my *Brother*, in his distress in *Edinburgh*: Go on through your waters without wearying; your Guide knoweth the way, follow him, and cast your cares and tentations upon him: and let not worms, the sons of men, affright you; they shall die, and the moth shall eat them: Keep your Garland; there
is

is no less at the stake, in this game betwixt us and the world, than our *Conscience* and *Salvation*: we have need to take heed to the game, and not to yield to them. Let them take other things from us; but here, in matters of *Conscience*, we must hold and draw with *Kings*, and set our selves in terms of opposition with the *shields of the earth*. O the sweet communion for evermore, that hath been between Christ and his prisoner! He wearieth not to be kind: He is the fairest fight I see in *Aberdeen*, or any part that ever my feet were in. Remember my hearty kindness to your *wife*; I desire her to believe, and lay her cares on God, and make fast work of salvation. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen March 13. 1637. Yours in his only Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO JEAN BROWN.

Welbelov'd and dear Sister,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, which I esteem an evidence of your christian affection to me, and of your love to my honourable Lord and Master. My desire is, that your communion with Christ may grow, and that your reckonings may be put by-hand with your Lord, ere ye come to the water-side. O who knoweth how sweet Christ's kisses are! who hath been more kindly embraced and kissed, than I his banished prisoner? If the comparison could stand, I would not exchange Christ with heaven it self: He hath left a dart and arrow of love in my soul, and it paineth me till he come and take it out: I find pain of these wounds, because I would have possession. I know now, this *worm-eaten apple*, the *plaster'd rotten World*, that the silly children of this world are beating and buffeting, and pulling others ears for, is a portion for bastards good enough; and that is all they have to look for. I offend not, that my adversaries stay at home at their own fire-side, with more yearly rent than I; should I be angry, that the *good-man* of this house of the world casteth a dog a bone, to hurt his teeth? He hath taught me, to be content with a borrowed fire-side, and an uncouth bed: And I think, I have lost nothing, the in-come is so great. O what telling is in Christ! O how weighty is my fair Garland, my Crown, my fair *Supping-hall* in glory, where I shall be above the blows and buffetings of *Prelates*! Let this be your desire, and let your thoughts dwell much upon that blessedness, that abideth you in the other world: The fair-side of the world will

will be turned to you quickly, when ye shall see the crown. I hope ye are near your lodging: O but I would think my self blessed, for my part, to win the house before the shower come on! For God hath a quiver full of arrows, to shoot at, and shower down upon *Scotland*. Ye have the prayers of a prisoner of Christ. I desire *Patrick* to give Christ his young love, even the flower of it, and put it by all others: It were good to start soon to the way; he should thereby have a great advantage in the evil day. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637. *Tours in his only Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL.

Reverend and welbeloved in the Lord,

I Was refreshed with your letter: I am sorry for that lingering, and longsom visitation, that is upon your wife; but I know, ye take it as a mark of a lawfully begotten child, and not of a bastard, to be under your Father's rod: Till ye be in heaven, it will be but foul weather, one shower up, and another down. The *lintel-stone* and *pillars* of the new *Jerusalem* suffer more knocks of God's hammer and tool, than the *common side-wall-stones*: And if twenty crosses be written for you in God's book, they will come to nineteen, and then at last to one, and after that, to nothing, but your head betwixt Christ's breasts for evermore; and his own soft hand to dry your face, and wipe away your tears. As for publick sufferings for his truth, your Master also will see to these; let us put him in his own office, to comfort and deliver: The gloom of Christ's cross is worse than it self. I cannot keep up, what he hath done to my soul: My *dear Brother*, will I not get help of you, to praise, and to lift Christ upon high? He hath pained me with his love, and hath left a love-arrow in my heart, that hath made a wound, and swelled me up with desires, so that I am to be pitied for want of real possession: Love would have the company of the party loved; and my greatest pain is the want of him; not of his joys and comforts, but of a near union and communion. This is his truth, I am fully perswaded, I now suffer for: For Christ hath taken upon him to be Witness to it, by his sweet comforts to my soul; and shall I think him a false witness, or that he would subscribe blank paper? I thank his high and dreadful Name, for what he hath given; I hope to keep his seal and his pawn, till he come and loose it himself. I defy hell to put me off it, but he is Christ, and he hath

hath met with his prisoner; and I took instruments in his own hand, that it was he, and no other for him. When the devil fenceth a bastard-court in my Lord's ground, and giveth me *forged summons*, it will be my shame to misbelieve; after such a fair broad seal: And yet Satan and my apprehension sometimes make a lie of *Christ*, as if he hated me: but I dare believe no evil of *Christ*: If he would cool my *love-fever* for himself with real presence and possession, I would be rich; but I dare not be *mislearned*, and sack more in that kind; howbeit it be no shame to beg at *Christ's* door. I pity my adversaries; I grudge not, that my Lord keepeth them at their own fire-side, and hath given me a borrowed bed, and a borrowed fire-side: Let the *good-man* of the house cast a dog a bone, why should I offend! I rejoyce that the broken bark shall come to land, and that *Christ* will on the shore welcome the sea-sick passenger. We have need of a great flock, against this day of trial that is coming; neither chaff nor corn in *Scotland*, but it shall once pass thro'ow God's sieve. Praise, praise, and pray for me; for I cannot forget you: I know ye will be friendly to my afflicted *Brother*, who is now embarked in the same cause with me; let him have your counsel and comforts. Remember my love in *Christ* to your wife; her health is coming, and her salvation sleepeth not. Ye have the prayers and blessing of a prisoner of *Christ*: sow fast, deal bread plentifully; the pantry-door will be locked on the hauns, in appearance, ere long. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1627. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To his reverend and dear Brother, Mr. Robert Douglas.

My very reverend and dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to see you in paper. I cannot but write to you, that this which I now suffer for is *Christ's* truth; because he hath been pleased to seal my sufferings with joy unspeakable and glorious: I know he will not put his seal upon blank paper; *Christ* hath not dumb seals, neither will he be Witness to a lie. I beseech you, my dear *Brother*, help me to praise, and to lift *Christ* up on his throne, above the shields of the earth. I am astonished and confounded at the the greatness of his kindness to such a sinner. I know, *Christ* and I shall never be even, I shall die in his debt: He hath left an arrow in my heart, that paineth me for want of real possession; and hell cannot quench this

this coal of God's kindling. I wish no man slander Christ or his cross, for my cause; for I have much cause to speak much good of him: He hath brought me to nick and degree of communion with himself, that I knew not before. The *dim* and gloom of our Lord's cross, is more fearful and hard than the cross it self. He taketh the *bairns* in his arms, when they come to a deep water; at least when they lose ground, and are put to swim, then his hand is under their chin. Let me be helped by your prayers, and remember my love to your kind wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7.

1637.

Your Brother and Christ's
Prisoner, S. R.

To his loving Friend, JOHN HENDERSON.

Loving Friend,

Continue in the love of Christ, and the doctrine which I taught you faithfully and painfully, according to my measure: I am free of your blood. Fear the dreadful Name of God: Keep in mind the examinations which I taught you, and love the truth of God. Death, as fast as time flieth, cha-
seth you out of this life: it is possible, ye make your reckoning with your Judge, before I see you; let salvation be your care night and day, and set aside hours and times of the day for prayer. I rejoyce to hear that there is prayer in your house: See that your servants keep the *Lord's day*. This dirt and god of clay, I mean the vain world, is not worth the seeking. An hireling-pastor is to be thrust in upon you, in the room, to which I have Christ's warrant and right: Stand to your liberties, for the word of God alloweth you a vote in chusing your pastor. What I write to you, I write to your wife: commend me heartily to her. The grace of God be with you.
Aberd. March 14. 1637. Your loving Friend and Pastor, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH HENDERSON.

My Reverend and dear Brother,

I Hear ye bear the marks of Christ's dying about with you, and that your brethren have cast you out for your Master's sake: Let us wait on till the evening, and till our reckon-
ing in black and white come before our Master. Brother, since we must have a devil to trouble us, I love a raging de-
vil best: Our Lord knoweth what sort of devil we have need
of:

of: It is best Satan be in his own skin, and look like himself; Christ weeping looketh like himself also, with whom *Scribes* and *Pharisees* were at *yea* and *noy*, and sharp Contradiction. Ye have heard of the patience of *Job*; when he lay in the ashes, God was with him, clawing and curing his scabs, and letting out his boils, comforting his soul; and he took him up at last. That God is not dead; yet he will stop and take up *fallen bairns*: Many broken legs since *Adam's* days hath he *spelled*, and many weary hearts hath he refreshed; blest him for comfort: Why? None cometh dry from *David's* well; let us go among the rest, and cast down our *toom buckets* into Christ's ocean, and suck consolations out of him: We are not so *fore stricken*, but we may fill Christ's hall with weeping: We have not gotten our answer from him yet: Let us lay up our broken plea's to a full sea, and keep them till the day of Christ's coming; we and this world will not be *even* till then: they would take our garment from us; but let us hold, and them draw. *Brother*, it is a strange world, if we laugh not: I never saw the like of it, if there be not *paike the man*, for this contempt done to the Son of God? We must do as those, who keep the bloody napkin to the Baillie, and let him see blood: We must keep our wrongs to our Judge, and let him see our *bluddered* and foul faces: prisoners of hope must run to Christ with the *gutters*, that tears have made on their cheeks. *Brother*, for my self, I am Christ's dawted one, for the present; and I live upon no *deaf nuts* (as we use to speak) he hath opened fountains to me in the wilderness. Go, look to my Lord Jesus; his love to me is such, that I defy the world to find either brim or bottom in it. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13,
1637.

Your Brother in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady ROBERT LAND.

Mistress,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I shall be glad to hear that your soul prospereth, and that fruit groweth upon you, after the Lord's husbandry and pains in his rod, that hath not been a stranger to you from your youth. It is the Lord's kindness, that he will take the scum off us in the fire: Who knoweth how needful winnowing is to us, and what dross we must want, ere we enter into the kingdom of God? So narrow is the entry to heaven, that our *knobs*, our *bunches*

unches and lumps of pride, and self-love, and idol-love, and world-love must be hammered off us, that we may throng in, stooping low, and creeping thorow that narrow and thorny entry. And now for my self, I find it the most sweet and heavenly life, to take up house and dwelling at Christ's fire-side, and set down my tent upon *Christ*, that Foundation-stone, who is sure and faithful ground, and hard under foot. Oh! if I could win to it, and proclaim my self not the world's debtor, nor a lover obliged to it; and that I mind not to hire or bud this world's love any longer; but desie the kindness and feud of God's whole creation whatsoever; especially the lower *vault* and *clay-part* of God's creatures, this vain earth: for what hold I of his world? A borrowed lodging, and some years house-room, and bread and water, and fire, and bed, and candle, &c. are all a part of the pension of my King and Lord, to whom I ow thanks, and not to a creature. I thank God, that God is God, and *Christ* is *Christ*, and the earth the earth, and the devil the devil, and the world the world, and that sin is sin, and that every thing is what it is: because he hath taught me, in my wilderness, not to shuffle my Lord Jesus, nor to intermix him with creature vanities, nor to spin or twine *Christ* or his sweet love in one web, or in one threed with the world and the things thereof. Oh if I could hold and keep *Christ* all alone, and mix him with nothing! O if I could cry down the price and weight of my cursed self, and cry up the price of *Christ*; and double, and triple, and augment and heighten to millions the price and worth of *Christ*! I am (if I durst speak so, and might lawfully complain) so *hungredly tutoured* by *Christ* Jesus, my liberal Lord, that his *nice love*, which my soul would be in hands with, flyeth me; and yet I am trained on to love him, and last, and long, and die for his love, whom I cannot see: It is a wonder, to pine away with love for a covered and hid lover, and to be hungred with his love, so as a poor soul cannot get his fill of hunger for *Christ*: It is hard to be *hungred of hunger*, whereof such abundance for other things is in the world: but sure if we were tutors, and stewards, and masters, and lord-carvers of *Christ*'s love, we should be more lean, and worse fed than we are: Our meat doth us the more good, that *Christ* keepeth the keys, and that the wind and the air of *Christ*'s sweet breathing, and of the influence of his Spirit, is locked up in the hands of the good pleasure of him, who bloweth where he listeth. I see, there is a sort of impatient pa-

tience required, in the want of *Christ*, as to his manifestations and waiting on: They thrive who wait on his love, and the blowing of it, and the turning of his gracious wind; and they thrive who in that on-waiting make haste, and *din*, and much *ado*, for their lost and hidden Lord Jesus: However it be, God feed me with him, any way. If he would come in, I shall not dispute the matter, where he got a hole, or how he opened the lock: I should be content, that *Christ* and I met, suppose he should stand on the other side of hell's lake, and cry to me, *Either put in your foot and come through, else ye shall n't have me at all.* But what fools are we, in the taking up of him and of his dealing! He hath a gate of his own, beyond the thoughts of men, that no foot hath skill to follow him: But we are still ill scholars, and will go in at heaven's gates, wanting the half of our lesson, and shall still be *Blains*, so long as we are under time's hands, and till eternity cause a fun to arise in our souls, that shall give us *wit*. We may see how we spill and mar our own fair heaven and our salvation, and how *Christ* is every day putting in one bone or other, in those fallen souls of ours, in the right place again: and that in this side of the new *Jerusalem*, we shall still have need of forgiving and healing. I find crosses *Christ*'s carved work, that he marketh out for us; and that with crosses he figureth and pourtrayeth us to his own image, cutting away pieces of our ill and corruption: *Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound, Lord do any thing, that may perfect thy Father's image in us, and make us meet for glory.* Pray for me, (I forget not you) that our Lord would be pleased to lend me *house-room*, to preach his righteousness, and tell what I have heard and seen of him. Forget not *Zion*, that is now in *Christ*'s camp and in his *forge*: God bring her out new work. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 4. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Earl of CASSILS.

Right honourable and my very good Lord,

G Race, mercy and peace be to your *Lordship*. I hope your *Lordship* will be pleased to pardon my boldness, if (upon report of your zealous and forward mind, that I hear our Lord hath given you, in this his honourable cause, when *Christ* and his gospel are so foully wronged) I speak to your *Lordship* in paper, entreating your *Lordship* to go on, in the strength of the Lord, toward, and against a storm of *Antichristian* wind,

and, that bloweth upon the face of this your poor *Mother-
 church*, *Christ's Lily* amongst the thorns. It is your *Lord-
 ship's* glory and happiness, when ye see such a blow coming
 upon *Christ*, to cast up your arm to prevent it: Neither is it
 cause, that needeth to blush before the Sun, or to flee the
 sentence or censure of impartial beholders, seeing the *question*
 indeed (if it were rightly stated) is, about the *Prerogative*
of our princely and royal Law-giver, our Lord *Jesus*,
 whose ancient *march-stones* and *land-bounds* our *bastard lords*,
 the earthly generation of *tyrannizing Prelates*, have boldly
 and shamefully removed: and they, who have but half an eye,
 may see, that it is the greedy desires of *time-idolizing Demas's*,
 and the itching scab of *ambitious and climbing Diotrephes's*,
 who love the *Goat's life*, to climb till they cannot find a way
 to set their soles on ground again) that hath made such a wide
 reach in our *Zion's* beautiful walls: and these are the men,
 who seek no hire for the crucifying of *Christ*, but his *coat*.
 Oh how forlorn and desolate is the *Bride of Christ* made to all
 sufferers-by! Who seeth not *Christ* buried in this land, his
 prophets hidden in caves, silenced, banished, and imprisoned;
 with weeping in sackcloth before the *judges, parliament*, and
 the *rulers of the land*? But her bill is cast by them, and hol-
 ds hideth it self, fearing the streets, for the reproaches and
 persecution of men: justice is fallen aswoon in the gate, and
 the long shadows of the evening are stretched out upon us:
 O, wo to us, for our day flyeth away; what remaineth,
 but that *Antichrist* set down his tent in the midst of us, except
 our *Lordship*, and others with you, read *Christ's* supplication,
 and give him that, which the most lewd and scandalous
 wretches in this land may have before a judge, even the poor
 man's due, *law and justice for God's sake*. O therefore, my
ble and dear Lord, as ye have begun, go on, in the mighty
 power and strength of the Lord, to cause our Lord in his gol-
 den and afflicted members laugh, and to cause the *Christian*
churches (whose eyes are all now upon you) to sing for joy,
 when *Scotland's* moon shall shine like the light of the sun, and
 the sun like the light of seven days in one: ye can do no less
 than run, and bear up the head of your dying and swooning
Mother-church, and plead for the production of her ancient
 charters. They hold-out and put-out, they hold-in and
 sing-in at their pleasure, men in *God's* house; they stole the
 keys from *Christ* and his *Church*, and came in like the thief
 and the robber, not by the door, *Christ*; and now their

long is, *authority, authority, obedience to church-governors*. When such a bastard and lawless pretended *step-dame*, as our *Prelates*, is gone mad, it is your place, who are the Nobles, to rise and bind them; at least, law should fetter such wild bulls as they are, who push all who oppose themselves to their domination. Alas! what have we lost, since *Prelates* were made *master-coiners*, to change our gold in brass, and to mix the Lord's wine with their water? Blessed for ever shall ye be of the Lord, if ye help Christ against the mighty, and shall deliver the Flock of God, scattered upon the mountains in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of these *idol shepherds*. Fear not men, that shall be moth-eaten clay, that shall be rolled up in a Chest, and casten under the earth: let the holy One of *Israel* be your fear, and be courageous for the Lord, and his Truth. Remember your accounts are coming upon you with wings, as fast as time posteth: Remember what peace with God in Christ, and the presence of the Son of God, the revealed and felt sweetness of his love, will be to you, when *eternity* shall put *time* to the door, and ye shall take *good-night* at *time*, and this little *shepherd's tent* of clay, this *inns* of a borrowed earth. I hope your *Lordship* is now and then sending out thoughts to view this world's naughtiness and vanity, and the hoped-for glory of the life to come; and that ye resolve, that Christ shall have your self and all yours at command for him, his honour and gospel. Thus, trusting your *Lordship* will pardon my boldness, I pray, that the only wise God, the very God of peace, may preserve, strengthen and establish you to the end.

Aberd.

1647.

Your *Lordship's* at all command and obedience
in Christ, S. R.

To the Lady ROWALLAN.

M A D A M,

THough not acquainted, I am bold in Christ to speak to your *Ladyship* in paper: I rejoice in our Lord Jesus on your behalf, that it hath pleased him (whose love to you is as old as himself) to manifest the favour of his love in Christ Jesus to your soul, in the revelation of his will and mind to you, now, when so many are shut up in unbelief. O the sweet change ye have made, in leaving the black kingdom of this *world* and *sin*, and coming over to our Bridegroom's new Kingdom, to know, and to be taken with the love of the beautiful

beautiful Son of God. I beseech you, *Madam*, in the Lord, make now sure *work*, and see that the old house be casten down, and razed from the foundation, and that the new building of your soul be of Christ's own laying; for then *wind* and *storm* shall neither loose it, nor shake it asunder. Many now take *Christ* by guess: Be sure that it be he, and only he, whom ye have met with: His sweet smell, his lovely voice, his fair face, his sweet working in the soul, will not lie; they will soon tell, if it be *Christ* indeed; (and I think your love to the saints speaketh that it is he) and therefore I say, be sure that ye take *Christ* himself, and take him with his Father's blessing: His Father alloweth him well upon you, your lines are well fallen, it could not have been better, nor so well with you, if they had not fallen in these places; in heaven, or out of heaven, there is nothing better, nothing so sweet and excellent, as the thing ye have lighted on, and therefore hold you with *Christ*: *Joy*, much *joy* may ye have of him: But take his cross with himself cheerfully: *Christ* and his cross are not separable in this life, howbeit *Christ* and his cross part at heaven's door, for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven: One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, or thought of trouble cannot find lodging there; they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide inn, and stormy country, on this side of death: Sorrow and the saints are not married together; or, suppose it were so, heaven shall make a divorce. I find his sweet presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing, that Christ saith of my cross, *Half mine*; and that he divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share to himself; nay, that I and my whole cross are wholly Christ's. O what a portion is Christ! O that the saints would dig deeper in the treasures of his wisdom and excellency! Thus recommending your *Ladyship* to the good-will and tender mercies of our Lord, I rest

Aberd. Sept. 7.
1637.

Your *Ladyship's* in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON of Knockbren.

My very worthy and dear friend,

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you: Though all *Galloway* should have forgotten me, I would have expected a letter from you ere now: but I will not expound it to be

forgetfulness of me. Now, my dear Brother, I cannot shew you, how matters go betwixt *Christ* and me: I find my Lord going and coming seven times a-day: his visits are short; but they are both frequent and sweet. I dare not for my life think of a challenge of my Lord: I hear *ill tales*, and hard reports of *Christ*, from the tempter and my flesh; but love believeth no evil: I may swear that they are liars, and that apprehensions make lies of *Christ*'s honest and unalterable love to me. I dare not say, that I am a dry-tree, or that I have no room at all in the Vineyard; but yet I often think, that the sparrows are blessed, who may resort to the house of God in *Abraham*, from which I am banished. Temptations, that I supposed to be stricken dead, and laid upon their back, rise again and revive upon me; yea, I see, that while I live, temptations will not die: The devil seemeth to brag and boast as much, as if he had more court with *Christ*, than I have; and as if he had charmed and blasted my ministry, that I shall do no more good in publick: but his wind shaketh no corn. I will not believe *Christ* would have made such a mint to have me to himself, and have taken so much pains upon me, as he hath done, and then slip so easily from possession, and lose the glory of what he had done; nay, since I came to *Aberdeen*, I have been taken up to see the new Land, the fair Palace of the Lamb: And will *Christ* let me see heaven to break my heart, and never give it to me? I shall not think my Lord Jesus giveth a *dumb earnest*, or putteth his seals to *blank paper*; or intendeth to put me off with fair and false promises: I see that now, which I never saw well before, 1. I see faith's necessity in a fair day is never known aright; but now I miss nothing so much as faith: Hunger in me runneth to fair and sweet promises; but when I come, I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak stomach having a sharp appetite, that is filled with the very sight of meat; or like one stupified with cold under the water, that would fain come to land, but cannot grip any thing casten to him: I can let *Christ* grip me, but I cannot grip him: I love to be kissed, and to sit on *Christ*'s knee; but I cannot set my feet to the ground, for afflictions bring the cramp upon my faith: All I now do, is, to hold out a *lame faith* to *Christ*, like a begger holding out a *stump*, instead of an arm or leg, and cry, *Lord Jesus, work a miracle*. O what would I give to have hands and arms, to grip strongly, and fold heartily about *Christ*'s neck, and to have my claim made good with real possession! I think my

Love to *Christ* hath feet abundance, and runneth swiftly to be at him, but it wanteth hands and fingers to apprehend him. I think, I would give *Christ* every morning my blessing, to have as much faith as I have love and hunger; at least, I miss faith more than love and hunger. 2. I see mortification, and to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us, as it should be. O how heavenly a thing is it to be dead and dumb, and deaf to this world's sweet musick! I confess it hath pleased his Majesty, to make me laugh at children, who are wooing this world for their match: I see men lying about the world, as nobles about a king's court; and I wonder what they are all doing there: As I am at this present, I would scorn to court such a feckless and petty princels, or buy this world's kindness with a bow of my knee. I scarce now either hear or see, what it is that this world offereth me; I know it is little it can take from me, and as little it can give me. I recommend *mortification* to you above any thing: or alas, we but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our own spirits, for the froth and over-gilded clay of a dying life: One sight of what my Lord hath let me see within this short time, is worth a world of worlds. 3. I thought courage in the time of trouble for *Christ's* sake, a thing that I might take at my foot; I thought the very remembrance of the honesty of the cause would be enough; but I was a fool in so thinking: I have much ado now, to win to one smile; but I see joy groweth up in heaven, and it is above our short arm: *Christ* will be Steward and Dispenser himself, and none else but he: Therefore, now, I count much of one drahm-weight of spiritual joy; one smile of *Christ's* face, is now to me as a kingdom, and yet he is no niggard to me of comforts: Truly, I have no cause to say, that I am pinched with penury, or that the consolations of *Christ* are dried up; for he hath poured down rivers upon a dry wilderness, the like of me, to my admiration: And in my very swoonings, he holdeth up my head, and stayeth me with flagons of wine, and comforteth me with apples: My house and bed is strawed with kisses of love. Praise, praise with me. O if ye and I betwixt us, could lift up *Christ* upon his throne, howbeit all Scotland shoul cast him down to the ground! My brother's case toucheth me near; I hope ye will be kind to him, and give him your best counsel: Remember my love to your brother, to your wife, and G. M. desire him to be faithful, and repent of his hypocrisie; and say, that I wrote it to you: I wish him

M 4

salvation:

forgetfulness of me. Now, my dear Brother, I cannot show you, how matters go betwixt *Christ* and me: I find my Lord going and coming seven times a-day: his visits are short; but they are both frequent and sweet. I dare not for my life think of a challenge of my Lord: I hear *ill tales*, and hard reports of *Christ*, from the tempter and my flesh; but love believeth no evil: I may swear that they are liars, and that apprehensions make lies of *Christ's* honest and unalterable love to me. I dare not say, that I am a dry-tree, or that I have no room at all in the Vineyard; but yet I often think, that the sparrows are blessed, who may resort to the house of God in *Abraham*, from which I am banished. Temptations, that I supposed to be stricken dead, and laid upon their back, rise again and revive upon me; yea, I see, that while I live, temptations will not die: The devil seemeth to brag and boast as much, as if he had more court with *Christ*, than I have; and as if he had charmed and blasted my ministry, that I shall do no more good in publick: but his wind *shaketh no corn*. I will not believe *Christ* would have made such a mint to have me to himself, and have taken so much pains upon me, as he hath done, and then slip so easily from possession, and lose the glory of what he had done; nay, since I came to *Aberdeen*, I have been taken up to see the new Land, the fair Palace of the Lamb: And will *Christ* let me see heaven to break my heart, and never give it to me? I shall not think my Lord *Jesus* giveth a *dumb earnest*, or putteth his seals to *blank paper*; or intendeth to put me off with fair and false promises. I see that now, which I never saw well before, 1. I see faith's necessity in a fair day is never known aright; but now I miss nothing so much as faith: Hunger in me runneth to fair and sweet promises; but when I come, I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak stomach having a sharp appetite, that is filled with the very sight of meat; or like one stupified with cold under the water, that would fain come to land, but cannot grip any thing casten to him: I can let *Christ* grip me, but I cannot grip him: I love to be kissed, and to sit on *Christ's* knee; but I cannot set my feet to the ground, for afflictions bring the cramp upon my faith: All I now do, is, to hold out a *lame faith* to *Christ*, like a begger holding out a *stump*, instead of an arm or leg, and cry, *Lord Jesus, work a miracle*. O what would I give to have hands and arms, to grip strongly, and fold heartily about *Christ's* neck, and to have my claim made good with real possession! I think my

love to *Christ* hath feet abundance, and runneth swiftly to be at him, but it wanteth hands and fingers to apprehend him. I think, I would give *Christ* every morning my blessing, to have as much faith as I have love and hunger; at least, I miss faith more than love and hunger. 2. I see mortification, and to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us, as it should be. O how heavenly a thing is it to be dead and dumb, and deaf to this world's sweet musick! I confess it hath pleased his Majesty, to make me laugh at children, who are wooing this world for their match: I see men lying about the world, as nobles about a king's court; and I wonder what they are all doing there: As I am at this present, I would scorn to court such a feckless and petty princels, or buy this world's kindness with a bow of my knee. I scarce now either hear or see, what it is that this world offereth me; I know it is little it can take from me, and as little it can give me. I recommend *mortification* to you above any thing: or alas, we but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our own spirits, for the froth and over-gilded clay of a dying life: One sight of what my Lord hath let me see within this short time, is worth a world of worlds. 3. I thought courage in the time of trouble for *Christ's* sake, a thing that I might take at my foot; I thought the very remembrance of the honesty of the cause would be enough; but I was a fool in so thinking: I have much ado now, to win to one smile; but I see joy groweth up in heaven, and it is above our short arm: *Christ* will be Steward and Dispenser himself, and none else but he: Therefore, now, I count much of one dramm-weight of spiritual joy; one smile of *Christ's* face, is now to me as a kingdom, and yet he is no niggard to me of comforts: Truly, I have no cause to say, that I am pinched with penury, or that the consolations of *Christ* are dried up; for he hath poured down rivers upon a dry wilderness, the like of me, to my admiration: And in my very swoonings, he holdeth up my head, and stayeth me with flagons of wine, and comforteth me with apples: My house and bed is strawed with kisses of love. Praise, praise with me. O if ye and I betwixt us, could lift up *Christ* upon his throne, howbeit all Scotland shoul cast him down to the ground! My brother's case toucheth me near; I hope ye will be kind to him, and give him your best counsel: Remember my love to your brother, to your wife, and G. M. desire him to be faithful, and repent of his hypocrisie; and say, that I wrote it to you: I wish him

salvation. Write to me your mind anent C. E. and C. T. and their wives, and I G. or any others in my parish: I fear I am forgotten amongst them; but I cannot forget them. The prisoner's prayers and blessing come upon you: Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Feb. 9.

1637.

Your brother in the Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To my Lord BALMERINOC.

My very noble and truly honourable Lord,

I Make bold to write news to your Lordship from my prison, though your Lordship have experience more than I can have: At my first entry here, I was not a little casten down with challenges, for old unrepented-of sins: and Satan and my own apprehensions made a lie of *Christ*, that he had casten a dry withered tree over the dike of the Vineyard; but it was my folly; blessed be his great Name, the fire cannot burn the dry tree: He is pleased now to feast the exiled prisoner, with his lovely presence; for it suiteth *Christ* well to be kind; and he dineth and supbeth with such a sinner as I am. I am in *Christ's* tutoring here; he hath made me content with a borrowed fire-side, and it casteth as much heat as mine own: I want nothing at all, but real possession of *Christ*; and he hath given me a pawn of that also, which I hope to keep till he come himself to loose the pawn. I cannot get help to praise his high Name: He hath made me a king over my losses, imprisonment, banishment, and only my dumb Sabbaths stick in my throat: But I forgive *Christ's* wisdom in that; I dare not say one word: He hath done it, and I will lay my hand upon my mouth; if any other had done it to me, I could not have born it. Now, my Lord, I must tell your Lordship, That I would not give a drink of cold water for this clay-idol, this plastered world. I testifie, and give it under mine own hand, That *Christ* is most worthy to be suffered for. Our lazie flesh (which would have *Christ* to cry down crosses by open proclamation) hath but raised a slander upon the cross of *Christ*. My Lord, I hope ye will not forget what he hath done for your soul: I think ye are in *Christ's* count-book, as his obliged debtor. Grace, grace be with your spirit.

Aberd. March 12.

1637.

Your Lordship's obliged
servant, S. R.

To

TO ALEXANDER GORDON of Knockgray.

Dear Brother,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you : I long to hear how your soul prospereth : I expected letters from you ere now. As for my self, I am here in good case, well feasted with a great King : At my first coming here, I was that bold, as to take up a jealousie of Christ's love : I said, I was cast over the *dike* of the Lord's Vineyard, as a dry tree ; but I see, if I had been a withered branch, the fire would have burnt me long ere now : blessed be his high Name, who hath kept sap in the dry tree ; and now, as if Christ had *done the wrong*, he hath *made the mends*, and hath miskent my ravings ; (for a man under the water cannot well command his wit, far less his faith and love) because it was a fever, my Lord Jesus forgave me that, among the rest : He knoweth, in our afflictions, we can find a spot in the fairest face that ever was, even in *Christ's* face. I would not have believed that a gloom should have made me to misken my old Master ; but we must be whiles sick : Sickneis is but kindly to both faith and love. But O how exceedingly is a poor dawted prisoner obliged to sweet Jesus ! My tears are sweeter to me, than the laughter of the *fourteen Prelates* to them : The worst of *Christ*, even his chaff, is better than the world's corn. *Dear Brother*, I beseech you, I charge you, in the name and authority of the Son of God, help me to praise his highness ; and I charge you also, to tell all your acquaintance, that my Master may get many thanks. O if my hairs, all my members, and all my bones, were well-tuned tongues, to sing the high praises of my great and glorious King ! Help me me to lift *Christ* up upon his throne, and to lift him up above all the thrones of the clay-kings, the dying scepter-bearers of this world. The prisoner's blessing, the blessing of him that is separated from his brethren, be upon them all, who will lend me a lift in this work. Shew this to that people with you, to whom sometimes I preached. *Brother*, my Lord hath brought me to this, that *I* will not flatter the world for a drink of water : *I* am no debtor to clay ; *Christ* hath made me dead to that : *I* now wonder, that ever *I* was such a child long since, as to beg at such beggars ? Fy upon us, who *woo* such a *black-skinned harlot*, when we may get such a fair, fair match up in heaven. Oh that *I* could give up with this clay-idol, this *masked, painted, over-gilded dirt*, that

Adam's

Adam's sons adore! We make an idol of our will; as many lusts in us, as many gods; we are all god-makers: We are like to lose *Christ*, the true God, in the throng of these new and false gods. *Scotland* hath cast her crown off her head; the virgin-daughter hath lost her Garland: Wo, wo to our *harlot-mother*; our day is coming, a time when women shall wish they had been childless, and fathers shall bless miscarrying wombs and dry breasts: many houses great and fair, shall be desolate. This Kirk shall sit on the ground all the night, and the tears shall run down her cheeks: *The sun hath gone down upon her prophets*; Blessed are the prisoners of hope, who can run in to their strong hold, and hide themselves for a little, till the indignation be overpast. Commend me to your wife, your daughters, your son-in-law, and to A. T. Write to me of the case of your kirk. Grace be with you. I am much moved for my Brother, I entreat for your kindness and counsel to him.

Aberd. Febr. 23. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

To my Lady M A R R Younger.

My very noble and dear Lady,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your *Ladyship's* letter, which hath comforted my soul. God give you to find mercy in the day of *Christ*. I am in as good terms and court with *Christ*, as an exiled oppressed prisoner of *Christ* can be: I am still welcome to his house; he knoweth my knock, and letteth in a poor friend. Under this black rough tree of the cross of *Christ*, he hath ravished me with his love, and taken my heart to heaven with him; Well and long may he bruik it. I would not niffer *Christ* with all the joys, that man or angel can devile beside him. Who hath such cause to speak honourably of *Christ*, as I have? *Christ* is King of all crosses, and he hath made his saints little kings under him, and he can ride and triumph upon weaker bodies than I am (if any can be weaker) and his horse will neither fall nor stumble. *Madam*, your *Ladyship* hath much ado with *Christ*, for your soul, husband, children, and house: Let him find much employment for his calling with you; for he is such a Friend, as delighteth to be burdened with suits and employments; and the more ye lay on him, and the more homely ye be with him, the more welcome. O the depth of *Christ's* love! It hath neither brim nor bottom. O if this blind world
law

saw his beauty! When I count with him for his mercies to me, I must stand still and wonder, and go away as a poor dy-vour, who hath nothing to pay: Free forgiveness is my pay-ment. I would I could get him set on high, for his love hath made me sick; and I die, except I get real possession. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13.
1637.

Your Ladyship's at all obedience
in Christ, S. R.

TO JAMES MACKADAM.

My very dear and worthy Friend,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear of your growing in grace, and of your advancing in your journey to heaven: it will be the joy of my heart, to hear that ye hold your face up the *brae*, and *wade* through tentations, without fearing what man can do. Christ shall, when he ariseth, mow down his enemies, and lay *bulks* (as they use to speak) *on the green*, and fill the pits with dead bodies, *Psal. cx. 6.* they shall lie like handfuls of withered hay; when he ariseth to the prey, *Salvation, salvation*, is the only necessary thing: This clay-idol, the *world*, is not to be sought; it is a morsel not for you, but for *hunger-bitten bastards*. Contend for *salvation*: Your Master Christ *won* heaven with strokes; it is a besieged castle, it must be taken with violence. Oh, this *world* thinketh heaven but at the next door, and that godliness may sleep in a bed of *downs*, till it come to heaven; but that will not do it. For my self, I am as well as Christ's prisoner can be: For by him, I am master and king of all my crosses; I am above the prison, and the lash of mens tongues: Christ triumpheth in me. I have been casten down, and heavy with fears, and hunted with challenges: I was swimming in the depths; but Christ had his hand under my chin all the time, and took good heed that I should not lose breath: And now I have gotten my feet again, and there are love-feasts of joy, and spring-tides of consolation betwixt Christ and me: We agree well, I have court with him, I am still *welcome* to his house. O my short arms cannot fathom his love! I beseech you, I charge you, help me to praise: Ye have a prisoner's prayers, therefore forget me not. I desire *Sibilla* to remember me dearly to all in that parish, who know Christ, as if I had named them. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.
To

To my very dear Brother, WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE.

My very dear Brother,

I Rejoice to hear that Christ hath run away with your young love, and that ye are so early in the morning marched with such a Lord; for a young man is often a dressed lodging for the devil to dwell in. Be humble and thankful for grace, and weigh it not so much by weight, as if it be true; Christ will not cast water on your smoking coal, he never yet put out a dim candle, that was lighted at the Sun of Righteousness. I recommend to you prayer and watching over the sins of your youth; for I know milive letters go between the devil and young blood: Satan hath a friend at court in the heart of youth; and there, pride, luxury, lust, revenge, forgetfulness of God, are hired as his agents: happy is your soul, if Christ *man the house*, and take the keys himself, and command all (as it suiteth him full well, to rule all where ever he is) keep him, and entertain Christ well, cherish his grace, blow upon your own coal, and let him tutor you. Now, for my self, know, I am fully agreed with my Lord: Christ hath put the Father and me in others arms; many a sweet bargain he made before, and he hath made this among the rest. I reign as king over my crosses; I will not flatter a temptation, nor give the devil a good word; I dery *bell's iron gates*: God hath past over my quarrelling of him at my entry here, and now he feedeth and feasteth with me: Praise, praise with me; and let us exalt his name together.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

To WILLIAM GORDON of Whitepark.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be unto you. I long to hear from you. I am here the Lord's prisoner and patient, handled as softly by my *Physician*, as if I were a sick man under cure. I was at hard terms with my Lord, and pleaded with him; but I had the *worst side*: it is a wonder, he should have suffered the like of me to have nicknamed the Son of his love, *Christ*, and to call him *a changed Lord*, who had forsaken me; but misbelief hath never a good word to speak of *Christ*. The drops of my cross gathered a scum of fears in the fire, doubtings, impatience, unbelief, challenging of providence

as sleeping, and not regarding my sorrow; but my Goldsmith, *Christ*, was pleased to take off the scum, and burn it in the fire. And, blessed be my *Finer*, he hath made the mettall better, and furnished new supply of Grace, to cause me hold out weight; and I hope, he hath not losed one grain-weight, by burning his servant. Now his love in my heart casteth a mighty heat: He knoweth, that the desire I have to be at himself paineth me. I have sick nights, and frequent *fits* of *love-fevers* for my Welbeloved; nothing paineth me now, but want of presence: I think it long till day; I challenge time, as too slow in its pace, that holdeth my only, only fair One, my Love, my Welbeloved, from me: O if we were together once! I am like an old *crazed ship*, that hath endured many storms, and that would fain be in the *lee* of the *shore*, and feareth new storms: I would be that nigh Heaven, that the shadow of it might break the force of the storm, and the *crazed ship* might win to land. My Lord's sun casteth a heat of love, and beam of light on my soul. My blessing thrice every day upon the sweet cross of Christ: I am not ashamed of my garland, *the banish'd Minister* (which is the term of *Aberdeen*.) Love, love defieth reproaches: The love of *Christ* hath a *croset of Proof* on it, and arrows will not draw blood of it: We are more than conquerors, through the blood of him that hath loved us, *Rom. viii.* the devil and the world they cannot wound the love of *Christ*. I am further from yielding to the course of defection, than when I came hither: Sufferings blunt not the fiery edge of love; cast love in the floods of hell, it will swim above: It careth not for the world's busked and plaistered offers. It hath pleased my Lord, so to *lyne* my heart with the love of my Lord Jesus, that; as if the field were already won, and I on the other side of time, I laugh at the world's golden pleasures, and at this dirty idol, that the sons of *Adam* worship: This *worm-eaten* god is that which my soul hath fallen out of love with. *Sir*, ye were once my hearer: I desire now to hear from you and your wife; I salute her and your children with blessings: I am glad, that ye are still *band-fast*ed with *Christ*: Go on in your journey, and take the city by violence: Keep your garments clean: be clean virgins to your Husband the Lamb: The world shall follow you to heaven's gates; and ye would not wish it to go in with you. Keep fast *Christ's* love: pray for me, as I do for you; the Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. *Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To

To Mr. GEORGE GILLESPIE.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Received your Letter: As for my case, Brother, I bless his glorious name, my losses are my gain, my prison a palace, and my sadness joyfulnes. At my first entry, my apprehensions wrought so upon my cross, that I became jealous of the love of Christ, as being by him thrust out of the Vineyard, and I was under great challenges (as ordinarily melted gold casteth first a drossy scum, and Satan and our corruption form the first words that the heavy cross speaketh, and say, *God is angry; he loveth you not*) but our apprehensions are not *canonical*; they ditle lies of God and Christ's love. But since my spirit was settled, and the clay fallen to the bottom of the well, I see better what Christ was doing: and now my Lord is returned with salvation under his wings; now I want little of half a heaven, and I find Christ every day so sweet, comfortable, lovely and kind, as three things only trouble me. 1. I see not how to be thankful, or how to get help to praise that royal King, who raiseth up these that are bowed down. 2. His love paineth me, and woundeth my soul, so as I am in a fever, for want of real presence. 3. An excessive desire to take instruments in God's name, that this is Christ and his truth I now suffer for, yea, the apple of the eye of Christ's honour, even the *sovereignty and royal privileges* of our King and Law-giver, Christ: And therefore let no man fear at Christ's cross, or raise an ill report upon him, or it; for he beareth the sufferer and it both. I am here troubled with the disputes of the great doctors (especially with D. B. in *ceremonial and Arminian controversies*, for all are corrupt here) but, I thank God, with no detriment to the truth, or discredit to my profession: So then, I see that Christ can triumph in a weaker man nor I, and who can be more weak? But his Grace is sufficient for me. Brother, remember our old covenant, and pray for me, and write to me your case. The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. *Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To JOHN MEINE.

Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you: I wonder ye sent me not an answer to my last Letter; for I stand in need of it.

I am in some piece of court with our great king, whose love would cause a dead man speak and live: Whether my court will continue or not, I cannot well say; but I have his ear frequently, and (to his glory only I speak it) no penury of the love-kisses of the Son of God. He thinketh good to cast apples to me in my prison to play withal, lest I should think long and faint; I must give over all attempts to fathom the depth of his love: All I can do is but to stand beside his great love, and look and wonder. My debts of thankfulness affright me; I fear my creditor get a *dymour-bill* and *ragged account*: I would be much the better of help; O for help! and that ye would take notice of my case. Your not writing to me maketh me think ye suppose that I am not to be bemoaned, because he is comfortable; but I have pain in my unthankfulness, and pain in the feeling of his love, while I am sick again for real presence, and real possession of Christ; yet there is no *gouked* (if I may so speak) nor fond love in Christ: He casteth me down sometimes with challenges for old faults; and I know, he knoweth well, that sweet comforts are swelling; and therefore sorrow must make a vent to the wind: My dumb Sabbaths are undercotting wounds: The condition of this oppressed Kirk, and my *brother's* case (*I thank you and your Wife, for your kindness to him*) hold my sore smarting, and keep my wounds bleeding; but the ground-work standeth sure. Pray for me. Grace be with you. Remember me to your wife.

Aberd. March 14. 1637. *Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To Mr. THOMAS GARVEN.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Bless you for your letter; it was a shower to the new-mown grass: The Lord hath given you the tongue of the learned; be fruitful and humble: It is possible ye come to my case, or the like; but the water is neither so deep, nor the stream so strong, as it is called: I think my fire is not hot, my water dry-land, my loss rich loss. O if the walls of my prison be high, wide and large, and the place sweet! No man knoweth it, no man, I say, knoweth it (*my dear Brother*) so well, as he and I; no man can put it down in *black and white*, as my Lord hath sealed it in my heart: my poor stock is grown, since I came to *Aberdeen*: And if any had known the wrong I did, in being jealous of such an honest Lover as Christ, who with-held not his love from me, they would think the

more

more of it; but I see, he must be above me in mercy: I will never strive with him: To think to recompense him, is folly. If I had as many angels tongues, as there have fallen drops of rain since the creation, or as there are leaves of trees in all the forests of the earth, or stars in the heaven, to praise; yet my Lord Jesus would ever be behind with me: We will never get our accounts fitted; a pardon must close the reckoning: for his comforts to me, in this honourable cause, have almost put me beyond the bounds of modesty; howbeit I will not let every one know, what is betwixt us. Love, love (I mean Christ's love) is the hottest coal that ever I felt: O but the smoke of it be hot! Cast all the salt sea on it, it will flame; hell cannot quench it: Many, many waters will not quench love. Christ is turned over to his poor prisoner in a mass and globe of love: I wonder he should waste so much love upon such a waster as I am; but he is no waster, but abundant in mercy: He hath no niggard's alms, when he is pleased to give. O that I could invite all the Nation to love him! Free grace is an unknown thing: This World hath heard but a bare name of Christ, and no more; there are infinite plies in his love, that the saints will never win to unfold: I would it were better known, and that Christ got more of his own due than he doth. Brother, ye have chosen the good part, who have taken part with Christ: Ye will see him win the field, and ye shall get part of the spoil, when he divideth it. They are but fools who laugh at us: for they see but the backside of the moon; yet our *moon-light* is better than their *twelve-hours Sun*: We have gotten the new heavens, and, as a pledge of that, the Bridegroom's *Love-ring*: The children of the wedding-chamber have cause to skip, and leap for joy; for the marriage-supper is drawing nigh, and we find the *four-hours* sweet and comfortable. *O time, be not slow! O Sun, move speedily and hasten our Banquet! O Bridegroom, be like a Roe, or a young Hart upon the mountains! O Welbeloved, run fast, that we may once meet!* Brother, I contain my self, for want of time: Pray for me: I hope to remember you. The good-will of him who dwelt in the Bush, the tender mercies of God in Christ, enrich you: Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO BETHAIA AIREL.

Worthy Sister,

G Race, mercy and peace be unto you: I know ye desire news from my prison, and I shall shew you news. At my first entry hither, Christ and I agreed not well upon it: The devil made a plea in the house, and I laid the blame upon Christ; for my heart was fraughted with challenges, and I feared that I was an outcast, and that I was but a withered tree in the Vineyard, and but held the sun off the good plants, with my idle shadow, and therefore my Master had given the evil servant *the fields to feed him*. Old guiltness (as witness) said, All is true: My apprehensions were with child of faithless fears, and unbelief put a seal and *Amen* to all. I thought my self in a hard case: Some said, I had cause to rejoyce, that Christ had honoured me to be a witness for him; and I said in my heart, These are words of men, who see but mine out-side, and cannot tell if I be a false witness or not. If Christ had in this matter been as wilful and *short*, as I was, my faith had *gone over the brae*, and broken its neck; but we were well met, a hasty fool, and a wise, patient and meek Saviour: He took no *law-advantage* of my folly, but waited on till my blood was fallen, and my *drummed* and troubled well began to clear; he was never a whit angry at the *fever-raving* of a poor tempted sinner: But he mercifully forgave, and came (as it well becometh him) with grace and new comfort, to a sinner, who deserved the contrary. And now he is content to kiss my black mouth, to put his hand in mine, and to feed me with as many consolations, as would feed ten hungry souls: yet I dare not say, he is a waster of comforts, for none would have born me up; one grain-weight less would have *stolen the balance*. Now, who is like to that royal King, crowned in *Zion*? Where will I get a seat for royal Majesty to set him on? If I could set him as far above the heaven, thousand thousands of heights devised by men and angels, would think him but too low. I pray you, for God's sake, *dear Sister*, help me to praise: His love hath neither top nor bottom: his love is like himself, *it passeth all nature and understanding*: I go to fathom it, with my arms, but it is, as if a child would take the glob of sea and land in his two short arms: *glorified and holy is his name*. This must be his name, with I now suffer for; for he would not laugh upon a lie, nor

be witness with his comforts to a night-dream. I entreat for your prayers, and the prayer and blessing of a prisoner of Christ be upon you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON of Knockgray.

Dear Brother,

I Have not leisure to write to you: Christ's ways were known to you, long before I (who am but a child) knew any thing of him. What wrong and violence the Prelates may, by God's permission, do unto you, for your trial, I know not; but this I know, that your ten days tribulation will end: contend to the last breath for Christ. Banishment out of these kingdoms is determined against me, as I hear; this land doth not bear me: I pray you, recommend my care and bonds to my brethren and sisters, with you; I intrust more of my spiritual comfort to you and them, that way, my dear Brother, than to many in this kingdom besides. I hope, ye will not be wanting to Christ's prisoner. Fear nothing, for I assure you, Alexander Gordon of Knockgray shall win away, and get his soul for a prey: And what can he then want that is worth the having? Your friends are cold (as ye write) and so are these, in whom I trusted much: Our Husband doth work in breaking our idols in pieces: Dry wells send us to the fountain. My life is not dear to me, so being I may fulfil my course with joy. I fear, you must remove, if your new dwelling will not bear your discountenancing of him; for the Prelate is afraid, Christ get you, and that he hath no will of Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord and Master, S. R.

TO JOHN FLEMING, Baillie of Leith.

Worthy and dearly beloved in the Lord,

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter: I wish I could satisfy your desires, in drawing up and framing for you a *Christian Directory*: But the learned have done it before me, more judiciously than I can; especially Mr. Rodgers, Greenham and Perkins: notwithstanding I shall shew you, what I would have been at my self (howbeit I came always short of my purpose.) That hours of the day, less or more time, for the word and prayer, be given

to God, not sparing the twelfth hour or mid-day, howbeit it should then be the shorter time. 2. In the midst of *worldly* employments, there would be some thoughts of *sin, judgment, death and eternity*, with a *word* or two of ejaculatory *prayer* (at least) to God. 3. To beware of wandering of heart, in private *prayers*. 4. Not to grudge, howbeit ye come from *prayer*, without sense of *joy*: Down-casting, sense of guiltiness, and hunger is often best for us. 5. That *the Lord's day*, from morning to night, be spent always, either in private or publick *worship*. 6. That *words* be observed, wandering and idle thoughts be avoided, sudden anger and desire of revenge, even of such as persecute the Truth, be guarded against; for we often mix our zeal with our own wild-fire. 7. That known, discovered and revealed sins, that are against the conscience, be eschewed, as most dangerous preparatives to hardness of heart. 8. That in dealing with men, faith and truth in covenants and trafficking be regarded; that we deal with all men in sincerity; that conscience be made of idle and lying *words*; and that our carriage be such, as that they who see it may speak honourably of our sweet Master and profession. 9. *I* have been much challenged, 1. For not referring all to God, as the last end: That *I* do not eat, drink, sleep, journey, speak and think for God. 2. That *I* have not benefited by good company; and that *I* left not some *word* of conviction, even upon natural and *wicked* men, as by reproving *swearing* in them, or because of being a silent *witness* to their loose carriage, and because *I* intended not in all companies to do good. 3. That the woes and calamities of the Kirk, and particular professors, have not moved me. 4. That at the reading of the life of *David, Paul* and the like, when it humbled me, (*coming so far short of their holiness*) laboured not to imitate them, afar off at least, according to the measure of God's grace. 5. That unrepented sins of youth were not looked to, and lamented for. 6. That sudden stirrings of pride, lust, revenge, love of honours, were not resisted and mourned for. 7. That my charity was cold. 8. That the experiences *I* had, of God's bearing me in this, and the other particular, being gathered, yet in a new trouble *I* had always (once at least) my faith to seek, as if *I* were to begin at A, B, C. again. 9. That *I* have not more boldly contradicted the enemies, speaking against the Truth, either in publick Church-meetings, or at tables, or ordinary conference. 10. That in great troubles, *I* have received false reports of Christ's love, and misbelieved him

him in his chastning; whereas the event hath said, *All was in mercy.* 11. Nothing more moveth me, and weighteth my soul, than that I could never for my heart, in my prosperity, so wrestle in prayer with God, nor be so dead to the world, so hungry and sick of love for Christ, so heavenly-minded, as when ten stone weight of a heavy cross was upon me. 12. That the cross extorted *vows* of new obedience, which ease hath blown away, as chaff before the wind. 13. That practice was so short and narrow, and light so long and broad. 14. That death hath not been often meditated upon. 15. That I have not been careful of gaining others to Christ. 16. That my grace and gifts bring forth little or no thankfulness. There are some things also, whereby I have been helped: As, 1. I have benefited by riding alone a long journey, in giving that time to prayer. 2. By abstinence, and giving days to God. 3. By praying for others; for, by making an errand to God for them, I have gotten something for my self. 4. I have been really confirmed, in many particulars, that God heareth prayers; and therefore I used to pray for any thing, of how little importance soever. 5. He enabled me to make no question, that this mocked way, which is nicknamed, is the only way to heaven. *Sir*, These and many more occurrences in my life would be looked unto: And, 1. Thoughts of *Atheism* would be watched over, as, *If there be a God in heaven*: Which will trouble and assault the best, at some times. 2. Growth in grace would be cared for, above all things; and falling from our first love mourned for. 3. Conscience made of praying for the enemies, who are blinded. *Sir*, I thank you most kindly for your care of my *Brother* and me also: I hope it is laid up for you, and remembered in heaven. I am still ashamed with Christ's kindness to such a sinner as I am: He hath left a fire in my heart, that hell cannot cast *water* on, to quench or extinguish it. Help me to praise, and pray for me; for ye have a prisoner's blessing and prayers. Remember my love to your *wife*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 15. 1637. *Yours in Christ Jesus, S. R.*

TO ROBERT GORDON of Knockbrex.

My very dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you. I thought to have answered your two letters upon this occasion, though I cannot say all that I would. Your sincere word *(not to do light*

light in the cross, but in him who sweetneth it) came to me in due time: I find the consolations and *off-fallings*, that follow the cross of Christ, so sweet, that I almost forget my self: my desire and purpose is, when Christ's hony-combs drop, neither to refuse to receive and feed upon his comforts, nor yet to make joy my *bastard-god*, or my *new-found-heaven*: But what shall I say? Christ very often, in his sweet comforts, cometh *unsent-for*, and it were a sin to close the door upon him: it is not unlawful to love and delight in Christ's apples, when I am not dotingly wooing, nor eagerly begging kisses; but when they come clean from the timber, (like kindness it self, that cometh of its own accord) then I cannot but laugh upon him, who laugheth upon me: if joy and comforts came single and alone, without Christ himself, I think, I would send them back again the gate they came, and not make them welcome; but when the King's train cometh, and the King in the midst of the company, O how am I overjoyed with floods of love! I fear not, that too great speats of love wash away the growing corn, and loose my plants at the roots: Christ doth no *skaitb* where he cometh; but certainly, I would wish such spiritual wisdom, as to love the Bridegroom, better than his gifts, his *pr-pines* or *drink-money*. I would be further in upon Christ, than at his joys; they but stand in the outer-side of Christ: I would wish to be *in*, as a seal on his heart; *in*, where his love and mercy lodgeth, beside his heart. My Velbeloved hath ravished me; but it is done with consent of parties, and it is allowable enough: But, my dear Brother, ere I part with this subject, I must tell you, (that ye may lit up my King in praises with me) Christ hath been keeping something these fourteen years for me, that I have now gotten in my heavy days, that I am in for his Name's sake: even an opened coffer of perfumed comforts, and fresh joys coming new, and green, and powerful, from the fairest, fairest face of Christ, my Lord. Let the sowre Law, let crosses, let hell be cried down: Love, love hath shamed me from my old ways. Whether I have a race to run, or some work ado, I see not; but I think, Christ seemeth to leave heaven (to say so) and his court, and come down to laugh, and play, and sport with a *dast bairn*. I am not thus plain with many I write to: It is possible, I be misconstrued, and deemed to seek a name; but my Witness above knoweth, I seek to have a good name raised upon Christ. I observe it to be our folly, to seek little from Christ; because our four-hours.

may not be our *supper*; nor our *propine* sent by the Bridegroom our *tocher-good*; nor our earnest our principal sum: But I trow, few of us know, how much may be had of Christ for a four-hours, and propine, and earnest. We are like the young heir, who knoweth not the whole bounds of his own Lordship. Certainly it is more than my part to say, O sweetest Lord Jesus, what howbeit I were split and broken in five thousand sheards or bits of clay, so being every sheard had a heart to love thee, and every one as many tongues as there are in heaven, to sing praises to thee, before men and angels for evermore? Therefore, if my sufferings cry goodness, and praise, and honour upon Christ, my stipend is well paid. Each one knoweth not what a life Christ's love is: Scar not at suffering for Christ; for Christ hath a chair, and a cushion, and sweet peace for a sufferer: Christ's trencher from the first mess of the high-table, is for a sinful witness. O then, brother, who but Christ! who but Christ! hold your tongue of lovers, where he cometh out! O all flesh, O dust and ashes, O angels, O glorified spirits, O all the shields of the world, be silent before him, come hither and behold our Bridegroom, stand still and wonder for evermore at him! Why cease we to love and wonder, to kiss and adore him? it is a hard matter, that days lie between me and him, and hold us asunder. O how long, how long! O how many miles are there to my Bridegroom's dwelling-house! it is a pain to *frist* Christ's love any longer. But it may be, a drunken man lose his feet, and miss a step. Ye write to me, *Hall-binks are slippery*: I do not think my dawning world will still last, and that feasts will be my ordinary food; I would have humility, patience and faith, to set down both my feet, when I come to the north-side of the cold and thorny hill. It is ill my common, to be *swier* to go an errand for Christ, and to take the *wind* upon my face for him. Lord, let me never be a false witness, to deny, that I saw Christ take the pen in his hand, and subscribe my writs. My dear brother, ye complain to me, ye cannot hold fight of me: but, were I a footman, I should go at leisure; but sometimes the King taketh me into his coach, and draweth me; and then I outrun my self: but alas, I am still a forlorn transgressor. O how unthankful! I will not put you off your sense of darkness; but let me say this, Who gave you *proctor-fee*, to speak for the Law, that can speak for it self, better than ye can do? I would not have you to bring your *dittay* in your

own bosom with you to Christ: Let the old man and the new man be summoned before Christ's white throne; and let them be confronted before Christ, and let each of them speak for themselves: I hope, howbeit the new man complain of his lying among the pots, which maketh the believer look black; yet he can say also, *I am comely as the tents of Kedar*: Ye shall not have my advice, not to bemoan your deadness; but I find by some experience, (which ye knew before I knew Christ) it suiteth not a ransomed man of Christ's buying, to go and plea for *the severe Law*, our old forecasten husband; for we are now not under the Law, (as a *Covenant*) but under Grace. Ye are in no man's common but Christ's: I know, he bemoaneth you more than you do your self; I say this, because I am wearied of complaining. I thought it had been humility, to imagine that Christ was angry with me, both because of my dumb Sabbaths, and my hard heart; but I feel now nothing but aiking wounds: my grief, whether I will or not, swelleth upon me: But let us die in Grace's *hall-floor*, pleading before Christ. I deny nothing that the Mediator will challenge me of; but I turn it all back upon himself: Let him look his own old counts, if he be angry, for he will get no more of me: When Christ saith, *I want repentance*; I meet him with this, *True, Lord; but thou art made a King and Prince to give me repentance*, Acts v. 31. When Christ bindeth a challenge upon us, we must bind a promise back upon him: Be wo, and lay your self in the dust before God (which is suitable) but withal let Christ take the payment in his own hand, and pay himself off the first end of his own merits; else he will come behind, for any thing we can do. I am every way in your case, as hard-hearted and dead, as any man; but yet I speak to Christ through my sleep. Let us then proclaim a free market for Christ, and swear our selves *bare*, and cry on him, to come without money and buy us, and take us home to our ransom-payer's *fire-side*, and let us be *Christ's free-boarders*; because we do not pay the old, we may not refuse to take on *Christ's* new debt of *mercy*; Let us do our best, *Christ* will still be behind with us, and many terms will run together. For my part, let me stand for evermore in his book, for a forlorn *dyspout*; I must desire to be this far in his common of new, as to desire to kiss his feet: I know not how to win to a heartsom fill and feast of *Christ's* love; for I doye neither buy, nor beg, nor borrow; and yet I cannot want it; I doye not want it. O if I could praise him!

Yea, I would rest content with a heart submissive and dying of love for him; and howbeit I win never personally in the heaven's gates, O would to God, I could send in my praises to my incomparable Welbeloved, or cast my love-songs of that matchless Lord Jesus, over the walls, that they might light in his lap, before men and angels! Now, grace, grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife, and daughter, and brother John.

Aberd. June 11. 1638. *Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To ALEXANDER GORDON of Earlston.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be unto you. I long to hear from you: I received few letters since I came hither; I am in need of a word; a dry plant would have some watering. My case betwixt Christ my Lord and me; standeth between love and jealousy, faith and suspicion of his love; it is a marvel he keepeth house with me. I make many pleas with Christ, but he maketh as many agreements with me: I think his unchangeable love hath said, *I defy thee to break me and change me*; if Christ had such changeable and new thoughts of my salvation, as I have of it, I think I should then be at a sad loss. He humoureth not a fool like me in my unbelief, but rebuketh me, and fathereth kindness upon me; Christ is rather like the poor friend and needy prisoner (begging love) than I am: I cannot for shame get Christ said nay of my whole love; for he will not want his errand for the seeking. God be thanked, my Bridegroom tireth not of wooing: Honour to him, he is a wilful Sutter of my soul; but as love is his, pain is mine; that I have nothing to give him: his count-book is full of my debts of mercy, kindness and free love towards me; Oh that I might read with watry eyes! O that he would give me the interest of interest to pay back! Or rather my soul's desire is, that he would comprize my person, soul and body, love, joy, confidence, fear, sorrow and desire, and drive the plow, and let me be rouped and sold to Christ, and taken home to my Creditor's house and his fire-side. The Lord knoweth, if I could, I would sell my self without reservation to Christ. O sweet Lord Jesus, make a market, and overbid all my buyers! I dare swear, there is a mystery in Christ, which I never saw; a mystery of love. O if he would lay by the lap of his covering that is over us, and let my grieving soul

soul see it: I would break the *door*, and be in upon him, to get a *womful* of love; for I am an hungry and famished soul. Oh, *Sir*, if ye or any other would tell him, how sick my soul is, *dying* for want of a *bearty draught* of Christ's love! Oh if I could *dote* (if I may make use of that word, in this case) as much upon himself, as I do upon his love! it is a pity that *Christ himself* should not rather be my heart's choice, than *Christ's manifested love*. It would satisfie me, in some measure, if I had any *bud* to give for his love; shall I offer him my praises? Alas, he is more than praises! I give it over to get him exalted according to his *worth*, which is above what can be known: Yet all this time I am tempting him, to see if there be both *love* and *anger* in him against me. I am plucked from his flock (dear to me) and from feeding his lambs; I go therefore in sackcloth, as one who hath lost the *wife* of his *youth*. Grief and sorrow are suspicious, and spue out against him the *smoke of jealousies*; and I say often, *Show me wherefore thou contendest with me?* Tell me, Lord, read the *process* against me. But I know, I cannot answer his alledgance; I will lose the cause, when it cometh to open pleading. Oh if I could force my heart to believe dreams to be dreams! Yet when Christ giveth my fears the lie, and saith to me, *Thou art a liar*, then I am glad. I resolve to hope to be quiet, and to lie on the brink upon my side, till the water fall, and the foord be rideable: And howbeit there be pain upon me in longing for deliverance, that I may speak of him in the *great congregation*; yet I think there is joy in that pain and *on-waiting*; and I even rejoyce, that he putteth me off for a time, and shitteth me. O if I could wait on for all eternity, howbeit I should never get my soul's desire, so being he were glorified! I would wish, my *pain* and my *ministry* could live long to serve him; for, I know, I am a *clay-vessel*, and made for his use. O if my very broken sheards could serve to glorifie him! I desire Christ's grace to be *willingly content*, that my hell (excepting his hatred and displeasure, which I put out of all *play*; for submission to this is not called-for) were a preaching of his *glory* to men and angels, for ever and ever! When all is done, what can I add to him? or what can such a *clay-shadow* as I do? I know, he needeth not me. I have cause to be grieved, and to melt away in tears, (if I had grace to do it, Lord grant it to me) to see my Welbeloved's fair face spitted upon by dogs, to see *lowly* pulling the crown off my royal King's head, to see my *Harlot-mother* and my sweet

Father agree so ill, that that they are going to *skail*, and give up house: My Lord's Palace is now a nest of unclean birds. Oh if harlot, harlot *Scotland* would rue upon her provoked Lord; and pity her good Husband, who is broken with her *whorish heart*! But these things are *hid from her eyes*. I have heard of late of your new trial by the Bishop of *Galloway*. Fear not *clay*, *worms meat*; let *Truth* and *Christ* get no wrong in your hand: it is your gain, if *Christ* be glorified; and your glory to be *Christ's witness*. I perswade you, your sufferings are *Christ's advantage* and *victory*; for he is pleased to reckon them so. Let me hear from you: *Christ* is but *winning* a clean Kirk out of the fire; he will *win this play*: He will not be in your *common* for any charges ye are at in his service; he is not poor to sit in your debt; he will repay an hundred-fold more, it may be, even in this life. The prayers and blessing of *Christ's prisoner* be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Your Brother in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To his reverend and loving Brother, Mr. JOHN NEVAY.

Reverend and dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I received yours of April 11. as I did another of *March 25.* and a letter for Mr. *Andrew Cant.* I am not a little grieved, that our Mother-church is running so quickly to the *brothel-house*, and that we are hiring lovers, and giving gifts to the *great mother of fornications*: Alas, that our Husband is like to quit us so shortly! It were my part (if I were able) when our Husband is departing, to stir up my self to take hold of him, and keep him in this land; for I know him to be a sweet Second, and a lovely Companion to a poor prisoner. I find my *extremity* hath sharpened the edge of his love and kindness, so as he seemeth to devise *new ways* of expressing the *sweetness* of his love to my soul. Suffering for *Christ* is the very element wherein *Christ's love* liveth, and exerciseth it self, in casting out flames of fire and sparks of heat, to warm such a frozen heart as I have: And if *Christ weeping* in sackcloth be so sweet, I cannot find any imaginable thoughts to think what he will be, when we *clay-bodies* (having put off *mortality*) shall come up to the marriage-hall and great palace, and behold the King clothed in his robes-royal, sitting on his throne. I would desire no more for my heaven, beneath the moon, while I am sighing in this house of clay, but daily renewed feasts of love with *Christ*, and li-

berty now and then to feed my hunger with a kiss of that fairest face, that is like the sun in his strength at noon-day. I would willingly subscribe an ample resignation to Christ of the *fourteen Prelacies* of this land, and of all the most delightful pleasures on earth, and forfeit my part of this *clay-god*, this earth, which *Adam's* foolish children worship, to have no other exercise, but to lie in a love-bed with Christ, and fill this hungred and famished soul with kissing, embracing and real enjoying of the Son of God: And I think, then I might write to my friends, *That I had found the golden world*, and look out, and laugh at the poor bodies, who are slaying one another for feathers: For verily, *Brother*, since I came to his prison, I have conceived a *new* and extraordinary opinion of Christ, which I had not before; for I perceive, we frist all our joys to Christ, till he and we be in our own house above, as married parties: thinking that there is nothing of it here to be sought or found, but only hope and fair promises; and that Christ will give us nothing here but tears, sadness, crosses; and that we shall never feel the smell of the flowers of that high garden of paradise above, till we come there: Nay, but I find it is possible to find *young glory*, and a *young green paradise of joy*, even here. I know, *Christ's* kisses will cast a more strong and refreshful smell of *incomparable glory* and joy, in heaven, than they do here; because a drink of the *Well of life*, up at the *Well's head*, is more sweet and fresh by far, than that which we get in our borrowed, old, running-out vessels, and our *wooden dishes* here: Yet I am now perswaded, it is our folly to frist all till the *term-day*, seeing abundance of earnest will not diminish any thing of our principal sum. We dream of hunger in *Christ's* house, while we are here, altho' he alloweth feasts upon all the *hairs*, within God's household: it were good then to store our selves with mo borrowed kisses of *Christ*, and with mo borrowed visits, till we enter heirs to our new inheritance, and our Tutor puts us in possession of our own, when we are *past minority*. Oh that all the *young heirs* would seek more, and a greater and a nearer communion with my *Lord Tutor*, the prime Heir of all, *Christ*! I wish, for my part, I could send you, and that Gentleman who wrote his commendations to me, into the King's *innermost cellar* and *house of wine*, to be filled with love; a drink of this love is worth the having indeed: We carry our selves but too too *nicely* with *Christ* our Lord; and our Lord loveth not *niceness*, and *dryness*, and *uncouthness* in friends. Since need

force

force we must be in *Christ's common*, then let us be in his *common*; for it will be no otherwise. Now for my present case, in my imprisonment, deliverance (for any appearance I see) looketh cold-like: My hope, if it looked to, or leaned upon men, should wither soon at the root, like a *May-flower*; yet I resolve to ease my self with *on-waiting* on my Lord, and to let my faith *swim* where it *loseth ground*. I am under a necessity either of fainting (which I hope my Master, of whom I boast all the day, shall avert) or then to lay my faith upon Omnipotency, and to wink and stick by my grip; and I hope my ship shall ride it out, seeing *Christ* is willing to blow his *sweet wind* in my sails, and mendeth and closeth the leaks in my ship, and ruleth all; it will be strange, if a believing passenger be casten overboard. As for your master, my Lord and my Lady, I will be loth to forget them: I think my prayers (such as they are) are due debt to him, and I shall be far more engaged to his *Lordship*, if he be fast for *Christ*, (as I hope he will) now when so many of his coat and quality slip from *Christ's* back, and leave him to fend for himself. I entreat you, remember my love to that worthy Gentleman A. C. who saluted me in your letter: I have heard, that he is one of my Master's friends, for the which cause I am tied to him: I wish he may more and more fall in love with *Christ*. Now, for your question, as far as I rawly conceive, I think God is praised two ways; *First*, By a *confessional* profession of his highness before men, such as is the very hearing of the *word*, and receiving of either of the *Sacraments*; in which acts, by profession, we give out to men, that he is our God, with whom we are in covenant, and our Law-giver: Thus eating and drinking in the Lord's Supper, is an annunciation and profession before men, that *Christ* is our slain Redeemer: Here, because God speaketh to us, not we to him; it is not a formal thanksgiving, but an annunciation, or predication of *Christ's* death, *confessional*, not *adorative*; neither hath it God for the immediate object, and therefore no kneeling can be here. *Secondly*, There is another praising of God, *formal*, when we are either formally blessing God, and speaking his praises. And this I take to be twofold, 1. When we directly and formally direct praises and thanksgiving to God: This may well be done kneeling, in token of our recognizance of his highness; yet not so, but it may be standing or sitting, especially seeing joyful elevation (which should be in praising) is not formally signified by kneeling. 2. When we

speaks

Speak good of God, and declare his gracious Nature and Attributes, extolling him before men, to excite men to conceive highly of him. The former I hold to be worship every way immediate, else I know not any immediate worship at all: The latter hath God for the *Subject*, not properly the *Object*, seeing the predication is directed to men immediately, rather than to God; for here we speak of God, by way of praising, rather than to God. And for my own part, as I am for the present minded, I see not how this can be done kneeling, seeing it is *prædicatio Dei & Christi, non laudatio aut benedictio Dei*: But observe, that it is *formal* praising of God, and not merely *concional*, as I distinguished in the first member; for in the first member, any speaking of God, or of his works of *Creation, Providence, and Redemption*, is *indirect* and *concional* praising of him, and *formally* preaching, or an act of teaching, not an act of predication of his praises; for there is a difference betwixt the simple relation of the virtues of a thing, which is formally teaching, and the extolling of the worth of a thing by way of commendation, to cause others to praise with us. Thus recommending you to God's grace, I rest

Aberd. June 15. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S-R.

To Mr. J. R.

Dear Brother,

Grace mercy, and peace be unto you. Upon the report I hear of you (without any further acquaintance, except our straitest bonds in our Lord Jesus) I thought good to write unto you, hearing of your danger to be thrust out of the Lord's house, for his name's sake: therefore my earnest and humble desire to God is, that ye may be strengthened in the grace of God, and by the power of his might, to go on for Christ, not standing in aw of a worm that shall die. I hope ye will not put your hand to the Ark, to give it a wrong touch; and to overturn it, as many now do, when the archers are shooting sore at Joseph, whose bow shall abide in its strength: We owe to our royal King and princely Master a testimony. O how blessed are they, who can ward a blow off Christ, and his born-down truth! men think Christ a gone Man now, and that he shall never get up his head again: And they believe his court is failed, because he suffereth men to break their spears and swords upon him, and the enemies to plow Zion, and

and make long and deep their furrows on her back; but it would not be so, if the Lord had not a sowing for his plowing: what can he do, but melt an old droffie Kirk, that he may bring out a new Bride out of the fire again? I think Christ is just now repairing his house, and exchanging his old vessels with new vessels, and is going through this Land, and taking up an inventure and a roll of so many of *Levi's* Sons, and good professors, that he may make them new work for the second Temple: And whatsoever shall be found, not to be for the work, shall be casten over the wall: When the house shall be builded, he shall lay by his hammers, as having no more to do with them. It is possible, he do worse to them, than lay them by; and I think, *the vengeance of the Lord, and the vengeance of his temple shall be upon them.* I desire no more, but to keep weight when I am past the fire: And I can now, in some weak measure, give Christ a testimonial of a lovely and loving companion, under suffering for him. I saw him before but afar off, his beauty to my eyes sight groweth: A fig, a straw for ten worlds-plastered glory, and for childish shadows, the idol of clay (this god, *the world*) that fools fight for. If I had a lease of Christ of my own dating (for whoever once cometh nigh hand, and taketh a hearty look of Christ's inner side, shall never wring nor wrestle themselves out of his Love-grips again) I would rest contented in my prison; yea, in a prison without light of sun or candle, providing Christ and I had a love-bed, not of mine, but of Christ his own making; that we might *lie together among the lilies, till the day break and the shadows flee away.* Who knoweth how sweet a drink of Christ's love is? O but to live on Christ's love is a King's life! The worst things of Christ, even that which seemeth to be the refuse of Christ, his hard cross, his black cross, is white and fair: And the cross receiveth a beautiful lustre and a perfumed smell from Jesus. *My dear Brother,* fear not at it. While ye have time to stand upon the watch-tower, and to speak, contend with this land, plead with your *harlot-mother*, who hath been a treacherous half-marrow to her Husband, *Jesus*: For I would think liberty to preach one day, the root and top of my desires; and would seek no more of the blessings, that are to be had on this side of time, till I be over the water, but to spend this my crazed clay-house in his service and saving of souls: but I hold my peace, because he hath done it. My shallow and ebb thoughts are not the compass Christ saileth by; I leave his ways to himself, for they

are far, far above me: Only I would contend with Christ for his love, and be bold to *make a plea* with Jesus my Lord, for a heart-fill of his love; for there is no more left to me. What standeth beyond the far end of my sufferings, and what shall be the event, he knoweth; and I hope, to my joy, shall make me know, when God shall unfold his decrees concerning me; for there are windings, and to's and fro's in his ways, which blind bodies like us cannot see. This much for further acquaintance: So, recommending you, and what is before you, to the grace of God, I rest

Aberd. June 16.

1637.

Your very loving Brother in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. WILLIAM DALGLIESH

Reverend and welbeloved Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I have heard somewhat of your trials in *Galloway*; I bless the Lord, who hath begun first in that corner, to make you a new Kirk to himself: Christ hath the less ado behind, when he hath refined you. Let me entreat you, *my dearly beloved*, to be fast to Christ: My Witness is above, my *dearest Brother*, that ye have added much joy to me in my bonds, when I hear that you grow in the grace and zeal of God for your Master. Our ministry, whether by preaching or suffering, will cast a smell through the world both of heaven and hell, 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. I persuade you, *my dear Brother*, there is nothing out of heaven, next to Christ, dearer to me, than my Ministry: and the worth of it, in my estimation, is swelled, and paineth me exceedingly: yet I am content, for the honour of my Lord, to surrender it back again to the Lord of the Vineyard; let him do with me and it both, what he thinketh good: I think my self too little for him. And let me speak to you, how kind a Fellow-prisoner is Christ to me! Believe me, this kind of cross (that would not go by my door, but would needs visit me) is still the longer the more welcome to me. It is true, my silent Sabbaths have been and are still *glassy ice*, whereon my faith can scarce hold its feet, and I am often blown on my back, and off my feet, with a Storm of doubting; yet truly, my bonds all this time cast a mighty and rank smell of high and deep love in Christ: I cannot indeed see through my cross to the far end; yet I believe, I am in Christ's books,

books, and in his decree (not yet unfolded to me) a man triumphing, dancing and singing over on the other side of the red-sea, and laughing and praising the Lamb, ever beyond time, sorrow, deprivation, *Prelates* indignation, losses, want of friends, and death: Heaven is not a fowl flying in the air (as men use to speak of things that are uncertain;) nay, it is well paid for, Christ's *comprizement* lieth on glory, for all the *mourners in Zion*, and shall never be loosed: Let us be glad and rejoyce, that we have blood, losses and wounds to show our Master and Captain, at his appearance, and what we suffered for his cause. Wo is me, *my dear Brother*, that I say often, I am but dry bones, which my Lord will not bring out of the grave again; and that my faithless fears say, *Oh I am a dry tree, that can bear no fruit; I am an useles body, who can beget no children to the Lord in his house!* Hopes of deliverance look cold and uncertain, and afar off, as if I had done with it: It is much for Christ (if I may say so) to get *lamborrows* of my sorrow, and of my quarrelous heart: Christ's love playeth me *fair play*, I am not wronged at all; but there is a *tricking* and false heart within me, that still playeth Christ *foul play*. I am a cumberfom neighbour to Christ; it is a wonder, that he dwelleth beside the like of me: yet I often get the advantage of the hill, above my temptations; and then I despise temptation, even hell it self, and the stink of it, and the instruments of it, and am proud of my honourable Master: And I resolve, whether contrary winds will or not, to fetch Christ's harbour; And I think a wilful and stiff contention with my Lord Jesus for his love very lawful. It is sometimes hard to me, to *win my meat* upon Christ's love, because my faith is sick, and my hope withereth, and my eyes wax dim; and unkind and comfort-eclipsing clouds go over the fair and bright *Sun, Jesus*: And then, when I and temptation tryst the matter together, we spill all, through unbelief. Sweet, sweet for evermore would my life be if I could keep faith in exercise: But I see, my fire cannot always cast light. I have even a *poor man's hard world*, when he goeth away: But surely, since my entry hither, many a time hath my fair sun shined without a cloud: Hot and burning hath Christ's love been to me; I have no vent to the expression of it, I must be content with stolen and smothered desires of Christ's glory: O how far is his love *behind the hand* with me! I am just like a man, who hath nothing to pay his thousands of debt; all that can be gotten of him, is to seize upon his person: ex-

ept *Christ* would seize upon my self, and make the readiest
 payment that can be of my heart and love to himself; I have no
 other thing to give him: If my sufferings could do beholders
 good; and edifie his Kirk, and proclaim the incomparable
 worth of *Christ's* love to the world, O then would my soul be
 verjoyed, and my sad heart cheered and calmed! *Dear Brother*,
 I cannot tell what is become of my labours among that
 people; if all that my Lord builded by me be casten down;
 and the bottom fallen out of the profession of the parish, and
 none stand by *Christ*, whose love I once preached as clearly
 and plainly as I could (though far below its worth and excel-
 lency) to that people; if so, how can I bear it? And if ano-
 ther make a foul harvest, where I have made a painful and
 honest sowing, it will not soon digest with me; but I know
 his ways pass finding out. Yet my *Witness*, both within me
 and above me knoweth, and my pained breast upon the Lord's
 say at night, my desire to have had *Christ* awful, and amiable,
 and sweet to that people, is now my joy; and it was my de-
 sire and aim, to make *Christ* and them one: If I see my hopes
 die in the bud, ere they bloom a little, and come to no fruit;
 die with grief. O my God, seek not an account of the vio-
 lence done to me by my *Brethren*, whose salvation I love and
 desire: I pray, that they and I be not heard as contrary parties,
 on the day of our compareance before our Judge, in that pro-
 cess, led by them against my Ministry, which I received from
Christ: I know, a little inch, and less than the third part of
 his span-length and hand-breadth of time, which is passing a-
 way, will put me without the stroke, and above the reach of
 either *Brethren* or *Foes*; and it is a short-lasting injury done
 to me, and to my pains, in that part of my Lord's Vineyard.
 How silly an advantage is my Deprivation to men, seeing
 my Lord *Iesus* hath many ways to recover his *own losses*, and
 irresistible to compass his *own glorious ends*, that his *lilie*
 may grow amongst *thorns*, and his little Kingdom exalt it self,
 even under the sword and spears of contrary powers! But,
my dear Brother, go on in the strength of his rich grace,
 whom ye serve: Stand fast for *Christ*; deliver the Gospel off
 your hand, and your Ministry, to your Master, with a clean
 and undefiled conscience: Loose not a pin of *Christ's* taber-
 nacle; do not so much as pick with your nail at one board or
 order of the ark: Have no part or dealing upon any terms,
 at a hoof, in a closed window, or in a bowing of your knee,
 casting down of the temple: But be a mourning and speak-
 ing

ing *Witness* against them, who now ruin *Zion*. Our Master will be on us all, in a clap, ere ever we wit; that day will discover all our *whites* and our *blacks*, concerning this controversy of poor oppressed *Zion*: Let us make our part of it good, that it may be able to abide the fire, when hay and stubble shall be burnt ashes. Nothing, nothing (*I say nothing*) but sound sanctification can abide the Lord's fan. I stand to my testimony, that *I* preached often of *Scotland*; *Lamentation, mourning and we abideth thee, O Scotland, O Scotland, the fearful quarrel of a broken Covenant standeth good with thy Lord*. Now, remember my love to all my friends, and to my parishioners, as if *I* named each one of them particularly: *I* recommend you, and God's people, committed by *Christ* to your trust, to the rich grace of our all-sufficient Lord. Remember my bonds: Praise my Lord, who beareth me up in my sufferings: As ye find occasion (according to the *wisdom* given you) shew our acquaintance, what the Lord hath done to my soul. This *I* seek not, verily, to hurt my own praise, but that my sweetest and dearest Master may be magnified in my sufferings. I rest

Aberd. June 17.

1637

Your Brother in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Dearly beloved in our Lord Jesus Christ,

GRACE, mercy and peace to you: Few know the heart of a stranger and prisoner; I am in the hands of mine enemies: I would, honest and lawful means were essayed, for bringing me home to my charge, now when *Mr. A. R.* and *Mr. H. R.* are restored. It concerneth you of *Galloway* most, to use supplications and addresses for this purpose, and try if by fair means I can be brought back again. As for liberty, without I be restored to my flock, it is little to me; for my silence is my greatest prison: However it be, I wait for the Lord, I hope not to rot in my sufferings; Lord give me submission to wait on: my heart is sad, that my days flee away, and I do no service to, my Lord in his house, now when his harvest, and the souls of perishing people require it; but his ways are not like my ways, neither can I find him him out. O that he would shine upon my darkness, and bring forth my morning-light from under the thick cloud, that men have spread over me! O that the Almighty would lay my cause in

a balance, and weigh me, if my soul was not taken up, when others were sleeping, how to have Christ betrothed with a Bride, in that part of the land ! But that day, that my mouth was most unjustly and cruelly closed, the bloom fell off my branches, and my joy did cast the flower. Howbeit, I have been calling my self under Christ's feet, and wrestling to believe under a hidden and covered Lord, yet my fainting cometh before I eat, and my faith hath bowed with the fore cast, and under this almost insupportable weight : O that it break not ! I dare not say, that the Lord hath put out my candle, and hath casten water upon my poor coal, and broken the stakes of my tabernacle ; but I have tasted bitterness, and eaten gall and wormwood, since that day, my Master laid bonds upon me to speak no more : I speak not this, because the Lord is uncouth to me ; but because beholders, that stand on dry-land, see not my sea-storm : The *witnesses* of my cross are but strangers to my sad days and nights. O that Christ would let me alone, and speak love to me, and come home to me, and bring summer with him ! O that I might preach his beauty and glory, as once I did, before my clay-tent be removed to darkness ; and that I might lift Christ off the ground, and my branches might be watered with the dew of God, and my joy in his *work* might grow green again, and bud, and send out a flower ! But I am but a short-sighted creature, and my candle casteth not light afar off : He knoweth all that is done to me, how that when I had but one joy and no more, and one green flower, that I esteemed to be my garland, he came in one hour and dried up my flower at the root, and took away mine only eye, and mine only one crown and garland : What can I say ? Surely my guiltiness hath been remembered before him, and he was seeking to take down my sails, and to land the flower of my delights, and to let it lie on the coast, like an old broken ship, that is no more for the sea : But I praise him for this wailed stroke, I welcome this furnace, God's *wisdom* made choice of it for me, and it must be best, because it was his choice. O that I may wait for him till the morning of this benighted Kirk break out ! This poor afflicted Kirk had a fair morning ; but her night came upon her before her noon-day, and she was like a traveller, forced to take house in the morning of his journey : And now her adversaries are the chief men in the land, her ways mourn, her gates languish, her children sigh for bread, and there is none to be instant with the Lord, that he would come again

to his House, and dry the face of his weeping Spouse, and comfort *Zion's* mourners, who are waiting for him: I know, he shall make corn to grow upon the top of his withered mount *Zion* again. Remember my bonds, and forget me not: Oh that my Lord would bring me again amongst you, with *abundance of the Gospel of Christ!* But O that I may set down my desires, where my Lord *biddeth* me! Remember my love in the Lord to your husband, God make him faithful to *Christ*; and my blessing to your three children. Faint not in prayer for this Kirk: Desire my people not to receive a stranger, and intruder upon my Ministry: Let me stand in that right and station, that my Lord Jesus gave me. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord and Master, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON at *Rusko*.

Dear Brother,

I Earnestly desire to know the case of your soul, and to understand, that ye have made sure work of heaven and salvation. 1. Remember, salvation is one of *Christ's* dainties he giveth but to a few. 2. That it is violent sweating and striving that taketh heaven. 3. That it cost *Christ's* blood to purchase that House to sinners, and to set mankind down, as the King's free-tenants, and free-holders. 4. That many make a start towards heaven, who fall on their back, and win not up to the top of the Mount; it plucketh heart and legs from them, and they sit down and give it over, because the devil setteth a sweet-smelled flower to their nose (this fair busked world) wherewith they are bewitched, and so forget or refuse to go forward. 5. Remember, many go far on, and reform many things, and can find tears, as *Esau* did; and suffer hunger for Truth, as *Judas* did; and wish and desire the end of the righteous, as *Balaam* did; and profess fair, and fight for the Lord, as *Saul* did; and desire the saints of God to pray for them, as *Pharaoh* and *Simon Magus* did; and prophesie and speak of *Christ*, as *Caiaphas* did; and walk softly and mourn for fear of judgments, as *Abah* did; and put away gross sins and idolatry, as *Jehu* did; and bear the word of God gladly, and reform their life in many things according to the word, as *Herod* did; and say, *Master, to Christ, I will follow thee whither thou goest*, as the man who offereth to be *Christ's* servant, *Matth. viii.* and may taste

of the virtues of the life to come, and be partaker of the wonderful gifts of the holy Spirit, and taste of the good word of God, as the *Apostates* who sin against the Holy Ghost, *Heb. vi.* And yet all these are but like gold in clink and colour, and watred brasse and base mettall. These are written, that we should try our selves, and not rest till we be a step nearer Christ than *sun-burnt* and withering professors can come. 6. Consider, it is impossible that your idol-sins and ye, can go to heaven together; and that they, who will not part with these, can indeed love Christ at the bottom, but only in word and shew, which will not do the business. 7. Remember how swiftly God's post, *time*, flieth away; and that your forenoon is already spent, your afternoon will come, and then your evening, and at last night, when ye cannot see to work: Let your heart be set upon finishing of your journey, and summing and laying your accounts with your Lord. O how blessed shall ye be, to have a joyful welcome of your Lord at night! How blessed are they, who in time take sure course with their souls! Bless his great Name, for what ye possess in goods and children, ease and worldly contentment, that he hath given you; and seek to be like Christ in humility and lowliness of mind; and be not great and in-tire with the world; make it not your god, nor your lover, that ye trust unto, for it will deceive you. I recommend Christ and his love to you, in all things; let him have the flower of your heart and your love: set a low price upon all things but Christ, and cry down in your thoughts clay and dirt, that will not comfort you, when ye get summons to remove, and compear before your Judge, to answer for all the deeds done in the body. The Lord give you wisdom in all things: I beseech you sanctify God in your speaking, for holy and reverend is his Name; and be temperate and sober: *companionsry* (as it is called) is a sin, that holdeth men out of heaven. I will not believe, that ye will receive the ministry of a stranger, who will preach a new and uncouth doctrine to you: Let my salvation stand for it, if I delivered not the plain and whole counsel of God to you in his word. Read this letter to your *wife*, and remember my love to her, and request her to take heed to do what I write to you: I pray for you and yours. Remember me in your prayers to our Lord, that he would be pleased to send me amongst you again. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your lawfull and loving Pastor, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH HENDERSON.

Reverend and dear Brother,

Who knoweth, but the wind may turn into the west again, upon Christ and his desolate Bride in this land? And that Christ may get his summer by course again; for he hath had ill weather this long time, and could not find law or justice for himself and his truth these many years. I am sure, the wheels of this crazed and broken Kirk run all upon no other axle-tree, nor is there any other to roll them, and ~~egg~~ ^{egg} them, and drive them, but the wisdom and good pleasure of our Lord: And it were a just *trick*, and glorious, of never-sleeping providence, to bring our brethrens darts, they have shot at us, back upon their own heads: Suppose they have two strings to their bow, and can take one as another faileth them, yet there are mo than three strings upon our Lord's bow; and besides, he cannot miss the white that he shooteth at. I know; he shuffleth up and down in his hand the great body of heaven and earth, and that Kirk and common-wealth are in his hand, like a stock of cards, and that he dealeth the play to the mourners of *Zion*, and those that say, *Lie down that we may go over you*, at his own sovereign pleasure: And I am sure, *Zion's* adversaries, in this play, shall not take up their own *stakes* again. O how sweet a thing is it to trust in him! When Christ hath slept out his sleep (if I may speak so of him, who is the *Watch-man of Israel*, that neither *slumbereth nor sleepeth*) and his own are tried, he will arise as a strong man after wine, and make bare his holy arm, and put on vengeance as a cloak, and deal vengeance thick and double amongst the haters of *Zion*. It may be, we see him fow, and send down maledictions and *vengeances*, as thick as drops of rain or hail, upon his enemies; for our Lord oweth them a black day, and he useth duly to pay his debts: Neither his friends and followers, nor his foes and adversaries shall have it to say, That he is not faithful and exact in keeping his word. I know no bar in God's way, but *Scotland's* guiltiness; and he can come over that impediment, and break that bar also, and then say to guilty *Scotland*, as he said, *Ezek. xxxvi. Not for your sakes, &c.* On-waiting had ever yet a blessed issue; and to keep the word of God's patience keepeth still the saints dry in the *water*, cold in the *fire*, and breathing and blood-hot in the *grave*. What are the prisons of iron-walls

walls and gates of brass to Christ? Not so good as *feal-dikes*, fortifications of *straw*, or old tottering *walls*: If he give the *word*, then chains will fall off the arms and legs of his prisoners. God be thanked, that our Lord Jesus hath the tutoring of king and court and nobles, and that he can dry the *gutters* and the *mires* in *Zion*, and lay cauleys to the Temple with the carcases of *bastard* and *idol-shepherds*: The corn on the house-tops got never the husband-man's prayers, and so is seen on it, for it filleth not the hand of mowers. Christ, and truth, and innocency worketh even under the earth; and verily there is hope for the righteous: We see not what conclusions pass in heaven ament all the affairs of God's house; we need not give hire to God to take vengeance of his enemies, for justice worketh without hire. O that the seed of hope would grow again, and come to maturity! And that we could importune Christ, and double our knocks at his gate, and cast our cries and shouts over the *wall*, that he might come out, and make our *Jerusalem* the praise of the whole earth, and give us *Salvation* for *walls* and *bulmarks*! If Christ bud, and grow green, and bloom, and bear seed again in *Scotland*, and his Father send him two summers again in one year, and bless his crop; O what cause have we to rejoyce in the free salvation of our Lord, and to set up our banners in the Name of our God! O that he would hasten the confusion of the leprous *strumpet*, the *mother* and *mistress* of *abominations* in the *earth*, and take *graven images* out of the *way*, and come in with the *Jews* in troops, and agree with his old outcast and forsaken *Wife*, and take them again to his bed of love! Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in our Master and Lord, S. R.

To the Lady LARGIRIE.

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I exhort you in the Lord, to go on in your journey to heaven, and to be content of *such fare* by the way, as Christ and his followers have had before you; for they had always the *wind on their faces*; and our Lord hath not changed the way to us, for our ease, but will have us following our *sweet Guide*. Alas, how doth sin clog us in our journey, and retard us! What *fools* are we, to have a *by good*, or any other love, or *match* to our souls, beside Christ? It were best for us, like *ill bairns*

(who are best heard at home) to seek our own *home*, and to sell our hopes of this little *clay-inns* and idol of the earth, where we are neither *well summered* nor *well wintered*. Oh that our souls would *fall so at odds* with the *love of this world*, as to think of it, as a traveller doth of a *drink of water*, which is not any part of his treasure, but *goeth away with the using*; for *ten miles journey* maketh that drink to him as nothing! O that we had as soon done with this *world*, and could as quickly dispatch the love of it! But as a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out of its room; so neither can we be masters and lords of two loves: Blessed were we, if we could make ourselves masters of that invaluable treasure, the love of Christ; or rather, suffer our selves to be mastered and subdued to *Christ's love*, so as *Christ* were our *all things*, and all other things our *nothings*, and the refuse of our delights. O let us be ready for shipping against the time, our Lord's *wind and tide* calls for us! *Death* is the last thief, that shall come without din or noise of feet, and take our souls away, and we shall take our leave at time, and face eternity; and our Lord shall lay together the two sides of this earthly tabernacle, and fold us, and lay us by, as a man layeth by clothes at night, and put the one half of us in an house of *clay*, the dark grave, and the other half of us in heaven or hell. Seek to be found of your Lord in peace, and gather in your sitting, and put your soul in order, for *Christ* will not give a nail-breadth of time to our little sand-glais. Pray for *Zion*, and for me his prisoner, that he would be pleased to bring me amongst you again, full of *Christ*, and freighted and loaden with the blessing of his gospel. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Yours in his only Lord and Master, S. R.

TO EARLSTOUN younger.

Worthy and dearly beloved in the Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear from you: I remain still a prisoner of hope, and do think it service to the Lord, to wait on still with submission, till the Lord's morning-sky break, and his summer-day dawn: For I am perswaded, it is a piece of the chief errand of our life, that God sent us, for some years, down to this earth, among devils and men, the fire-brands of the devil, and temptations, that we might suffer for a time here amongst our enemies;

other

otherwise he might have made heaven to wait on us, at our coming out of the womb, and have carried us home to our country, without letting us set down our feet in this knotty and thorny life: but seeing a piece of suffering is carved to every one of us, less or more, as infinite wisdom hath thought good, our part is to harden and habituate our soft and thin-skinned nature, to endure fire and water, devils, lions, men, losses, we hearts, as these that are looked upon by God, angels, men and devils. O what folly is it, to sit down and weep upon a decree of God, that is both dumb and deaf at our tears, and must stand still as unmoveable, as God who made it! for who can come behind our Lord, to alter or better what he hath decreed and done? It were better to make windows in our prison, and to look out to God and our country heaven, and to cry like fettered men, who long for the king's free air, *Lord, let thy kingdom come, O let the Bridegroom come! And, O day, O fair day, O everlasting summer-day, dawn and shine out, break out from under the black sky, and shine!* I am persuaded, if every day a little stone in the prison-walls were broken, and thereby assurance given to the chained prisoner, lying under twenty stone of irons upon arms and legs, that at length his chain should wear in two pieces, and a hole should be made at length, as wide as he might come safely out to his long-desired liberty; he would in patience wait on, till time should hole the prison-wall and break his chains: The Lord's hopeful prisoners, under their trials, are in that case: Years and months will take out now one little stone, then another, of this house of clay, and at length time shall win out the breadth of a fair door, and send out the imprisoned soul to the free air in heaven; and time shall file off, by little and little, our iron-bolts, which are now on legs and arms, and out-date, and wear out trouble *thread-bare* and *holle*, and then wear them to nothing: For what I suffered yesterday, I know, shall never come again to trouble me. O that we could breathe out new hope, and new submission, every day, in *Christ's* lap! For certainly, a weight of glory well weighed [yea, encreasing to a far more exceeding and eternal weight] shall recompense both weight and length of light and *clipped* and *short-dated* crosses: Our waters are but ebb, and come neither to our chin, nor to the stopping of our breath. I may see [if I would borrow eyes from *Christ*] dry-land, and that near: Why then should we not laugh at adversity, and scorn our short-born and soon-dying

ing temptations ! I rejoice in the hope of that glory to be revealed, for it is no uncertain glory we look for ; our hope is not hung upon such an untwisted threed, as, *I imagine so*, or, *It is likely* ; but the cable, the strong tow of our fastned anchor, is the oath and promise of him, who is eternal Verity ; our salvation is fastned with God's own hand, and with *Christ's* own strength, to the strong *stoup* of God's unchangeable nature, *Mil. iii. 6. I am the Lord, I change not ; and therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.* We may play, and dance, and leap upon our worthy and immoveable Rock : The ground is sure and good, and will bide hell's *brangling*, and devils *brangling*, and the world's assaults. Oh if our faith could ride it out, against the high and proud *winds* and *waves*, when our sea seemeth all to be on fire ! O how oft do I let my grips go ! I am put to swimming and half sinking. I find the devil hath the advantage of the ground, in this battle ; for he fighteth in known ground, in our corrupt nature : Alas ! that is a friend near of kin and blood to himself, and will not fail to fall foul upon us : And hence it is, that he, *who saureth to the uttermost*, and, *leadeth many sons to glory*, is still righting my salvation, and twenty times a day I *ravel* my heaven, and then I must come with my *ill-raveled* work to *Christ*, to *cumber* him (as it were) to right it, and to seek again the right end of the threed, and to fold up again my eternal glory with his own hand, and to give a right cast of his holy and gracious hand to my marred and spilt salvation. Certainly, it is a cumberfom thing, to keep a foolish child from falls and broken *brows*, and weeping for this and that *toy*, and rash running, and sickness, and bairns diseases ; ere he win through them all, and win out of the *mires*, he coisteth meikle *black cumber* and *fasorie* to his keepers : And so is a believer a cumberfom piece of work, and an *ill-raveled besp* (as we use to say) to *Christ* : But God be thanked, for many spilt salvations, and many *ill-raveled besps* hath *Christ* mended, since first he entred Tutor to lost mankind. O what could we, *bairns*, do without him ? how soon would we mar all ? But the less of our weight be upon our own feeble legs, and the more that we be on *Christ*, the strong Rock, the better for us : It is good for us, that ever *Christ* took the cumber of us ; it is our heaven, to lay many weights, and burdens upon *Christ*, and to make him all we have, root and top, beginning and ending of our salvation : Lord, hold us here. Now to this Tutor, and rich Lord, I recommend you : Hold fast

fast till he come, and remember his prisoner. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his and your Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO MR. WILLIAM DALGLIESH.

Reverend and dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you : I received your letter : I bless our high and only wise Lord, who hath broken the snare that men had laid for you ; and I hope, that now he shall keep you in his house, in despite of the powers of hell. Who knoweth, but the streets of our *Jerusalem* shall yet be filled with young men, and with old men, and boys, and women with child ; and that they shall plant vines in the mountains of *Samaria* ? I am sure, the wheels, paces and motions of this poor Church, are tempered and ruled, not as men would, but according to the good pleasure and infinite wisdom our only wise Lord. I am here waiting in hope, that my innoceny, in this honourable cause, shall melt this cloud, that men have casten over me. I know, my Lord had his own quarrels against me, and that my dross stood in need of this hot furnace ; but I rejoyce in this, that fair truth, beautiful truth [whose glory my Lord cleareth to me more and more] beareth me company ; and that my weak aims to honour my Master, in bringing guests to his house, now swell upon me in comforts ; and that I am not afraid to want a Witness in heaven, that it was my joy, to have a crown put upon *Christ's* head, in that country. O what joy would I have, to see the *mind* turn upon the enemies of the cross of *Christ*, and to see my Lord Jesus restored with the voice of praise to his own free throne again ; and to brought amongst you, to see the beauty of the Lord's house ! I hope, that country will not be so silly, as to suffer men to pluck you away from them, and that ye will use means to keep my place empty, and to bring me back again to the people, to whom I have *Christ's* right, and his Church's lawful calling. Dear brother, let *Christ* be dearer and dearer to you ; let the conquest of souls be top and root, flower and bloom of your joys and desires, in this side of sun and moon : And in the day, when the Lord shall pull up the four stakes of this *clay-tent* of the earth, and the last pickle of sand shall be at the *nick* of falling down in your watch-glass, and the Master shall call the servants of the Vineyard to give them their hire ; ye will esteem the bloom of this *world's* glory like

like the colours of the rainbow, that no man can put in his purse and treasure: Your labour and pains shall then smile upon you. My Lord now hath given me experience [howbeit weak and small] that our best fare here is hunger; we are but at God's *by-board*, in this lower house; we have cause to long for supper-time, and the high-table, up in the high palace: This *world* deserveth nothing but the utter-court of our soul. Lord hasten the marriage-supper of the Lamb. I find it still peace to give up with this present *world*, as with an old decourted and cast-off lover: My bread and drink in it, is not so much worth, that I should not lothe the inns, and pack up my desires for *Christ*, that I have sent out to the teckless creatures in it. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Your affectionate Brother and
Christ's prisoner, S. R.*

To the Laird of G A L L Y.

Much honoured Sir,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you; I long to hear how your soul prospereth: I have that confidence, that your soul mindeth Christ and salvation: I beseech you in the Lord, give more pains and diligence to fetch heaven, than the *country-sort* of lazy professors, who think their own faith and their own godliness, because it is their own, best; and content themselves with a coldrise custom and course, with a resolution to summer and winter in that sort of profession, that the multitude and the times favour most, and are still shaping, and clipping and carving their faith, according as it may best stand with their summer sun and a whole skin; and so breathe out both hot and cold in God's matters, according to the course of the times: This is their compass they sail toward heaven by, instead of a better. *Worthy and dear Sir*, separate your self from such, and bend your self, to the utmost of your strength and breath, in running fast for Salvation; and in taking Christ's kingdom, use violence: It cost Christ and all his followers sharp showers and hot sweats, ere they won to the top of the mountain; but still our soft nature would have heaven coming to our bed-side, when we are sleeping, and lying down with us, that we might go to heaven in warm clothes; but all that came there found wet feet by the way, and sharp storms, that did take the hide off their face, and found to's and fro's, and up's and down's, and many enemies by

by the way. It is impossible, a man can take his lusts to heaven with him, such wares as these will not be welcome there. O how loth are we to forgo our *packalds* and burdens, that hinder us to run our race with patience! It is no small work to displease and anger nature, that we may please God. O if it be hard to win one foot or half an inch, out of our own will, our own wit, out of our own ease and worldly lusts; and so to deny our self, and to say, *It is not I but Christ, not I but grace, not I but God's glory, not I but God's love constraining me, not I but the Lord's word, not I but Christ's commanding power as King in me!* O what pains, and what a death is it to nature, to turn *me, my self, my lust, my ease, my credit,* over in, *my Lord, my Saviour, my King, and my God, my Lord's will, my Lord's grace!* But alas! that idol, that whorish creature, *my self,* is the master-idol we all bow to: What made *Evah* miscarry? And what hurried her headlong upon the forbidden fruit, but that wretched thing, *her self?* What drew that Brother-murderer to kill *Abel?* That wild *himself.* What drove the old world on to corrupt their ways? who but *themselves,* and their own pleasure? What was the cause of *Solomon's* falling into idolatry, and multiplying of strange wives? what but *himself,* whom he would rather please than God? What was the hook that took *David,* and inared him first in adultery, but his *self-lust;* and then in murder, but his *self-credit* and *self-honour?* What led *Peter* on to deny his Lord? was it not a piece of himself, and *self-love* to a whole skin? What made *Judas* sell his Master for 30 pieces of money, but a piece of self-love, idolizing of a *varicious self?* What made *Demas* to go off the way of the Gospel, to embrace this present world? even *self-love* and *love of gain* for *himself:* Every man blameth the devil for his sins; but the great devil, the house-devil of every man, the house-devil that eateth and lieth in every man's bosom, is that idol that killeth all, *himself.* O blessed are they, who can deny themselves, and put Christ in the room of themselves? O would to the Lord, I had not a *my self,* but Christ; not a *my lust,* but Christ; not a *my ease,* but Christ; not a *my honour,* but Christ! O sweet word, *Gal. ii. 20. I live no more, but Christ liveth in me!* O if every one would put away *himself,* his *own self,* his *own ease,* his *own pleasure,* his *own credit,* and his *own twenty things,* his *own hundred things,* that he setteth up as idols above Christ! Dear Sir, I know ye will be looking back to your old *self,* and to your *self-lust,*

lust and self-idol, that ye set up in the lusts of youth, above Christ. *Worthy Sir*, pardon this my freedom of love. God is my Witness, that it is out of an earnest desire after your soul's eternal welfare, that I use this freedom of speech: Your sun, I know, is lower, and your evening-sky and sun-setting nearer than when I saw you last: Strive to end your task before night, and to make Christ *your-self*, and to acquire your love and your heart with the Lord. Stand now by Christ and his truth, when so many fall foully, and are false to him. I hope, ye love him and his truth, let me have power with you to confirm you in him. I think more of my Lord's sweet cross, than of a crown of gold, and a free kingdom lying to it. *Sir*, I remember you in my prayers to the Lord, according to my promise: Help me with your prayers, that our Lord would be pleased to bring me amongst you again, with the Gospel of Christ. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Tours in his sweetest Lord and Master, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON of Cardoness, Younger.

Dearly beloved in our Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I long exceedingly to hear of the case of your soul, which hath a large share both of my prayers and careful thoughts. *Sir*, remember, that a precious treasure and prize is upon this short play, that ye are now upon, even the eternity of well or wo to your soul, standeth upon the little point of your ill or well employed short and swift-polting sand-glass: Seek the Lord, while he may be found; the Lord waiteth upon you. Your soul is of no little price; gold nor silver, of as much bounds as would cover the highest heavens round about, cannot buy it. To live as others do, and to be free of open sins, that the world crieth shame upon, will not bring you to heaven; as much civility and country-discretion as would lie between you and heaven, will not lead you one foot or one inch above condemned nature: and therefore take pains upon seeking of salvation, and give your will, wit, humour, the green desires of youth's pleasures, off your hand to Christ. It is not possible for you to know, till experience teach you, how dangerous a time youth is: It is like green and wet timber; when Christ casteth fire on it, it taketh not fire: There is need here of more than ordinary pains; for corrupt nature hath a good *back-friend* of youth; and sinning against light will put out your candle, and stupifie your conscience, and bring upon it

it no coverings and skin, and less feeling and sense of guiltiness; and when that is done, the devil is like a mad horse, that hath broken the bridle, and runneth away with his rider whither he listeth. Learn to know that which the Apostle knew, the deceitfulness of sin: Strive to make prayer, and reading, and holy company, and holy conference, your delight; and when delight cometh in, ye shall by little and little smell the sweetness of Christ, till at length your soul be over head and ears in Christ's sweetness: Then shall ye be taken up to the top of the mountain with the Lord, to know the ravishments of *spiritual love*, and the glory and excellency of a *seen, revealed, felt and embraced Christ*; and then ye shall not be able to loose your self off *Christ*, and to bind your soul to old lovers: then, and never till then, are all the paces, motions, walkings and wheels of your soul in a right tune, and in a spiritual temper. But if this world and the lusts thereof be your delight, I know not what Christ can make of you; ye cannot be mettall to be a vessel of glory and mercy. As the Lord liveth, thousand thousands are beguiled with security, because God and wrath and judgment is not terrible to them. Stand in awe of God, and of the warnings of a checking and rebuking conscience: Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will smell of him, if he be in you: there is an instinct in the new-born babes of Christ, like the instinct of nature, that leads birds to build their nests, and bring up their young, and love such and such places as woods, forrests and wildernesses, better than other places: The instinct of nature maketh a man love his *mother-country*, above all countries: the instinct of renewed nature, and supernatural grace, will lead you to such and such works, as to love your country above, to fight to be clothed with your house not made with hands, and to call your borrowed prison here below, a borrowed prison; and to look upon it servant-like and pilgrim-like: And the pilgrim's eye and look is a disdainful-like discontented-cast of his eye; his heart crying after his eye, *Ey, sy, this is not like my country*. I recommend to you the mending of a hole, and reforming of a failing, one or other, every week; and put off a sin or a piece of it, as of anger, wrath, lust, intemperance, every day, that ye may more easily master the remnant of your corruption. God hath given you a wife; love her, and let her breasts satisfy you: and, for the Lord's sake, drink no waters but out of your own cistern; strange wells are poison. Strive to learn some new way

way against your corruption, from the man of God, M. W. D. or other servants of God: Sleep not sound, till ye find your self in that case, that ye dare look death in the face, and durst hazard your soul upon eternity. I am sure, many ells and inches of the short thread of your life are by-hand, since I saw you; and that thread hath an end, and ye have no hands to cast a knot, and add one day or a finger-breadth to the end of it: When hearing, and seeing, and the utter walls of the *clay-house* shall fall down, and life shall render the besieged cattle of *clay* to death and judgment, and ye find your time worn ebb and run out, what thoughts will ye then have of *idol-pleasures*, that possibly are now sweet? What *bud* or hire would ye then give for the Lord's favour? and what a price would ye then give for pardon? It were not amiss to think, *What if I were to receive a doom, and to enter into a furnace of fire and brimstone? What if it come to this, that I shall have no portion but utter darkness? And what if I be brought to this, to be banished from the presence of God, and to be given over to God's serjeants, the devil, and the power of the second death?* Put your soul, by supposition, in such a case, and consider, what horror would take hold of you, and what then ye would esteem of pleasing your self in the course of sin! O dear Sir, for the Lord's sake, awake to live righteously, and love your poor soul; and, after ye have seen this my letter, say with your self, *The Lord will seek an account of this warning I have received.* Lodge Christ in your family. Receive no stranger-hireling as your pastor. I bless your children. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your lawful and loving pastor, S. R.

To my Lord BOYD.

My very honourable and good Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to your Lordship. Out of the worthy report that I hear of your Lordship's zeal for this born-down and oppressed Gospel, I am bold to write to your Lordship, beseeching you by the mercies of God, by the honour of our royal and princely King Jesus, by the sorrows, tears and desolation of your afflicted Mother-church, and by the peace of your conscience, and your joy in the day of Christ, that your Lordship would go on, in the strength of your Lord, and in the power of his might, to bestir your self, for the vindicating of the fallen honour of your Lord Jesus. O blessed

blessed hands for evermore, that shall help to put the crown upon the head of Christ again, in *Scotland*. I dare promise, in the Name of our Lord, that this shall fasten and fix the pillars and the stakes of your own honourable house upon earth, if you lend, and lay in pledge in Christ's hand (upon spiritual hazard) *life, estate, house, honour, credit, money, friends, the favour of men* (suppose kings with three crowns) to being ye may bear witness, and acquit your self as a man of *valour and courage*, to the *Prince of your salvation*, for the purging of his Temple, and sweeping out the lordly *Dittrebess*, time-courting *Demas's*, corrupt *Hymeneus's* and *Philetus's*, and other such oxen, that with their dung defile the Temple of the Lord. Is not Christ now crying, *Who will help me? Who will come out with me, to take part with me, and share in the honour of my victory over these mine enemies, who have said, We will not have this Man to rule over us? My very honourable and dear Lord, join, join (as ye do) with Christ; he is more worth to you, and your posterity, than this world's May-flowers, and withering riches and honour, that shall go away as smoke, and vanish in a night-vision, and shall in one half-hour, after the blast of the archangel's trumpet, lie in white ashes.* Let me beseech your Lordship to draw-by the *lap of time's curtain*, and look in through that window to *great and endless eternity*, and consider, if a *mortally price* (suppose this little round *clay-globe* of this *ashy and dirty earth*, the *dying idol* of the fools of this world, were all your own) can be given for one smile of Christ's God-like and soul-ravishing countenance, in that day, when so many joints and knees of thousand thousands wailing shall stand before Christ, trembling, shouting, and making their prayers to hills and mountains, *to fall upon them, and hide them from the face of the Lamb.* O how many would sell Lordships and Kingdoms that day, and buy Christ! But, Oh the market shall be closed and ended ere then. Your Lordship hath now a blessed venture, of winning court with the *Prince of the kings of the earth*: He himself weeping, truth born down and fallen in the streets, and an oppressed Gospel, Christ's Bride with *watry eyes*, and *spoiled of her veil*, her hair hanging about her eyes, forced to go in ragged apparel, the banished, silenced and imprisoned prophets of God, who have not the favour of liberty to prophesie in sackcloth; all these, I say, call for your help. Fear not *worms of clay*, the moth shall eat them as a garment; let the Lord be your fear, he is

with you, and shall fight for you: thus shall ye cause the blessing of those, who are ready to perish, come upon you; and ye shall make the heart of this your Mother-church to sing for joy. The Lamb and his armies are with you, and the kingdoms of the earth are the Lord's. I am perswaded, there is not another Gospel, nor another Saving-truth, than that which ye now contend for. I dare hazard my heaven and salvation upon it, that this is the *only saving way to glory*. Grace, grace be with your Lordship.

Aberd. 1637.

Your Lordship's at all respective obedience in Christ, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON, Baillie of Air.

Worthy Sir,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear from you: Our Lord is with his afflicted Kirk, so that this burning Bush is not consumed to ashes. I know, *submissive on-waiting* for the Lord, shall at length ripen the joy and deliverance of his own, who are truly blessed on-waiters: What is the *dry and miscarrying hope* of all them, who are not in Christ, but confusion and wind? O how pitifully and miserably are the *children of this world* beguiled, whose wine cometh home to them *water*, and their *gold brass and tin*! And what wonder, that *hopes builded upon sand* should fall and sink? It were good for us all to abandon the *forlorn*, and *blasted*, and *withered hope*, we have had in the creature; and let us henceforth come and *drink water out of our own Well*, even the *Fountain of living waters*, and build our selves and our hope upon Christ our Rock: But, alas, that natural love, that we have to this *borrowed home*, that we were born in; and that this *clay-city*, the vain earth, should have the largest share of our heart! Our poor, lean and empty dreams of confidence in something beside God, are no further travell'd, than up and down the *naughty and feckless creatures*. God may say of us, as he said, *Amos vi. 13. Ye rejoice in a thing of naught*. Surely we spin our spider's web with pain, and build our rotten and tottering house upon a lie, and falshood, and vanity. O when will we learn to have thoughts higher than the sun and moon, and learn our joy, hope, confidence, and our soul's desires, to look up to our *best country*; and to look down to *clay-tents*, set up for a night's lodging or two in this *uncouth land*, and laugh at our childish conceptions and imaginations, that suck our joy out of creatures, *no, sorrow, losses* and

and grief! O sweetest Lord Jesus! O fairest Godhead! O Flower of man and angels! why are we such strangers to, and far-
 both idlers of thy glory? O it were our happiness for evermore,
 that God would cast a pest, a botch, a leprosie upon our part
 of this great whore, a fair and well-busked world, that clay
 might no longer deceive us! But O that God may burn and
 blail our hope hereaway, rather than our hope should live to
 burn us! Alas, the wrong side of Christ (to speak so) his black
 side, his suffering side, his wounds, his bare coat, his wants,
 his wrongs, the oppressions of men done to him, are turned to-
 wards mens eyes; and they see not the best and fairest side of
 Christ, nor see they his amiable face and his beauty, that man
 and angels wonder at. Sir, lend your thoughts to these things,
 and learn to contemn this world, and to turn your eyes and
 heart away from beholding the masked beauty of all things
 under time's law and doom. See him who is invisible, and his
 invisible things; draw by the curtain, and look in with liking
 and longing to a Kingdom undefiled, that fadeth not away, re-
 served for you in the heaven: This is worthy of your pains, and
 worthy of your soul's sweating, and labouring, and seeking
 after, night and day. Fire will fly over the earth, and all
 that is in it, even destruction from the Almighty. *Ey, sy* up-
 pon that hope, that shall be dried up by the root! *Ey* upon
 the drunken night-bargains, and the drunken and mad cove-
 nants, that sinners make with death and hell after cups, and
 when mens souls are mad and drunken with the love of this
 lawless life! They think to make a nest for their hopes, and
 take quarters and conditions of hell and death, that they shall
 have ease, long life, peace; and in the morning, when the
 last trumpet shall awake them, then they rue the block. It is
 time, and high time for you, to think upon death and your
 accounts, and to remember what ye are, where ye will be before
 the year of our Lord 1700: I hope ye are thinking upon this.
 Pull at your soul, and draw it aside from the company that it
 is with, and round and whisper in to it news of eternity, death,
 judgment, heaven and hell. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

 To ALEXANDER GORDON of Earlstown.

Much honoured Sir,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you. It is like, if ye, the
 Gentry and Nobility of this Nation, be men in the streets

(as the word speaketh) for the Lord, that he will now deliver his flock, and gather and rescue his scattered sheep, from the hands of cruel and rigorous Lords, that have ruled over them with force. O that mine eyes might see the *moon-light* turn to the *light of the sun*! But I still fear, the quarrel of a broken covenant in *Scotland* standeth before the Lord: However it be, I avouch it before the world, that the Tabernacle of the Lord shall again be in the midst of *Scotland*, and the glory of the Lord shall dwell in beauty, as the light of many days in one, in this land. O what could my soul desire more, next to my Lord Jesus, while I am in this flesh, but that Christ and his Kingdom might be great amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*; and that the *Isles* (and amongst them, overclouded and darkened *Britain*) might have the glory of a *noon-day's sun*! O that I had any thing (I will not except my part in Christ) to wadset or lay in pledge, to *redeem* and *buy* such glory to my highest and royal Prince, my sweet Lord Jesus! My poor little heaven were well *bestowed*, if it could stand a *pawn* for ever, to set on high the *glory* of my Lord; but I know, he needeth not *wages* nor *hire* at my hand: Yea, I know, if my *eternal glory* could weigh down in weight, its alone, all the *eternal glory* of the blessed angels, and of all the spirits of just and perfect men glorified and to be glorified; Oh alas! how far am I engaged to forego it for, and give it over to Christ, so being he might thereby be set on high above ten thousand thousand millions of heavens, in the conquest of many, many nations to his Kingdom! O that his Kingdom would come! O that all the world would *stoop* before him! O blessed hands that shall put the crown upon Christ's head in *Scotland*! But alas! I can scarce get leave to ware my love on him: I can find no ways to *out* my heart upon Christ; and my love, that I with my soul *bestow* on him, is like to die upon my hand, and I think it no *bairns-play* to be hungred with Christ's love: To love him and to want him, wanteth little of hell. I am sure, he knoweth, how my joy would *swell* upon me, from a *little well* to a *great sea*, to have as much of his love; and as wide a soul answerable to comprehend it, till I cried, *Hold, Lord, no more*: But I find, he will not have me to be mine own *steward*, nor mine own *carver*; Christ keepeth the *keys of Christ* (to speak so) and of his own love, and he is a *wiser Distributer* than I can take up: I know, there is more in him than would make me *run-over*, like a *coast-full sea*. I were happy for evermore, to get leave to stand but beside Christ

and

and his love, and to look in, suppose I were interdicted of God to come near, touch or embrace, kiss or set to my sinful head, and drink my self drunken with that lovely thing. God send me that which I would have; for I now verily see, more clearly than before, our folly in drinking dead waters, and in playing the whore with our soul's love upon running-out wells, and broken sheards of creatures of yesterday, whom time will unlaw, with the penalty of losing their being and natural ornaments. O! when a soul's love is itching (to speak so) for God, and when Christ in his boundless and bottomless love, beauty and excellency, cometh and rubbeth up and exciteth that love, what can be heaven, if this be not heaven? I am sure, this bit feckless, narrow and short love of regenerated sinners, was born for no other end, but to breathe, and live, and love, and dwell in the bosom, and betwixt the breasts of Christ: Where is there a bed or a lodging for the saints love but Christ? O that he would take our selves off our hand! for neither we nor the creatures can be either due conquest, or lawful heritage to love: Christ, and none but Christ, is Lord and Proprietor of it. Oh alas, how pitiful is it, that so much of our love goeth by him! O but we be wretched wasters of our soul's love! I know, it is the deep of bottomless and unsearchable providence, that the saints are suffered to play the whore from God, and that their love goeth a hunting, when God knoweth, it shall cost nothing of that at supper-time. The renewed would have it otherwise; and why is it so, seeing our Lord can keep us without nodding, tottering or reeling, or any fall at all? Our desires, I hope, shall meet with perfection; but God will have our sins an office-house for God's grace, and hath made sin a matter of an unlaw and penalty, for the Son of God's blood: And howbeit sin should be our sorrow, yet there is a sort of acquiescing and resting upon God's dispensation required of us, that there is such a thing in us as sin, whereupon mercy, forgiveness, healing, curing, in our sweet Physician, may find a field to work upon. O what a deep is here, that created wit cannot take up! However matters go, it is our happiness to win new ground daily in Christ's love, and to purchase a new piece of it daily, and to add conquest to conquest, till our Lord Jesus and we be so near other, that Satan shall not draw a straw or a threed betwixt us. And for my self, I have no greater joy, in my well-favoured bonds for Christ, than that I know, time shall put him and me together; and that my love and longing hath room and liberty,

amidst my bonds and foes (whereof there are not a few here of all ranks) to go visit the borders, and outer coasts of my Lord Jesus's country; and see, at least afar off and darily, the country which shall be mine inheritance, which is my Lord Jesus's due, both through birth and conquest. I dare avouch to all that know God, that the saints know not the length and largeness of the sweet earnest, and of the sweet green meadows before the harvest, that might be had on this side of the water, if we would take more pains; and that we all go to heaven with less earnest, and *lighter purses* of the hoped-for summer, than otherwise we might do, if we took more pains to win further in upon Christ, in this pilgrimage of our absence from him. Grace, grace and glory be your portion.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN LAWRIE.

Dear Brother,

I Am sorry that ye, or so many in this kingdom, should expect so much of me, an empty reed: Verily I am a naughty and poor body; but if the tinkling of my Lord Jesus's iron chains on legs and arms could sound the high praises of my royal King, whose prisoner I am, O how would my joy run over! If my Lord would bring edification to one soul by my bonds, I am satisfied; but I know not what I can do to such a princely and beautiful Welbeloved: He is far behind with me. Little thanks to me, to say to others, his wind bloweth on me, who am but *withered* and *dry bones*: But since ye desire me to write to you, either help me to set Christ on high, for his *running-over* love, in that the heat of his sweet breath hath melted a *frozen heart*, else I think ye do nothing for a prisoner. I am fully confirmed, that it is the honour of our *Law-giver* I suffer for now: I am not ashamed to give out letters of recommendation of Christ's love, to as many as will extol the Lord Jesus and his cross. If I had not sailed this *sea-way* to heaven, but had taken the *land-way*, as many do, I should not have known Christ's *sweetness* in such a measure: But the truth is, let no man thank me; for I caused not Christ's wind to *blow* upon me: His love came upon a *withered creature*, whether I would or not (and yet by coming it procured from me a *welcome*.) A *heart of iron*, and *iron-doors*, will not hold Christ out; I give him leave to break *iron-locks* and come in, and that is all: And now I know not, whether

pains

pain of love for want of possession, or sorrow that I do not thank him, paineth me most: But both work upon me. For the first, O that he would come, and satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry soul with these good things! I know indeed, my guiltiness may be a bar in his way; but he is God, and ready to forgive. And for the other, Wo, wo is me, that I cannot find a heart to give back again my unworthy little love, for his great sea-full of love to me: O that he would learn me this piece of gratitude! O that I could have leave to look in, thorow the hole of the door, to see his face, and sing his praises! Or could break up one of his chamber-windows, to look in upon his delighting beauty, till my Lord send more! Any little communion with him, one of his love-locks should be my begun heaven. I know, he is not lordly, neither is the Bridegroom's love proud, tho' I be black and unlovely, and unworthy of him. I would seek but leave, and withal grace, to spend my love upon him. I counsel you to think highly of Christ, and of free, free grace, more than ye did before; for I know that Christ is not known amongst us. I think I see more of Christ than ever I saw; and yet I see but little of what may be seen: O that he would draw-by the curtains, and that the King would come out of his gallery and palace, that I might see him! Christ's love is young glory and young heaven: it would soften hell's pains to be filled with it. What would I refuse to suffer, if I could but get a draught of love at my heart's desire? O what price can be given for him! Angels cannot weigh him; O his weight, his worth, his sweetness, his overpassing beauty! If men and angels would come, and look to that great and princely One, their ebbness would never take up his depth, their narrowness would never comprehend his breadth, height and length: if ten thousand thousand worlds of angels were created, then might all tire themselves in wondring at his beauty, and begin again to wonder of new. O that I could win nigh him, to kiss his feet, to hear his voice, to find the smell of his ointments! But oh alas, I have little, little of him; yet I long for more. Remember my bonds, and help me with your prayers; for I would not niffer, or exchange my sad hours, with the joy of my velvet adversaries. Grace be with you.

Aberd. June 10.

Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

1637.

To Mr. JAMES FLEMING.

Reverend and welbeloved in our Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, which hath refreshed me in my bonds. I cannot but testify unto you, *my dear brother*, what sweetness I find in our Master's cross; but alas! what can I either do or suffer for him? if I my alone had as many lives, as there have been drops of rain since the creation, I would think them too little for that lovely One, our Welbeloved; but my pain and my sorrow is above my sufferings, that I find not ways to set out the praises of his love to others: I am not able, by tongue, pen, or sufferings, to provoke many to fall in love with him; but he knoweth, whom I love to serve in the spirit, what I would do, and suffer by his own strength, so being I might make my Lord Jesus lovely and sweet to many thousands in this land. I think it amongst God's wonders, that he will take any praise or glory, or any testimony to his honourable cause, from such a forlorn sinner as I am: But when Christ worketh, he needeth not ask the question, by whom he will be glorious; I know, seeing his glory at the beginning did shine out out of poor nothing, to set up such a fair house for man and angels, and so many glorious creatures, to proclaim his goodness, power and wisdom, if I were burnt to ashes, out of the smoke and powder of my dissolved body, he could raise glory to himself: His glory is *his end*; Oh that I could join with him, to make it *my end*! I would think that fellowship with him sweet and glorious. But alas, few know the guiltiness that is on my part; it is a wonder, that this good cause hath not been marred and spilt, in my foul hands: But I rejoice in this, that my sweet Lord Jesus hath found something ado, even a ready market for his free grace, and incomparable and matchless mercy, in my wants: Only my loathsome wretchedness, and my wants have qualified me for Christ, and the riches of his glorious grace; he behoved to take me for nothing, or else to want me: Few know the unseen and private reckonings betwixt Christ and me; yet his love, his boundless love would not bide away, nor stay at home with himself; and yet I dow not make it welcome, as I ought, when it is come unsent-for and without hire. How joyful is my heart, that ye write, ye are desirous to join with
me

me in prailing; for it is charity to help a *dyvour* to pay his debts; but when all have helped me, my name shall stand in his count-book under ten thousand thousands of sums unpaid: But it easeth my heart, that his dear servants will but speak of my debts to such a sweet Creditor. I desire, he may lay me in his own balance and weigh me, if I would not fain have a feast of his boundless love made to my own soul, and to many others. One thing I know, we shall not all be able to come near his excellency with eye, heart or tongue; for he is above all created thoughts: *All nations before him are as nothing, and less than nothing; he sitteth in the circuit of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers before him!* O that men would praise him! Ye complain of your private case: Alas, I am not the man, who can speak to such an one as ye are: Any sweet presence I have had in this Town, is (I know) for this cause, that I might express and make it known to others; but I never find my self nearer Christ, that royal and princely One, than after a great weight and sense of deadness, and gracelessness: I think, the sense of our wants, when withal we have a restlessness, and a sort of spiritual impatience under them, and can make a *din*, because we want him whom our soul loveth, is that which maketh an open door to Christ; and when we think, we are going backward, because we feel deadness, we are going forward: For the more sense, the more life, and no sense argueth no life. There is no sweeter fellowship with Christ, than to bring our *wounds* and our *sores* to him. But for my self, I am ashamed of Christ's goodness and love, since the time of my bonds; for he hath been pleased to open up new treasures of love and felt sweetness, and give visitations of love, and access to himself, in this strange land. I would think a fill of his love, young and green heaven; and when he is pleased to come, and the tide is in, and the sea full, and the King and a poor prisoner together in the house of wine, the black tree of the cross is not so heavy as a feather. I cannot, I dow not, but give Christ an honourable and glorious testimony: I see, the Lord can ride through his enemies bands, and triumph in the sufferings of his own; and that this blind *world* seeth not, that suffering is Christ's armour, wherein he is victorious: And they that contend with *Zion*, see not what he is doing, when they are set to work, as *under-smiths* and *servants*, to the work of refining of the saints, (Satan's hand also by them, is at the melting of our Lord's vessels

vessels of mercy) and their office in God's house, is to scour and cleanse vessels for the King's table. I marvel not to see them triumph, and sit at ease in *Zion*; our Father must lay up his rods, and keep them carefully for his own use: Our Lord cannot want fire in his house; *his furnace is in Zion, and his fire in Jerusalem*. But little know the adversaries the counsel and the thoughts of the Lord. And for your complaints of your ministry, I now think all I did too little: plainness, freedom, watchfulness, fidelity, shall swell upon you, in exceeding large comforts, in your sufferings: The feeding of Christ's lambs in private visitations, and catechising, in painful preaching, and fair, honest and free warning of the flock, is a sufferer's garland. O ten thousand times blessed are they, who are honoured of Christ to be faithful and painful, in wooing a Bride to Christ! *My dear brother*, I know, ye think more on this, than I can; and I rejoice that your purpose is, in the Lord's strength, to back your wronged Master, and to come out, and call your self Christ's man, when so many are now denying him, as fearing that Christ cannot do for himself and them. I am a lost man for ever, or this, this is the way to salvation, even this way that they call *heresie*; that men now do mock and scoff at. I am confirmed now, that Christ will accept of his servants sufferings as good service to him, at the day of his appearance; and that ere it be long he will be upon us all, and men in all their *blacks* and *whites* shall be brought out before God, angels and men. Our Master is not far off: Oh if we could wait on, and be faithful! The *good-will* of him who dwelt in the bush, the tender favour and love, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Help me with your prayers; and desire, from me, other brethren, to take courage for their Master.

Aberd. Aug. 15. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN MEINE.

Worthy and dear Brother,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long in answering your letter, but other business took me up. I am here waiting, if the fair *wind* will turn upon Christ's sails in *Scotland*; and if deliverance be breaking out to this over-clouded and benighted *Kirk*. Oh that we could contend by prayers and supplications with our Lord for that effect! I know, he hath not given out his last *doom* against this land.

I have

I have little of Christ in this prison, but groanings and longings, and desires: All my stock of Christ, is some hunger for him [and yet I cannot say, but I am rich in that] my faith, and hope, and holy practice of new obedience, are scarce worth the speaking of: But blessed be my Lord, who taketh me, light and clipped, and naughty, and feckless, as I am. I see Christ will not prig with me, nor stand upon stepping-stones, but cometh in at the *broad-side*, without ceremonies, or making it nice, to make a poor ransomed one his own. O that I could feed upon his breathing, and kissing, and embracing, and upon the hopes of my meeting and his, when love-letters shall not go betwixt us, but he shall be messenger himself: But there is required patience on our part, till the summer-fruit in heaven be ripe for us; it is in the bud, but there be many things to do, before our harvest come: And we take ill with it, and can hardly endure to set our *paper-face* to one of Christ's storms, and to go to heaven with wet feet, and pain, and sorrow. We love to carry heaven to heaven with us, and would have two summers in one year, and no less than two heavens; but this will not be for us: One, and such an one, may suffice us well enough; the man Christ got but one only, and shall we have two? Remember my love in Christ to your father, and help me with your prayers. If ye would be a deep Divine, I recommend to you sanctification: Fear him, and he shall reveal his Covenant to you. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 5. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To CARDONES S, Elder.

Much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I have longed to hear from you, and to know the estate of your soul, and the estate of that people with you. I beseech you, *Sir*, by the salvation of your precious soul, and the mercies of God, make good and sure work of your salvation, and try upon what ground-stone ye have builded. *Worthy and dear Sir*, if ye be upon sinking sand, a storm of death, and a blast will loose Christ and you, and wash you close off the Rock: O for the Lord's sake, look narrowly to the work. Read over your life, with the light of God's day-light and sun; for salvation is not casten down at every man's door: It is good to look to your compass, and all ye have need of, ere ye take shipping; for no wind

wind can blow you back again. Remember, when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you, like the ashes of a blaze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying, *Lodging, lodging, for God's sake*; Then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely smiles, than if ye had the charters of three worlds for all eternity. Let pleasures and gain, will and desires of this world, be put over in God's hands, as arrested and fenced goods, that ye cannot *intromet* with. Now when ye are drinking the ground of your cup, and ye are upon the utmost ends of the last link of time, and old age, like death's long shadow, is casting a covering upon your days; it is no time to court this vain life, and to let love and heart upon it: It is near after-supper; seek rest and ease for your soul, in God through Christ. Believe me, I find it hard wrestling, to play fair with Christ, and to keep *good quarters* with him, and keep love to him in integrity and life, and to keep a constant course of sound and solid daily communion with Christ: temptations are daily breaking the thread of that course, and it is not easie to cast a knot again, and many knots make evil work. O how fair have many ships been plying before the wind, that, in an hour's space, have been lying in the sea-bottom! How many professors cast a golden lustre, as if they were pure gold, and yet are, under that skin and cover, but base and reprobate metal! And how many keep breath in their race many miles, and yet come short of the prize and the garland! *Dear Sir*, my soul would mourn in secret for you, if I knew your case with God to be but false work: Love to have you anchored upon Christ, maketh me fear your tottering and slips: False *under-water* not seen, in the ground of an enlightned conscience, is dangerous; it is often failing and sinning against light: know this, that these who never had sick nights nor days in conscience for sin, cannot have but such a peace with God, as will *undercot*, and break the flesh again, and end in a sad war at death. O how fearfully are thousands beguiled with false *hide-grown-over* old sins, as if the soul were cured and healed! *Dear Sir*, I saw ever nature mighty, lofty, heady and strong in you; and it was more for you, to be mortified and dead to the world, than another common man: Ye will take a low ebb, and a deep cut, and a long lance, to go to the bottom of your wounds,

wounds, in saving humiliation, to make you a *won* prey for Christ. Be humbled, walk softly; down, down, for God's sake, *my dear and worthy Brother*, with your top-sail: Stoop, stoop; it is a low entry to go in at heaven's gates: There is infinite justice in the party, ye have to do with; it is his nature, not to acquit the guilty and the sinner: The law of God will not want one farthing of the sinner: God forgetteth not both the Cautioner and the sinner; and every man must pay, either in his own person (O Lord, save you from that payment) or in his Cautioner, Christ. It is violence to corrupt nature, for a man to be holy, to lie down under Christ's feet, to quit will, pleasure, worldly love, earthly hope, and an itching of heart after this fairdred and overgilded world, and to be content that Christ trample upon all. Come in, come in to Christ, and see what ye want, and find it in him: He is the *short cut* (as we use to say) and the nearest way to an outgate of all your burdens. I dare avouch, ye shall be dearly welcome to him; my soul would be glad, to take part of the joy, ye should have in him. I dare say, angels pens, angels tongues, nay, as many worlds of angels, as there are drops of water in all the seas, and fountains and rivers of the earth, cannot paint him out to you: I think, his sweetness, since I was a prisoner, hath swelled upon me to the greatness of two heavens: O for a soul as wide as the outmost circle of the highest heaven that containeth all, to contain his love! And yet I could hold little of it. O world's wonder! O if my soul might but lie within the smell of his love, suppose I could get no more but the smell of it! O but it is long to that day, when I shall have a free world of Christ's love! O what a sight to be up in heaven, in that fair orchard of the new paradise; and to see, and smell, and touch, and kiss that fair *Field-flower*, that ever-green Tree of life! His bare shadow were enough for me; a sight of him would be the earnest of heaven to me. Fy, fy upon us, that we have love lying rusting beside us, or, which is worse, wasted away upon lothsom objects, and Christ should lie his alone. Wo, wo is me, that sin hath made so many mad-men, seeking the fool's paradise, fire under ice, and some good and desirable thing, without and apart from Christ. Christ, Christ, nothing but Christ, can cool our love's burning languor: *O thirsty love! wilt thou set Christ, the Well of life, to thy head, and drink thy fill; drink and spare not, drink love, and be drunken with Christ?* Nay, alas, the distance betwixt us and Christ is death:

O if we were *clapped* in other's arms! We should never twin again, except heaven *twin'd* and *sunder'd* us; and that cannot be. I desire your children to seek this Lord: desire them from me to be requested, for Christ's sake, to be blessed and happy, and come and take Christ, and all things with him: Let them beware of glassy and slippery youth, of foolish young motions, of worldly lusts, of deceivable gain, of wicked company, of cursing, lying, blaspheming, and foolish talking: Let them be filled with the Spirit, acquaint themselves with daily praying, and with the store-house of wisdom and comfort, the good word of God. Help the souls of the poor people; O that my Lord would bring me again among them, that I might tell uncouth and great tales of Christ to them! Receive not a stranger to preach any other doctrine to them. Pray for me, his prisoner of hope. I pray for you without ceasing: I write my blessing, earnest prayers, the love of God, and the sweet presence of Christ to you, and yours and them. Grace, grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Your lawful and loving Pastor, S. R.

To the Earl of L O T H I A N.

Right honourable and my very worthy and noble Lord,
O Ur of the honourable and good report, that I hear of your *Lordship's* good-will and kindness, in taking to heart the honourable cause of Christ, and his afflicted Church, and wronged truth, in this Land; I make bold to speak a word in paper to your *Lordship* at this distance, which I trust your *Lordship* will take in good part. It is your *Lordship's* honour and credit, to put to your hand (as ye do, all honour to God) to the falling and tottering tabernacle of Christ, in this your *Mother-church*, and to own Christ's wrongs, as your own wrongs. O blessed hand, which shall wipe and dry the watry eyes of our weeping Lord Jesus, now going mourning in sackcloth in his members, in his Spouse, in his truth, and in the prerogative-royal of his kingly power! He needeth not service and help from men; but it pleaseth his wisdom to make the wants and losses, sores and wounds of his Spouse, a field and an office-house, for the zeal of his servants, to exercise themselves in: Therefore, my noble and dear Lord, go on, go on in the strength of the Lord, against all opposition, to side with wronged Christ. The defending and warding of strokes off Christ, his Bride, the King's daughter, is like

like a piece of the rest of the way to heaven, knotty, rough, stormy, and full of thorns: Many would follow Christ, but with a reservation, that by open proclamation Christ would cry down crosses, and cry up fair-weather, and a summer-sky and sun, till we were all fairly landed at heaven. I know your *Lordship* hath not so learned Christ, but that ye intend to *fetch heaven*, suppose your father were standing in your way; and to take it with the wind on your face; for so both storm and wind was on the fair face of your lovely Fore-runner, Christ, all his way. It is possible, the success answer not your desire, in this worthy cause: what then? Duties are ours, but events are the Lord's: And I hope, if your *Lordship* and others with you shall go on to dive to the lowest ground and bottom of the *knavery* and perfidious treachery to Christ, of the cursed and wretched *Prelates*, the *Antichrist's first-born*, and the first-fruit of his foul womb, and shall deal with our Sovereign (law going before you) for the reasonable and impartial hearing of Christ's bill of complaints, and set your selves singly to seek the Lord and his face, your righteousness shall break through the clouds, that prejudice hath drawn over it; and ye shall, in the strength of the Lord, bring our banished and departing Lord Jesus home again to his sanctuary. Neither must your *Lordship* advise with flesh and blood in this, but wink, and in the dark reach your hand to Christ, and follow him. Let not mens fainting discourage you, neither be afraid of mens *canny* wildom, who in this storm take the nearest shore, and go to the lee and calm-side of the Gospel, and hide Christ (if ever they had him) in their cabinets, as if they were ashamed of him, or as if Christ were *stolen wares*, and would blush before the sun. *My very dear and noble Lord*, ye have rejoiced the hearts of many, that ye have made choice of Christ and his gospel, whereas such great temptations do stand in your way: But I love your profession the better, that it endureth winds; if we knew our selves well, to want temptations is the greatest temptation of all: Neither is father nor mother, nor court, nor honour, in this overlustred world, with all its paintry and fairing, any thing else, when they are laid in the balance with Christ, but feathers, shadows, night-dreams and straws. O if this world knew the excellency, sweetness and beauty of that high and lofty One, that Fairest among the sons of men! Verily they should see, if their love were bigger than ten heavens, all in circles without other, that it were all too little for Christ our Lord.

Lord. I hope, your choice shall not repent you, when life shall come to that twilight betwixt time and eternity, and ye shall see the utmost border of time, and shall draw the curtain, and look into eternity, and shall one day see God take the heavens in his hands, and fold them together, like an old *belly* garment, and set on fire this clay-part of the creation of God, and consume away in smoke and ashes the *idol-hope* of poor fools, who think there is not a better country, than this low country of dying-clay. Children cannot make comparison right betwixt this life and that to come; and therefore the babes of this world, who see no better, mould in their own brain a heaven of their own coining, because they see no further than the nearest side of time. I dare lay in pawn my hope of heaven, that this reproached way, is the only way of peace: I find, it is the way that the Lord hath sealed with his comforts, now in my bonds for Christ; and I verily esteem, and find chains and fetters for that lovely One, Christ, to be warred over with sweet consolations, and the love smiles of that lovely Bridegroom, for whose coming we wait: And when he cometh, then shall the *blacks* and *whites* of all men come before the sun, then shall the Lord put a final decision upon the pleas that Zion hath with her adversaries: And as fast as time posseth away (which neither sitteth, nor standeth, nor sleepeth) as fast is our hand-breadth of this short *winter-night* flying away, and the sky of our long-lasting day drawing near its breaking. Except your *Lordship* be pleased to plead for me, against the *tyranny* of *Prelates*, I shall be forgotten in this prison; for they did shape my *doom* according to their new lawless *Canons*, which is, that a deprived minister shall be utterly silenced, and not preach at all; which is a cruelty, contrary to their own former practices. Now, the only wise God, the very God of peace, confirm, strengthen and establish your *Lordship*, upon the Stone laid in Zion, and be with you for ever.

*Aberd. 1637. Your Lordship's at all respective obedience
in his sweet Lord Jesus. S. R.*

TO JEAN BROWN.

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I earnestly desire your on-going toward your Country: I know, ye see your day melteth away

way by little and little, and that in short time ye will be put beyond *time's* bounds; for *life* is a post that standeth not still, and our joys here are born weeping, rather than laughing, and they die weeping. Sin, sin, this body of sin and corruption, imbittereth and poisoneth all our enjoyments. O that I were where I shall sin no more! O to be freed of these chains and iron fetters, that we carry about with us! *Lord, lose the sad Prisoners.* Who of the children of God have not cause to say, that they have their fill of this vain life, and like a full and sick stomach, to wish at *mid-supper*, that the supper were ended, and the table drawn, that the sick man might win to bed and enjoy rest? We have cause to tire a *mid-supper* of the best messes, that this world can dress up for us; and to cry to God, that he would remove the table, and put the sin-sick souls to rest with himself. O for a long *play-day* with Christ, and our long lasting *vacance* of rest! Glad may their souls be, that are safe over *firth*, Christ having payed the fraught: happy are they, who have past their hard and wearisome time of apprenticeship, and are now freemen and citizens in that joyful high city, the new *Jerusalem*. Alas! that we should be glad of, and rejoice in our fetters, and our prison-house, and this dear *hous*, a life of sin, where we are absent from our Lord, and so far from our home. O that we could get *bonds* and *law-suretieship* of our love, that it fasten not it self on these clay-dreams, these clay-shadows and worldly vanities! We might be oftner seeing what they are doing in Heaven, and our heart more frequently upon our sweet treasure above. We smell of the smoke of this lower-house of the earth, because our hearts and our thoughts are here: If we could *haunt* up with God, we should smell of heaven, and of our country above, and we should look like our country, and like strangers or people not born or brought up hereaway: Our crosses would not bite upon us, if we were heavenly-minded. I know no obligation the faunts have to this world, seeing we *fare* but upon the smoke of it; and if there be any smoke in the house, it bloweth upon our eyes: All our part of the table is scarce worth a drink of water; and when we are stricken, we dare not weep, but steal our grief away betwixt our Lord and us, and content our selves with stolen sorrow behind backs. God be thanked, we have many things that so stroak us against the hair, as we may pray, *God keep our better home, God bless our father's house, and not this*

smoke, that bloweth us to seek our best lodging. I am sure, this is best fruit of the cross, when we, from the hard fare of the dear inns, cry the more, that *God would send a fair wind, to land us, hungred and oppressed strangers, at the door of our Father's house,* which now is made in Christ our kindly heritage. O then let us pull up the stakes and stoops of our tent, and take our tent on our back, and go with our sitting to our best home; for *here we have no continuing city.* I am waiting in hope here, to see what my Lord will do with me. Let him make of me what he pleaseth; providing he make glory to himself out of me, I care not. I hope, yea I am now sure, that I am for Christ, and all that I can or may make is for him: I am his everlasting debtor or dyvour, and still shall be; for alas I have nothing for him, and he getteth little service of me! Pray for me, that our Lord would be pleased to give me house-room, that I may serve him in the calling he hath called me unto. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus. S. R.

TO ROBERT STEWART.

My very dear Brother,

GRace, mercy, and peace be to you: Ye are heartily welcome to my world of suffering, and heartily welcome to my Master's house, God give you much joy of your new Master. If I have been in the house before you, I were not faithful to give the house an ill name, or to speak evil of the Lord of the family: I rather wish God's holy Spirit (*O Lord, breathe upon me with that Spirit*) to tell you the fashions of the house. One thing I can say, by on-waiting ye will grow a great man with the Lord of the house: hang on, till ye get some good from Christ; lay all your loads and your weights by faith upon Christ; ease your self, and let him bear all: he can, he dow, he will bear you, howbeit hell were upon your back. I rejoice that he is come, and hath chosen you in the furnace; it was even there where ye and he set tryst: That is an old gate of Christ's, he keepeth the good old fashion with you, that was in *Hosea's* days, *Hos. ii. 14.* *There behold I will allure her, and bring her to the wilderness, and speak to her heart:* there was no talking to her heart, while he and she were in the fair and flourishing city, and at ease; but out in the cold, hungry, waste wilderness, he allureth her; he whispered news into her ear there, and said, *Thou art mine.* What would ye think

think of such a *bode*? Ye may soon do worse than say, *Lord, beld all; Lord Jesus, a Bargain be it, it shall not go back on my side.* Ye have gotten a great advantage in the way to heaven, that ye have started to the gate in the morning like a fool as I was, I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven, and near afternoon, before ever I took the gate by the end: I pray you now, keep the advantage ye have. *My heart*, be not lazy; set quickly up the brae on hands and feet, as if the last *pickle* of sand were running out of your *glass*, and death were coming to turn the glass: And be very careful to take heed to your feet, in that slippery and dangerous way of youth, that ye are walking in: The devil and temptations now have the advantage of the brae of you, and are upon your *wand-band* and your working hand; dry timber will soon take fire: be covetous and greedy of the grace of God, and beware that it be not holiness that cometh only from the cross; for too many are that way disposed, *Psal. lxxviii. 34. When he slew them, then they sought him, and they returned and enquired early after God.* Verse 36. *Nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues.* It is a part of our hypocrisy, to give God fair white words, when he hath us in his grips (if I may speak so) and to flatter him till we win to the fair fields again. Try well green godliness, and examine what it is ye love in Christ: if ye love but Christ's *sun-side*, and would have only *summer-weather* and a *land-gate*, not a *sea-way* to heaven; your profession will play you a slip, and the *winter-well* will go dry again in summer. Make no sports nor *bairns-play* of Christ; but labour for a *sound and lively sight* of sin, that ye may judge your self an *undone man*, a *damm'd slave of hell and sin*, one *dying in your own blood*, except Christ come and *rue upon you*, and *take you up*; and therefore make sure and fast work of conversion: cast the earth deep; and down, down with the *old work*, the *building of confusion*, that was there before; and let Christ lay *new work*, and make a *new creation* within you. Look if *Christ's rain* goeth down to the root of your withered plants, and if his love wound your heart while it bleed with *sorrow for sin*, and if ye can pant and fall aswoon, and be like to die for that lovely One, Jesus: I know, *Christ* will not be hid where he is; grace will ever speak for it self, and be fruitful in well-doing: The sanctified cross is a fruitful tree, it bringeth forth many apples. If I should tell you by some weak experience, what I have found in *Christ*, ye or others could

could hardly believe me: *I* thought not the hundredth part of *Christ* long since, that *I* do now; tho' alas! my thoughts are still infinitely below his worth. *I* have a *dwindling, sickly and pained life*, for a real possession of him; and am troubled with *love-brasles* and *love-fevers*; but it is a sweet pain. *I* would refuse no conditions, not hell excepted, (reserving always God's hatred) to buy possession of *Jesus*: but alas! *I* am not a merchant, who have any money to give for him; *I* must either come to a good cheap market, where wares are had for nothing, else *I* go home empty: But *I* have casten this work up on *Christ*, to get me himself; *I* have his faith, and truth, and promise (as a pawn of his) all engaged that *I* shall obtain that, which my *hungry desires* would be at, and *I* esteem that the choice of my happiness: And for *Christ's* cross, especially the garland and flower of all crosses, *to suffer for his name*, *I* esteem it more than *I* can write or speak to you; and *I* write it under mine own hand to you, it is one of the steps of the ladder up to our country, and *Christ* (whoever be one) is still at the heavy end of this black tree, and so it is but as a feather to me: *I* need not run at leisure, because of a burden on my back; my back never bare the like of it; the more *heavily crossed* for *Christ* the soul is, it is still the lighter for the journey. Now, would to God, all *cold-blooded, faint-hearted* soldiers of *Christ* would look again to *Jesus*, and to his love; and when they look, *I* would have them to look again and again, and fill themselves with beholding of *Christ's* beauty; and *I* dare say then, that *Christ* would come in great court and request with many: The virgins would flock fast about the Bridegroom, they would embrace and take hold of him, and not let him go: But when *I* have spoken of him till my head rive, *I* have said just nothing, *I* may begin again. A God-head, a God-head is a *world's wonder*: Set ten thousand thousand new made *worlds* of angels and elect men, and double them in number, ten thousand, thousand, thousand times; let their heart and tongues be ten thousand thousand times more agile and large, than the heart and tongues of the Seraphims, that stand with six wings before him, *Isa. vi. 2*. When they have said all for the glorifying and praising of the Lord *Jesus*, they have but spoken little or nothing: His love will bide all possible creatures to praise. Oh if *I* could wear this tongue to the *stump*, in extolling his highness! But it is my daily-growing sorrow, that *I* am confounded with his incomparable love, and he doth so great things for my soul, and he got never yet any thing of

me worth the speaking of. *Sir*, I charge you, help me to praise him: It is a shame to speak of what he hath done for me, and what I do to him again. I am sure, Christ hath many drowned *dyvours* in heaven beside him; and when we are convened, man and angel, at the great *day*, in that fair last meeting, we are all but his drowned *dyvours*: It is hard to say, who oweth him most; if men could do no more, I would have them to wonder: If we cannot be filled with Christ's love, we may be filled with *wondring*. *Sir*, I would I could persuade you to grow sick for Christ, and to long after him, and be pained with love for himself; but his tongue is in heaven, who can do it! To him and his rich grace I recommend you. I pray you, pray for me, and forget not to praise.

Aberd. June 17. 1637. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady GAITGIRTH.

Mistress,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to know how matters stand betwixt Christ and your soul. I know ye find him still the longer the better, time cannot change him in his love: Ye may your self ebb and flow, rise and fall, wax and wane; but your Lord is this day as he was yesterday; and it is your comfort, that your salvation is not rolled upon *wheels* of your own making, neither have ye to do with a Christ of your own shaping: God hath singled out a Mediator, strong and mighty; if ye and your burdens were as heavy as ten hills or hells, he is able to bear you, and save you to the uttermost. Your often seeking to him, cannot make you a burden to him. I know Christ compassionateth you, and maketh a moan for you, in all your *dumps*, and under your down-castings; but it is good for you, that he hideth himself sometimes: it is not *niceness*, *dryness*, nor *coldness* of love, that causeth Christ withdraw, and *slip-in* under a curtain and a vail, that ye cannot see him; but he knoweth, ye could not bear with *up-sails*, a fair gale, a full moon and a high spring-tide of his felt love, and always a fair summer-day and a summer-sun of a felt and possessed and embracing Lord Jesus. His kisses and his visits to his dearest ones are thin sown: He could not let out his rivers of love upon his own, but these rivers would be in hazard to loose a young plant at the root; and he knoweth this of you: Ye should therefore frist Christ's kindness, as to its sensible and full manifestations, till ye and

he be above sun and moon; that is the country where ye will be enlarged for that love, which ye dow not now contain. Cast the burden of your sweet babes upon Christ, and lighten your heart, by laying your *All* upon him, he will be their God. *I* hope to see you up the mountain yet, and glad in the salvation of God: Frame your self for Christ, and gloom not upon his cross. *I* find him so sweet, that my love, suppose *I* would charge it to remove from Christ, would not obey me: His love hath stronger fingers than to let go its grips of us, bairns, who cannot go but by such a hold as Christ. It is good that we want legs of our own, since we may borrow from Christ; and it is our happiness that Christ is under an *act of cautionry* for heaven, and that Christ is booked in heaven, as the principal Debtor, for such poor bodies as we are. *I* request you, give the *Laird* your husband thanks for his care of me, that he hath appeared in publick for a prisoner of Christ: *I* pray and write mercy and peace and blessings to him and his. Grace, grace be with you for ever.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL.

Reverend and dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: My longings and desires for a sight of the new-built tabernacle of Christ again in *Scotland*, that tabernacle that came down from heaven, hath now taken some life again, when I see Christ making a *mint* to sow vengeance among his enemies. *I* care not, if this land be ripe for such a great wonderful mercy; but *I* know, he must do, whenever it is done, without hire. *I* find the grief of my silence, and my fear to be holden at the door of Christ's house, swelling upon me; and the truth is, were it not that *I* am dawted now and then with pieces of Christ's sweet love and comforts, *I* fear *I* should have made an ill *browst* of this honourable cross, that *I* know such a soft and *silly-minded* body as *I* am, is not worthy of: For *I* have little in me but softness, and superlative and excessive apprehensions of fear, and sadness, and sorrow; and often God's terrors do surround me, because Christ looketh not so favourably upon me, as a poor witness would have him: And *I* wonder, how *I* have past a year and a quarter's imprisonment, without shaming my sweet Lord, to whom *I* desire to be faithful; and *I* think *I* shall die but even minting and aiming to serve
and

and honour my Lord Jesus. Few know how *toom* and *empty* I am at home; but it is a part of marriage-love and husband-love, that my Lord Jesus goeth not to the streets with his chiding against me: It is but stolen and concealed anger that I find and feel, and his *glooms* to me are kept under *roof*, that he will not have mine enemies hearing what is betwixt me and Christ: And believe me, I say the truth in Christ, the only *gall* and *wormwood* in my cup, and that which hath filled me with fear, hath been, lest my sins, that *sun* and *moon* and the Lord's children were never witness to, should have moved my Lord to strike me with dumb Sabbaths: Lord pardon my soft and weak jealousies, if I be here in an error. *My very dear brother*, I would have looked for more large and more particular letters from you, for my comfort in this; for your *words* before have strengthened me: I pray you, mend this, and be thankful and painful, while ye have a piece or corner of the Lord's Vineyard to dress. O would to God I could have leave to follow you to break the clods! But I wish I could command my soul silence, and wait upon the Lord. I am sure, while Christ lives, I am well enough *friend-stead*: I hope he will extend his kindness and power for me; but God be thanked, it is not worse with me, than a cross for Christ and his truth. I know he might have pitched upon many more choice and worthy witnesses, if he had pleased; but I seek no more (be what timber I will, suppose I were made of a piece of hell) than that my Lord, in his infinite art, hew glory to his Name, and enlargement to Christ's kingdom, out of me. Oh that I could attain to this, to desire that my part of Christ might be laid in pledge for the heightning of Christ's throne in *Britain*! Let my Lord redeem the pledge, or, if he please, let it sink and drown unredeemed: But what can I add to him? Or what way can a smothered and born-down prisoner set out Christ in open market, as a lovely and desirable Lord, to many souls? I know, he seeth to his own glory; better than my ebb thoughts can dream of; and that the wheels and paces of this poor distempered Kirk are in his hands, and that things shall roll as Christ will have them: Only, Lord *tryst* the matter so, as Christ may be made a Householder and Lord again in *Scotland*, and *wet* faces for his departure may be dried at his *sweet* and much-desired *welcome-home*. I see, in all our trials, our Lord will not mix our wares and his grace over-head through other; but he will have each man to know his own, that she like of me may say, in my sufferings,

This is Christ's grace, and this is but my coarse stuff; this is free grace, and this is but nature and reason. We know what our legs would play us, if they should carry us through all our waters; and the least thing our Lord can have of us, is, to know we are *grace's debtors*, or *grace's dyvours*, and that *nature* is of a base house and blood; and *grace* is better born, and of kin and blood to Christ, and of a better house. Oh that I were free of that idol, that they call *my self*; and that Christ were for *my self*, and *my self* a decourted cypher, and a denied and forsworn thing! But that proud thing, *my self*, will not play, except it ride up *side for side* with Christ, or rather have place before him. O *my self*, another devil, as evil as the prince of devils; if thou could give Christ the way, and take thine own room, which is to sit as low as nothing or corruption! O but we have much need to be ransomed and redeemed by Christ, from that *master-tyrant*, that cruel and lawless lord, *our self*; nay, when I am seeking Christ, and am out of my self, I have the third part of a squint-eye upon that vain, vain thing, *my self*, *my self*, and something of *mine own*: but I must hold here. I desire you to contribute your help, to see if I can be restored to my wasted and lost flock. I see not how it can be, except the *Lords* would procure me a liberty to preach; and they have reason, 1. Because the opposers and my adversaries have practised their *new canons* upon me, whereof one is, *That no deprived minister preach, under the pain of excommunication.* 2. Because my opposing of these *canons*, was a special thing that incensed *Sidser* against me. 3. Because I was judicially accused for my book against the *Arminians*, and commanded by the *chancellor* to acknowledge, I had done a fault in writing against Dr. *Jacksen*, a wicked *Arminian*. Pray for a room in the house to me. Grace, grace be (as it is) your portion.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN STEWART Provost of Air.

Worthy Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be with you: I long for the time, when I shall see the beauty of the Lord in his house; and would be as glad of it, as of any sight on earth, to see the hale, the blind, and the lame, come back to Zion with supplications, *Jer. xxxi. 8, 9. Going and weeping, and seeking the Lord, asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward,* *Jer. l. 5, 6.*

ti. 5, 6. *And to see the woman travailing in birth, delivered of the man-child of a blessed Reformation.* If this land were humbled, I would look that our skies should clear, and our day dawn again; and ye should then bless Christ, who is content to save your travel, and to give himself to you, in pure ordinances on this side of the sea. I know, the mercy of Christ is engaged by promise to *Scotland*, notwithstanding he bring *wrath*, as I fear he shall, upon this land. I am waiting on for enlargement, and half-content that my faith bow, if Christ, while he bow it, keep it unbroken; for who goeth through a fire without a mark or a *scald*? I see the Lord making use of this fire, to scour his vessels from their rust. Oh that my will were silent, and *as a child weaned from the breasts!* *Psal. cxxxi.* But alas, who hath an heart that will give Christ the *last word in flying*, and will hear, and not speak again? Oh! contestations and quarrelous replies (as a *soon-sadled spirit, I do well to be angry, even to the death*, *Jonah iv. 9.*) smell of the stink of strong corruption. O blessed soul, that could sacrifice his *will* and go to heaven, having lost his *will*, and made resignation of it to Christ! I would seek no more, but that Christ were absolute King over my *will*, and that my *will* were a sufferer in all crosses, without meeting Christ with such a word, *Why is it thus?* I wish still, that my love had but leave to stand beside beautiful Jesus, and to get the mercy of looking to him, and burning for him, suppose possession of him were suspended and fristed, till my Lord fold together the leaves and two sides of the little shepherd's tent of clay. Oh what pain is in longing for Christ, under an over-clouded and eclipsed assurance! What is harder than to burn, and dwine with longing and deaths of love, and then to have *blanks and uninked paper*, for assurance of Christ in real fruition or possession? Oh how sweet were one line or half a letter of a written assurance under Christ's own hand! But this is our exercise daily, that *guiltiness* shall overmist and darken *assurance*: It is a miracle to believe, but for a sinner to believe is two miracles. But O what obligations of love are we under to Christ, who beareth with our *wild* apprehensions, in suffering them to nick-name *sweet Jesus*, and to put a lie upon his good Name! If he had not been God, and if long-suffering in Christ were not like Christ himself, we should long ago have broken Christ's mercies in two pieces, and put an iron-bar upon our own salvation, that mercy should not have been able to break or over-leap; but long-suffering in God, is God himself, and that is
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our salvation, and the stability of our heaven is in God: He knew (who said, *Christ in you the hope of glory*, Col. i. 27. For our hope and the bottom and pillars of it is Christ-God) sinners are anchor-fast and made stable in God; so that if God do not change (which is impossible) then my hope shall not fluctuate. O sweet stability of sure-bottom'd salvation! Who could win heaven, if this were not? and who could be saved, if God were not God, and if he were not such a God as he is? *O God be thanked, that our Salvation is coasted and landed and shored upon Christ, who is Master of winds and storms?* and what sea-winds can blow the coast or the land out of its place? Bulwarks are often casten down, but coasts are not removed; but suppose that were or might be, yet God cannot reel or remove. Oh that we go from this strong and unmovable Lord, and that we loose our selves (if it were in our power) from him! Alas, our green and young love hath not taken with Christ, being unacquainted with him: He is such a wide and broad, and deep and high, and surpassing sweetness, that our love is too little for him; but O if our love, little as it is, could *take hand* with his great and huge sweetness and transcendent excellency! O thrice blessed, and eternally blessed are they, who are out of themselves, and above themselves, that they may be in love united to him! I am often rolling up and down the thoughts of my faint and sick desires, of expressing Christ's glory before his people; but I see not through the throng of impediments, and cannot find eyes to look higher, and so I put many things in Christ's way to hinder him, that I know he would but laugh at, and with one *stride* set his foot over them all. I know not, if my Lord will bring me to his Sanctuary or not; but I know, he hath the placing of me, either within or without the house, and that nothing will be done without him: But I am often thinking and saying, within my self, that my days flee away, and I see no good, neither yet Christ's work thriving; and it is like, the grave shall prevent the answer of my desires of saving of souls, as I would: But alas I cannot make right *work* of his *ways*, I neither spell nor read my Lord's providence aright: My thoughts go a way, that I fear they meet not God; for it is like, God will not come the *way* of my thoughts; and I cannot be taught to crucifie him my *wisdom* and *desires*, and to make him King over my thoughts; for I would have a principedom over my thought, and would boldly and blindly prescribe to God,
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and guide my self in a way of my own making: But I hold my peace here, let him do his will. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

*Tours in his sweetest Lord
and Master, S. R.*

TO CARSLUTH.

Much honoured Sir,

I Long to hear how your soul prospereth. I earnestly desire you, to try how matters stand between your soul and the Lord: think it no easie matter to take heaven by violence; Salvation cometh now to the most part of men, in a night-dream: There is no scarcity of faith now, such as it is; for ye shall not now light upon the man, who will not say, he hath faith in *Christ*: But alas! dreams make no man's rights. *Worthy Sir*, I beseech you in the Lord, give your soul no rest, till ye have real assurance, and *Christ's* rights confirmed and sealed to your soul; the common faith and *Country-holiness*, and *week-days zeal*, that is among people, will never bring men to heaven: Take pains for your salvation; for in that day, when ye shall see many mens labours and conquests and idol riches lying in ashes, when the earth and all the works thereof shall be burnt with fire, O how dear a price would your soul give for God's favour in *Christ*! It is a blessed thing to see *Christ* with *up-sun*, and to read over your papers and soul-accounts with fair day-light: It will not be time to cry for a lamp, when the Bridgroom is entred into his chamber, and the door shut. Fy, fy upon blinded and based souls, who are committing *whoredom* with this idol-clay, and hunting a poor wretched hungry heaven, a hungry break-fast, a day's meat, from this hungry world, with the forfeiting of God's favour, and the *drinking over* their heaven *over the board* [as men use to speak] for the laughter and sports of this short forenoon! All that is under this vault of heaven, and betwixt us and death, and in this side of sun and moon, are but toys, night-visions, head-fancies, poor shadows, watry froth, godless vanities, at their best, and black hearts, and salt, and lowre miseries, sugared over and confectioned with an hour's laughter or two, and the conceit of riches, honour, vain, vain court and lawless pleasures. *Sir*, If ye look both to the laughing side, and the weeping side of this world, and if ye look not only upon the skin and colour of things, but into their inwards, and the heart of their excellency, ye shall see that

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one look of *Christ's* sweet and lovely eye, one kiss of his fairest face, is worth ten thousand *worlds* of such rottent stuff, as the foolish sons of men set their hearts upon. Oh *Sir*, Turn, turn your heart to the other side of things, and get it once free of these entanglements, to consider eternity, death, the clay-bed, the grave, awfom judgment, everlasting burning quick in hell, where death would give as great a price [if there were a market, where death might be bought and sold] as all the *world*. Consider heaven and glory : But alas, why speak I of considering these things, which have not entred into the heart of man to consider ? Look into these depths [without a bottom] of loveliness, sweetness, beauty, excellency, glory, goodness, grace and mercy, that are in *Christ*; and ye shall then cry down the whole *world*, and all the glory of it, even when it is come to the summer-bloom ; and ye shall cry, Up with *Christ*, up with *Christ's* Father, up with eternity of glory. *Sir*, There is a great deal of less sand in your glass, than when I saw you, and your afternoon is nearer even-tide now than it was. As a fool carried back to the sea, so doth the Lord's swift post, *time*, carry you and your life with wings to the grave : Ye eat and drink, but *time* standeth not still ; ye laugh, but your day fleeth away ; ye sleep, but your hours are reckoned and put by-hand. O how soon will *time* shut you out of the poor and cold and hungry inns of this life ! and then what will yesterday's short-born pleasures do to you, but be as a snow-ball melted away, many years since, or worse ? for the memory of these pleasures useth to fill the soul with bitterness. *Time* and experience will prove this to be true ; and dying men, if they could speak, could make this good. Lay no more on the creatures, than they are able to carry : Lay your soul and your weights upon God ; make him your only, only best Beloved. Your errand to this life is to make sure an eternity of glory to your soul, and to match your soul with *Christ* ; your love, if it were more than all the love of angels in one, is *Christ's* due : Other things worthy in themselves, in respect of *Christ*, are not worth a *windlestraw*, or a drink of cold water. I doubt not but in death ye will see all things more distinctly, and that then the *world* shall bear no more bulk than it is worth, and that then it shall couch and be contracted into nothing ; and ye shall see *Christ* longer, higher, broader, and deeper, than ever he was. O blessed conquest, to lose all things and to gain *Christ* ! I know not what ye have, if ye want *Christ* : Alas, how poor is your gain, if the earth were all yours in free heritage, hold-

holding it, of no man of clay, if *Christ* be not yours? O seek all mistles, lay all oars in the *water*, put forth all your *power*, and bend all your endeavours, to put away and part with all things, that ye may gain and enjoy *Christ*: Try and search his *word*, and strive to go a step above and beyond ordinary professors, and resolve to *sweat* more and run faster than they do, for salvation. Mens *mid-way*, *cold* and *wise courses* in godliness, and their neighbour-like, *cold* and *wise pace* to heaven, will cause many a man *want* his lodging at night, and lie in the fields. I recommend *Christ* and his love to your seeking, and your self to the tender mercy and rich grace of our Lord. Remember my love in *Christ* to your *wife*: I desire her to learn to make her soul's anchor fast upon *Christ* himself: Few are saved; let her consider, what joy the smiles of God in *Christ* will be, and what the love-kisses of sweet, sweet Jesus, and a *welcome home to the new Jerusalem* from *Christ's* own mouth, will be to her soul: when *Christ* shall fold together the clay-tent of her body, and lay it by his hand for a time, till the fair morning of the general resurrection. I avouch before God, man and angel, that I have not seen, nor can imagine a lover to be comparable to lovely Jesus; I would not exchange or *niffer* him with ten heavens: If heaven could be without him, what could we do there? Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Your Soul's eternal Well-wisher, S. R.

TO CASSINCARRIE.

Much honoured Sir,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long in writing to you. I am confident ye have learned to prize *Christ*, and his love and favour, more than ordinary professors, who scarce see *Christ* with half an eye, because their sight is taken up with the eying and liking the beauty of this over-gilded *world*, that promileth fair to all its lovers, but in the push of a trial, when need is, can give nothing but a fair beguile. I know ye are not ignorant, that men come not to this *world*, as some do to a *market*, to see and be seen; or as some come to behold a *May-game*, and only to behold, and to go home again: Ye came hither to treat with God, and to tryst with him in his *Christ*, for salvation to your soul, and to seek reconciliation with an angry wrathful God, in a covenant of peace made to you in *Christ*; and this is more than an ordinary sport,

sport, or the play, that the greatest part of the *world* give their heart unto: And therefore, *Worthy Sir*, I pray you by the salvation of your soul, and by the mercy of God, and your compearance before *Christ*, do this in sad earnest, and let not salvation be your *by-work*, or your *holy-days* task only, or a *work* by the *way*; for men think, that this may be done in *three days space* on a feather-bed, when death and they are fallen in hands together, and that with a word or two they shall make their soul-matters right: Alas, this is to sit loose and unture in the matters of our salvation; nay, the seeking of this *world*, and the glory of it, is but an odd and by-errand, that we may slip, so being we make salvation sure. Oh when will men learn to be that heavenly-wise, as to divorce from, and free their soul of all idol-lovers, and make *Christ* the only, only One, and trim and make ready their lamps, while they have time and day! How soon will this house *skail*, and the inns where the poor soul lodgeth fall to the earth! how soon will some few years pass away, and then when the day is ended, and this life's lease expired, what have men of *world's glory*, but dreams and thoughts? O how blessed a thing is it to labour for *Christ*, and to make him sure! Know and try in time your holding of him, and the rights and charters of heaven, and upon what terms ye have *Christ* and the Gospel, and what *Christ* is worth in your estimation, and how lightly ye esteem of other things, and how dearly of *Christ*! I am sure, if ye see him in his beauty and glory, ye shall see him to be all things, and that incomparable jewel of gold, that ye should seek, howbeit ye should sell, wadset and forfeit your few years portions of this life's joys. O happy soul for evermore, who can rightly compare this life with that long-lasting life to come, and can balance the weighty glory of the one, with the light golden vanity of the other! The day of the Lord is now near-hand, and all men shall come out in their *blacks* and *whites*, as they are: There shall be no borrowed lying colours in that day, when *Christ* shall be called *Christ*, and no longer nick-named. Now men borrow *Christ* and his white colour, and the lustre and fairing of Christianity; but how many counterfeit masks will be burnt in the day of God, in the fire, that shall burn the earth and the *works* that are in it? And howbeit *Christ* have the hardest part of it now, yet, in the presence of my Lord, whom I serve in the Spirit, I would not niffer or exchange *Christ's* prison, bonds and chains, with the gold chains and lordly rents, and smiling
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and happy-like heavens of the men of this world. I am far from thoughts of repenting, because of my losses and bonds for Christ. I wish all my adversaries were as I am, except my bonds. *Worthy, worthy, worthy* for evermore is Christ, for whom we should suffer pains like hell's pains, far more the short hell that the saints of God have in this life. *Sir,* I wish your soul may be more acquainted with the *sweetness* of Christ. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. *Tours in his only Lord and Master, S. R.*

To his Parishioners at Anwoth.

Deariy beloved in our Lord,

Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied upon you. I long exceedingly to hear of your on-going and advancement in your journey to the Kingdom of God: My only joy out of heaven is, to hear that the seed of God sown among you is growing and coming to an harvest; for I ceased not, while I was among you, in season and out of season (according to the measure of grace given unto me, to warn and stir up your Minds: And I am free from the blood of all men; for I have communicated to you *the whole counsel of God*. And I now again charge and warn you, in the great and dreadful Name, and in the sovereign authority of the *King of kings* and *Lord of lords*; and I beseech you also by the mercies of God, and by the bowels of Christ, by your appearance before Christ Jesus our Lord, by all the plagues that are written in God's book, by your part of the *holy City, the new Jerusalem*, that ye keep the truth of God, as I delivered it to you before many Witnesses, in the sight of God and his holy angels; for now the last days are come and coming, when many forsake Christ Jesus, and he saith to you, *Will ye also leave me?* Remember that I forewarned you to *forbear the dishonouring of the Lord's blessed Name*, in swearing, blaspheming, cursing, and the profaning of the *Lord's Sabbath*; willing you to give that day from morning to night to praying, praising, bearing of the word, conferring, and speaking not your own words, but God's words; thinking and meditating on God's nature, word and works: And that every day at morning and at night (at least) ye should sanctify the Lord, by praying in your houses, publicly in the hearing of all; that ye should in any sort forbear the receiving of the *Lord's Supper*, but after the form that

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I delivered it to you, according to the example of Christ our Lord; that is, that ye should sit as banqueters at one table with our King, and eat and drink, and divide the elements one to another; the timber and stones of the Church-walls shall bear witness, that my soul was refreshed with the comforts of God in that Supper: And that crossing in baptism was unlawful, and against Christ's ordinance; and that no day (besides the Sabbath, which is of his own appointment) should be kept holy, and sanctified with preaching and the publick worship of God for the memory of Christ's birth, death, resurrection and ascension; seeing such days so observed are unlawful, will-worship, and not warranted in Christ's word: And that every thing in God's worship, not warranted by Christ's testament and word, was unlawful: And also, that idolatry, worshipping of God before hallowed creatures, and adoring of Christ, by kneeling before bread and wine, was unlawful: And that ye should be humble, sober, modest, forbearing pride, envy, malice, wrath, hatred, contention, debate, lying, slander, stealing, and defrauding your neighbours in grass, corn or cattle, in buying or selling, borrowing or lending, taking or giving, in bargains or covenants: And that ye should work with your own hands, and be content with that which God hath given you: That ye should study to know God and his will, and keep in mind the doctrine of the Catechism, which I taught you carefully, and speak of it in your houses and in the fields, when ye lie down at night, and when ye rise in the morning: That ye should believe in the Son of God, and obey his commandments, and learn to make your accounts in time with your Judge; because death and judgment are before you. And if ye have now penury and want of that word, which I delivered to you in abundance; yea (to God's honour I speak it, without arrogating any thing to my self, who am but a poor empty man) ye had as much of the word, in nine years while I was among you, as some others have had in many; mourn for your loss of time, and repent. My soul pitieth you, that you should suck dry breasts, and be put to draw at dry wells. O that ye would esteem highly of the Lamb of God, your Welbeloved Christ Jesus, whose vertues and praises I preached unto you with joy, and which he did countenance and accompany with some power; and that ye would call to mind the many fair days and glorious feasts in our Lord's house of wine, that ye and I have had with Christ Jesus! But if there be any among you that take liberty to sin, because I am remo-

ved from amongst you, and forget that word of truth which ye heard, and turn the grace of God into wantonness; I here, under my hand, in the name of Christ my Lord, write to such persons *all the plagues of God, and the curses that ever I preached in the pulpit of Anwoth against the children of disobedience*: And, as the Lord liveth, the Lord Jesus shall make good what I write unto you. Therefore, *dearly beloved*, fulfil my joy; fear the great and dreadful Name of the Lord; seek God with me. *Scotland's* judgment sleepeth not; awake and repent: The sword of the Lord shall go from the North to the South, from the East to the West, and through all the corners of the land; and that sword shall be drunk with your blood amongst the first: and I shall stand up as a witness against you, if ye do not amend your ways and your doings, and turn to the Lord with all your heart. I beseech you also, *my dearly beloved in the Lord, my joy and my crown*, offend not at the sufferings of me, the prisoner of Jesus Christ; I am filled with joy and with the comforts of God. Upon my salvation, I know and am persuaded, it is for God's truth, and the honour of my King and royl Prince, Jesus, I now suffer: And howbeit this town be my prison, yet Christ hath made it my palace, a garden of pleasures, a field and orchard of delights. I know likewise, albeit I be in bonds, that yet the word of God is not in bonds; my spirit also is in freedom. Sweet, sweet have his comforts been to my soul; my pen, tongue and heart have not words to express the kindness, love and mercy of my Welbeloved to me, in this house of my pilgrimage. I charge you to fear and love Christ, and to seek a house not made with hands, but your Father's house above. This laughing and white-skinned world beguileth you; and if ye seek it more than God, it shall play you a slip, to the endless sorrow of your heart: Alas, I could not make many of you fall in love with Christ, howbeit I endeavoured to speak much good of him, and to commend him to you (which as it was your sin, so it is my sorrow) yet once again suffer me to exhort, beseech and obtest you in the Lord, to think of his love, and to be delighted with him, who is altogether lovely: I give you the word of a King, ye shall not repent it. Ye are in my prayers night and day, I cannot forget you: I do not eat, I do not drink, but I pray for you all: I intreat you all, and every one of you, to pray for me. Grace, grace be with you.

*Your lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.*

Aberd. Sept. 23. 1637.

I delivered it to you, according to the example of Christ our Lord; that is, that ye should sit as banqueters at one table with our King, and eat and drink, and divide the elements one to another; the timber and stones of the Church-walls shall bear witness, that my soul was refreshed with the comforts of God in that Supper: And that crossing in baptism was unlawful, and against Christ's ordinance; and that no day (besides the Sabbath, which is of his own appointment) should be kept holy, and sanctified with preaching and the publick worship of God for the memory of Christ's birth, death, resurrection and ascension; seeing such days so observed are unlawful, will-worship, and not warranted in Christ's word: And that every thing in God's worship, not warranted by Christ's testament and word, was unlawful: And also, that idolatry, worshipping of God before hallowed creatures, and adoring of Christ, by kneeling before bread and wine, was unlawful: And that ye should be humble, sober, modest, forbearing pride, envy, malice, wrath, hatred, contention, debate, lying, slander, stealing, and defrauding your neighbours in grass, corn or cattle, in buying or selling, borrowing or lending, taking or giving, in bargains or covenants: And that ye should work with your own hands, and be content with that which God hath given you: That ye should study to know God and his will, and keep in mind the doctrine of the Catechism, which I taught you carefully, and speak of it in your houses and in the fields, when ye lie down at night, and when ye rise in the morning: That ye should believe in the Son of God, and obey his commandments, and learn to make your accounts in time with your Judge; because death and judgment are before you. And if ye have now penury and want of that word, which I delivered to you in abundance; yea (to God's honour I speak it, without arrogating any thing to my self, who am but a poor empty man) ye had as much of the word, in nine years while I was among you, as some others have had in many; mourn for your loss of time, and repent. My soul pitieth you, that you should suck dry breasts, and be put to draw at dry wells. O that ye would esteem highly of the Lamb of God, your Wellbeloved Christ Jesus, whose vertues and praises I preached unto you with joy, and which he did countenance and accompany with some power; and that ye would call to mind the many fair days and glorious feasts in our Lord's house of wine, that ye and I have had with Christ Jesus! But if there be any among you that take liberty to sin, because I am remo-

ved from amongst you, and forget that word of truth which ye heard, and turn the grace of God into wantonness; I here, under my hand, in the name of Christ my Lord, write to such persons *all the plagues of God, and the curses that ever I preached in the pulpit of Anwoth against the children of disobedience*: And, as the Lord liveth, the Lord Jesus shall make good what I write unto you. Therefore, *dearly beloved*, fulfil my joy; fear the great and dreadful Name of the Lord; seek God with me. *Scotland's judgment sleepeth not*; awake and repent: The sword of the Lord shall go from the North to the South, from the East to the West, and through all the corners of the land; and that sword shall be drunk with your blood amongst the first: and I shall stand up as a witness against you, if ye do not amend your ways and your doings, and turn to the Lord with all your heart. I beseech you also, *my dearly beloved in the Lord, my joy and my crown*, offend not at the sufferings of me, the prisoner of Jesus Christ; I am filled with joy and with the comforts of God. Upon my salvation, I know and am persuaded, it is for God's truth, and the honour of my King and royal Prince, Jesus, I now suffer: And howbeit this town be my prison, yet Christ hath made it my palace, a garden of pleasures, a field and orchard of delights. I know likewise, albeit I be in bonds, that yet the word of God is not in bonds; my spirit also is in freedom. Sweet, sweet have his comforts been to my soul; my pen, tongue and heart have not words to express the kindness, love and mercy of my Welbeloved to me, in this house of my pilgrimage. I charge you to fear and love Christ, and to seek a house not made with hands, but your Father's house above. This laughing and white-skinned world beguileth you; and if ye seek it more than God, it shall *play you a slip*, to the *endless sorrow* of your heart: Alas, I could not make many of you fall in love with Christ, howbeit I endeavoured to speak much good of him, and to commend him to you (which as it was your sin, so it is my sorrow) yet once again suffer me to exhort, beseech and obtest you in the Lord, to think of his love, and to be delighted with him, who is *altogether lovely*: I give you the word of a King, ye shall not repent it. Ye are in my prayers night and day, I cannot forget you: I do not eat, I do not drink, but I pray for you all: I intreat you all, and every one of you, to pray for me. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 23. 1637.

Your lawful and loving
Pastor, S. R.

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To

To the Lady CARDONESS.

Mistress,

I Beseech you in the Lord Jesus, make every day more and more of Christ; and try your growth in the grace of God, and what new ground ye win daily on corruption: for travellers are day by day either advancing farther on, and nearer home; or else they go not right about to compass their journey. I think still the better and better of Christ: Alas, I know not where to set him, I would so fain have him high! I cannot set heavens above heavens, till I were tired with numbring, and set him upon the highest *step* and *story* of the highest of them all: but I wish I could make him great through the *world*, suppose my loss, and pain, and shame were set under the soles of his feet, that he might stand upon me. I request you faint not, because this world and ye are at *yea* and *noy*, and because this is not a home that laugheth upon you; the wise Lord, who knoweth you, will have it so, because he casteth a net for your love, to catch it and gather it in to himself: therefore bear patiently the loss of children, and burdens, and other discontentments, either within or without the house; your Lord in them is seeking you, and seek ye him. Let none be your love and choice, and the flower of your delights, but your Lord Jesus. Set not your heart upon the world, since God hath not made it your portion; for it will not fall you to get two portions, and to laugh twice, and to be happy twice, and to have an *upper heaven* and an *under heaven* too: Christ our Lord and his saints were not so; and therefore let go your grip of this life, and of the good things of it. I hope your heaven groweth not *hereaway*. Learn daily both to possess and miss Christ, in his secret *Bridegroom-smiles*; he must go and come, because his infinite *wisdom* thinketh it best for you: We will be together one day; we shall not need to borrow light from sun, moon or candle; there shall be no complaints on either side in heaven; there shall be none there, but he and we, the Bridegroom and the Bride: Devils, temptations, trials, desertions, losses, sad hearts, pain and death shall be all put out of play; and the devil must give up his office of *tempting*. O blessed is the soul, whose hope hath a face looking straight out to that day! It is not our part to make a treasure here; any thing under the covering of heaven we can build upon, is but ill ground, and a sandy foundation: Every

Every good thing, except God, wanteth a bottom, and cannot stand its alone; how then can it bear the weight of us? Let us not lay a load upon a *windlestraw*; there shall nothing find my *weight*, or found my *happiness*, but God. I know, all created power should sink under me, if I should lean down upon it; and therefore it is better to rest on God, than sink or fall: And we weak souls must have a *bottom* and a *being-place*, for we cannot stand our alone; let us then be wise in our choice, and *choose* and *waile* our own blessedness, which is *to trust in the Lord*. Each one of us hath a *where* and *idol*, besides our Husband, *Christ*: But it is our folly to divide our *narrow* and *little love*; I will not serve two: it is best then to hold it *whole* and *together*, and give it to *Christ*; for then we get double interest for our love, when we lend it to, and lay it out upon *Christ*; and we are sure besides, that the *stock* cannot perish. Now, I can say no more; remember me. I have God's right to that people; howbeit by the violence of men, stronger than I, I am banished from you, and chased away. The Lord give you *mercy* in the day of *Christ*. It may be God clear my *sky* again; howbeit there is small appearance of my deliverance: But *let him do with me what seemeth good in his own eyes*; I am his *clay*, let my *Potter* frame and fashion me as he pleaseth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your *humble* and *loving pastor*, S. R.

 To SIBILLA MACADAM.

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I can bear witness in my bonds, that *Christ* is still the longer the better, and so worse, yea, inconceivably better than he is or can be called: I think it half an heaven, to have my fill of the smell of his sweet breath, and to sleep in the arms of *Christ* my Lord, with his *left-hand* under my head, and his *right-hand* embracing me. There is no great reckoning to be made of the *withering* of my flower, in comparison of the *few* and *manifest wrongs* done to *Christ*: Nay, let never the *dew* of God lie upon my *branches* again, let the *bloom* fall from my joy, and let it *wither*, let the Almighty *blow out* my candle, for being the Lord might be great among *Jews* and *Gentiles*, and his oppressed Church delivered. Let *Christ* fare well, suppose I should eat ashes: I know he must be sweet *himself*, when his *cross* is so sweet. And it is the part of us all, if we mar-

ry himself, to marry the crosses, losses, and reproaches also that follow him; for *mercy* followeth Christ's cross. His prison for beauty is made of *marble* and *ivory*; his chains, that are laid on his prisoners, are *golden chains*; and the sighs of the prisoners of hope are perfumed with *comforts*, the like whereof cannot be bred, or found in this side of sun and moon. Follow on after his love, tire not of Christ; but come in, and see his beauty and excellency, and feed your soul upon Christ's sweetness. This world is not yours, neither would I have your heaven made of such mettall as *wire* and *clay*. Ye have the *choice* and *waile* of all lovers in heaven or out of heaven, when ye have Christ, the only Delight of God his Father. Climb up the mountain with joy, and faint not; for time will cut off the men who pursue Christ's followers. Our best things here have a *worm* in them; our joys besides God, in the inner half, are but *woes* and *sorrows*: Christ, Christ is that which our love and desires can *sleep sweetly* and *rest safely* upon. Now the very God of peace establish you in Christ. Help a prisoner with your *prayers*, and intreat that our Lord would be pleased to visit me with a *sight of his beauty* in his House, as he hath sometimes done. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Laird of CALLY.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I have been too long, I confess, in writing to you. My sute now to you in paper (since I have no access to speak to you as formerly) is, that ye would lay the foundation sure in your *youth*: When ye begin to seek Christ, try, I pray you, upon what terms ye covenant to *follow* him, and lay your accounts what it may cost you; that *summer* nor *winter*, nor *well* nor *woe*, may not cause you change your Master, - Christ. *Keep fair* to him, and be honest and faithful, that he find not a *crack* in you. Surely, ye are now in the throng of temptation: When *youth* is come to its *fairest bloom*, then the *devil*, and the *lusts* of a *deceiving world*, and *sin* are upon horseback, and follow with *aspails*. If this were not, *Paul* needed not to have written to a sanctified and holy youth, *Timothy*, (a faithful preacher of the Gospel) *Flee the lusts of youth*. Give Christ your *virgin love*, you cannot put your love and heart in a better hand. O if ye knew him, and saw his beauty! Your love, your liking,

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your heart, your desires would close with him, and cleave to him. Love by nature, when it seeth, cannot but cast out its spirit and strength upon amiable objects, and good things, and thing *love-worthy*; and what fairer thing than Christ? O fair *sun*, and fair *moon*, and fair *stars*, and fair *flowers*, and fair *roses*, and fair *lilies*, and fair *creatures*: But O ten thousand thousand times fairer *Lord Jesus*! Alas, I wronged him in making the comparison this way! O black *sun* and *moon*, but O fair *Lord Jesus*! O black *flowers*, and black *lilies* and *roses*, but O fair, fair, ever fair *Lord Jesus*! O all fair things, black and deformed without *beauty*, when ye are beside that fairest *Lord Jesus*! O black *heaven*, but O fair *Christ*! O black *angels*, but O surpassingly fair *Lord Jesus*! I would seek no more to make me happy for evermore, but a thorow and clear sight of the *beauty* of *Jesus my Lord*: Let my eyes enjoy his fairness, and stare him for ever in the face, and I have all that can be wished. Get Christ rather than gold or silver; seek Christ, howbeit ye should lose all things for him. They take their marks by the *moon*, and look askint, in looking to fair Christ, who resolve for the *world* and their *ease*, and for their *honour* and *court* and *credit*; or, for fear of *losses* and a *fore skin*, will turn their back upon Christ and his truth. Alas, how many *blind eyes* and *squint-lookers* look this day in *Scotland* upon Christ's beauty, and they see a *spot* in Christ's fair face! Alas, they are not *worthy* of Christ, who look this way upon him, and see no beauty in him why they should desire him! God send me my fill of his beauty, if it be possible that my soul can be full of his beauty here: But much of Christ's beauty needeth not abate the eager appetite of a soul (sick of love for himself) to see him in the *other world*, where he is seen as he is. I am glad with all my heart, that ye have given your *greenest morning-age* to this *Lord Jesus*: Hold on, and weary not, faint not, resolve upon suffering for Christ; but fear not ten days tribulation, for Christ's *sowre cross* is sugared with comforts, and hath a taste of Christ himself. I esteem it my *glory*, my *joy* and my *crown*, and I bless him for this honour, to be yoked with Christ, and married with him in suffering, who therefore was born, and therefore came into the world, that he might bear witness to the truth. Take pains above all things for salvation; for without *running*, *fighting*, *sweating*, *wrestling*, Heaven is not taken. O happy soul, that crosseth nature's stomach, and delighteth to gain that fair garland and crown of *glory*! What a feckless loss is

at for you, to go through this wilderness, and never taste of sin's sugared pleasures! What poorer is a soul to want pride, lust, love of the world, and the vanities of this vain and worthless world? Nature hath no cause to weep at the want of such joys as these. Esteem it your gain to be an heir of glory; O but that is an *eye-lock* to a fair rent! The very hope of heaven, under troubles, is like *wind* and *sails* to the soul, and like *wings*, when the feet come out of the snare. O! for what stay we here? Up, up, after our Lord Jesus; this is not our rest; nor our dwelling: What have we to do in this prison, except only to take meat and *house-room* in it, for a time? Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your soul's well-wisher, and
Christ's prisoner, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GORDON at Kenmure.

Dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I have been long in answering your letter, which came in good time to me. It is my aim and hearty desire, that my furnace, which is of the Lord's kindling, may sparkle fire upon *standers-by*, to the *warming* of their hearts with God's love. The very dust that falleth from Christ's feet, his old ragged clothes, his knotty and black cross, is sweeter to me, than kings golden crowns, and their *time-eaten* pleasures: I should be a liar and false witness, if I should not give my Lord Jesus a fair testimonial, with my whole soul: My *word*, I know, will not heighten him; he needeth not such props under his feet, to raise his glory high: But Oh that I could raise him the height of heaven, and the breadth and length of ten heavens, in the estimation of all his young lovers! For we have all shapen Christ but *too narrow* and *too short*, and formed conceptions of his love in our conceit, very unworthy of it. Oh that men were taken and caught with his beauty and fairness! They would give over *playing* with idols, in which there is not half *room* for the love of one soul to expatiate it self; and man's love is but *heart-hungred* in gnawing upon bare-bones, and sucking at dry breasts: It is well *ward* they want, who will not come to him, who hath a *world* of love and goodness and bounty for all. We seek to *thaw* our frozen hearts, at the cold smoke of the short-timed creature, and our souls gather neither heat nor life, nor light; for these cannot give to us, what they have not

in themselves. Oh that we could thrust in through these thorns and this throng of bastard-lovers, and be ravished and sick of love for Christ! We should find some *footing* and some *room*, and sweet ease for our tottering and witless souls in our Lord. I wish it were in my power, after this day, to cry down all love but the love of Christ, and to cry down all gods but Christ, all saviours but Christ, all welbeloveds but Christ, and all soul-suiters, all love-beggars but Christ. Ye complain, that ye want a mark of the sound *work* of grace and love in your soul. For answer, consider for your satisfaction (till God send more) *Job* i. 3, 14. And as for your complaint of deadness and doubtings; Christ I hope, will take your deadness and you together: They are bodies full of holes, running boils, and broken bones that need mending, that Christ the *Physician* taketh up; whole vessels are not for the Mediator *Christ's* art: Publicans, sinners, whores, harlots, are ready *market-wares* for Christ: The only thing that will bring sinners within a cast of *Christ's* drawing arm, is that which ye write of, some feeling of death and sin, that bringeth forth complaints; and therefore out of sense complain more, and be more acquainted with all the cramps, stitches, and soul-swoonings that trouble you: The more pain, and the more night-watching, and the more feavers, the better; a soul bleeding to death, till Christ were sent for, and cried for in all haste, to come and *stem* the blood, and close up the hole in the wound, with his own hand and balm, were a very good disease, when many are dying of a *whole-heart*. We have all too little of hell-pain and terrors that *way*: Nay, God send me such a hell, as Christ hath promised to make a heaven out of. Alas, I am not come that far on in the *way*, as to say in sad earnest, *Lord Jesus, great and sovereign Physician, here is a pained patient for thee*. But the thing that we mistake is the *want of victory*; we hold that to be the mark of one that hath no grace: Nay, I say, *the want of fighting*, were a mark of no grace; but I shall not say, *the want of victory* is such a mark. If my fire and the devil's *water* make crackling, like thunder in the air, I am the less feared; for where there is fire, it is Christ's part, that I lay and bind upon him, to keep in the coal, and to pray the Father that my faith fail not, if I in the mean time be wrestling, and doing, and fighting, and mourning: For prayer putteth not *Paul's* devil [the *prick in the flesh*, and the *messenger of Satan*] to the door, at first; but our Lord will have them trying every one another, and let *Paul*

send for himself, by God's help, God *keeping the stakes*, and moderating the *play*: And ye do well, not to doubt, if the ground-stone be sure, but to try if it be so; for there is great odds between *doubting* that we have grace, and *trying* if we have grace: The former may be sin, but the latter is good. We are but loose in trying our free-holding of Christ, and making sure work of Christ. Holy fear is a searching the camp, that there be no *enemy* within our bosom to betray us, and a seeing that all be fast and sure: For I see many leaking vessels fair before the *mind*, and professors who take their conversion upon trust, and they go on securely, and see not the *under-water*, till a storm sink them: Each man had need twice a day, and oftner, to be *ripped* and searched with candles. Pray for me, that the Lord would give me *house-room* again, to hold a candle to this dark world. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord and Master, S. R.

TO MARGARET FULLERTON.

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad that ever ye did cast your love on Christ; fasten more and more love every day upon him. O if I had a river of love, a sea of love, that would never go dry, to bestow upon him! But alas the pity! *Christ* hath beauty for me; but I have not love for him. O what pain is it, to see *Christ* in his beauty, and then to want a heart and love for him! But I see, want we must, till *Christ* lend us, never to be paid again. O that he would empty these vaults and lower houses of these poor souls, of these bastard and base lovers, which we follow! And verily, I see no object in heaven or in earth, that I could ware this much of love upon, that I have, but upon *Christ*. Alas! that clay and time, and shadows run away with our love, which is ill spent upon any but upon *Christ*: Each fool at the day of judgment shall seek back his love from the creatures, when he shall see them all in a fair fire; but they shall prove irresponsal debtors: And therefore 'tis best here, *we look ere we leap*, and look ere we love. I find now under his cross, that I would fain give him more than I have to give him, if giving were in my power: But I rather wish him my heart than give him it; except he take it, and put himself in possession of it, [for I hope he hath a *market-right* to me, since he hath ransomed me] I see not how *Christ* can have me. O that he would be pleased

to be more homely with my soul's love, and to come in to my soul, and take his own! But when he goeth away and hideth himself, all is to me that I had of *Christ*, as if it had fallen in the sea-bottom. Oh that I should be so *fickle* in my love, as to love *Christ* only by the eyes and the nose! that is, to love him only in as far, as fond and foolish sense carrieth me, and no more. And when I see not, and smell not, and touch not, then I have all to seek. I cannot love *parquier*, nor rejoice *parquier*: But this is our *weakness*, till we be at home, and shall have aged mens stomachs to bear *Christ*'s love. Pray for me, that our Lord would bring me back to you, with a new blessing of the gospel of *Christ*. I forget not you. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Dear Brother,

YE are heartily welcome to that honour, that *Christ* hath made common to us both, which is to suffer for his Name. Verily, I think it my garland and crown; and if the Lord should ask of me my blood and life for this cause, I would gladly, in his strength, pay due debt to *Christ*'s honour and glory, in that kind. Acquaint your self with *Christ*'s love, and ye shall not miss to find new golden mines and treasures in *Christ*: Nay truly, we but stand beside *Christ*, we go not in to him, to take our fill of him. But if he should do two things, 1. Draw the curtains, and make bare his holy face; And then, 2. Clear our dim and bleired eyes, to see his beauty and glory, he should find many lovers. I would seek no more happiness, but a sight of him so near-hand, as to see, hear, smell, and touch, and embrace him: But Oh, closed doors, and vails, and curtains, and thick clouds hold me in pain, while I find the sweet burning of his love, that many waters cannot quench! O what sad hours have I, when I think, that love of *Christ* scarreth at me, and bloweth by me! If my Lord Jesus would come to bargaining for his love, I think, he should make price himself; I should not refuse ten thousand years in hell, to have a *wide* soul enlarged and made *wider*, that I might be exceedingly [even to the running over] filled with his love. O what am I to love such an One, or to be loved by that high and lofty One! I think the angels may blush to look upon him; and what am I to file such infinite *brightness* with my *sinful* eyes! O that *Christ* would come near, and stand still, and

and give me leave to look upon him! For to look seemeth the poor man's privilege, since he may, for nothing, and without hire, behold the Sun. I should have a king's life, if I had no other thing to do, but for evermore to behold and eye my fair Lord Jesus: Nay, suppose I were holden out at heaven's fair entry, I should be happy for evermore, to look through an hole in the door, and see my dearest and fairest Lord's face. O great King, why standest thou aloof? why remainest thou beyond the mountains? O Welbelov'd, why dost thou pain a poor soul with delays? A long time out of thy glorious presence is two deaths and two hells to me; we must meet, I must see him, I do not want him. Hunger and longing for Christ, hath brought on such a necessity of enjoying Christ, that, cost me what it will, I cannot but assure Christ, I will not, I do not want him: For I cannot master or command Christ's love; nay, hell [as I now think] and all the pains in it laid on me alone, would not put me from loving: Yea, suppose my Lord Jesus would not love me, it is above my strength or power, to keep back or imprison the weak love I have, but it must be out to Christ: I would set heaven's joy aside, and live upon Christ's love its alone; let me have no joy, but the warmth and fire of God's love, I seek no other, God knoweth; if this love be taken from me, the bottom is fallen out of all my happiness and joy; and therefore I believe Christ will never do me that much harm, as to bereave a poor prisoner of his love; it were cruelty to take it from me: And he who is kindness it self, cannot be cruel. Dear brother, weary not of my sweet Master's chains; we are so much the sinner to Christ, that we suffer: Lodge not a hard thought of my royal King; rejoice in his cross. Your deliverance sleepeth not, ~~We~~ that will come, is not slack of his promise: Wait on for God's timeous salvation; ask not when, or how long? I hope, he shall loie nothing of you in the furnace, but dross: Commit your cause in meekness (forgiving your oppressors) to God, and your sentence shall come back from him laughing. Our Bridegroom's day is posting fast on; and this world, that seemeth to go with a long and a short foot, shall be put in two ranks: Wait, till, your ten days be ended, and hope for the crown; Christ will not give you a blind in the end. Commend me to your wife and father, and to Baillie M. A. and send this letter to him. The prayers of Christ's prisoner be upon you, and the Lord's presence accompany you.

Aberd. July 6. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT LENNOX of Dilldove.

Dear Brother,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you : I beseech you in the Lord Jesus, make fast and sure *work* of life eternal : Sow not rotten seed ; every man's *work* will speak for it self, what his seed hath been. O how many see I, who sow to the flesh ! Alas, what a crop will that be, when the Lord shall put in his hook to reap this *world*, that is ripe and white for judgment ? I recommend to you holiness and sanctification, and that you keep your self clean from this present evil *world*. We delight to tell our own dreams, and to flatter our own flesh with the hope we have : it were *wisdom* for us to be free, plain, honest and sharp with our own souls, and to charge them to *brew* better, that they may drink *well*, and *fare well*, when time is melted away like *snow* in a hot summer. O how hard a thing is it, to get the soul to give up with all things on this side of death and doomsday ! We say, We are removing and going from this *world* ; but our heart stirreth not one foot off its seat. Alas ! I see few heavenly-minded souls, that have nothing upon the earth, but their body of clay going up and down this earth, because their soul and the powers of it are up in heaven, and there their hearts live, desire, enjoy, rejoyce. Oh ! mens souls have no wings, and therefore night and day they keep their nest, and are not acquainted with Christ. *Sir*, Take you to your *one thing*, to *Christ*, that ye may be acquainted with the taste of his sweetness and excellency, and charge your love not to dote upon this *world* ; for it will not do your business in that day, when nothing will come in *good stead* to you, but God's favour : Build upon Christ some good, choice and fast *work*, for when your soul for many yeárs hath *taken the play*, and hath posted, and wandred through the creatures, ye will come home again with the wind : They are not good, at least not the soul's good ; it is the infinite God-head that must allay the sharpness of your hunger after happiness ; otherwise there shall still be a want of satisfaction to your desires : And if he would cast in ten *worlds* in your desires, all shall fall through, and your soul shall still cry *red hunger, black hunger* : But I am sure, there is sufficient for your in Christ, if ye had seven souls and seven desires in you. Oh if I could make my Lord Jesus *market-sweet*, lovely, desirable, and fair to all the *world*,
both

both to *Jew* and *Gentile*! O let my part of heaven go for it, so being he would take my tongue to be his instrument, to set out Christ in his whole braveries of love, virtue, grace, sweetness and matchless glory, to the eyes and hearts of *Jews* and *Gentiles*! But *who is sufficient for these things*? O for the help of angels tongues, to make Christ *eye-sweet* and amiable to many thousands! O how little doth this world see of him, and how far are they from the love of him, seeing there is so much loveliness, beauty and sweetness in Christ, that no created eye did ever yet see! I would that all men knew his glory, and that I could put many in at the Bridgroom's chamber-door, to see his beauty, and to be partakers of his high, and deep, and broad, and boundless love. O let all the world come nigh and see Christ, and they shall then see more than I can say of him! O if I had a pledge or pawn to lay down for a season of his love! That I could come by so much of Christ, as would satisfy *griening* and longing for him, or rather increase it, till I were in full possession! I know, we shall meet, and therein I rejoice. *Sir*, Stand fast in the truth of Christ, that ye have received: Yield no to *winds*, but ride out, and let Christ be your Anchor, and the only *He*, whom ye shall look to see in peace. Pray for me his prisoner, and that the Lord would send me among you to feed his people. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN FLEMING, Baillie of Leith.

Worthy Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: The Lord hath brought me safe to this strange town; blessed be his holy name, I find his cross easie and light; and I hope he shall be with his poor sold *Joseph*, who is separated from his brethren: His comforts have abounded towards me, as if Christ thought shame [if I may speak so] to be in the *common* of such a poor man as I am, and would not have me lose any thing in his errands. My enemies have, beside their intention, made me more blessed, and have put me in a sweeter possession of Christ, than ever I had before: only the memory of the fair days, I had, with my Welbeloved, amongst the flock intrusted to me, keepeth me low, and sorroweth my unseen joy; but it must be so, and he is wise, who tutoreth me this way: For that which my brethren have, and I want, and others of this world have,

have, I am content, my faith will *first* God my happiness ; No son offendeth, that his father giveth him not hire, twice a year ; for he is to abide in the house, when the inheritance is to be divided : It is better God's children live upon hope, than upon hire. Thus, remembring my love to your worthy and kind wife ; I bleis you and her, and all yours, in the Lord's Name.

Aberd. Sept. 20.

1637.

*Yours in his only, only
Lord Jesus, S. R.*

To William Glendinning, Baillie of Kirkcudbright.

Worthy Sir,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you : I am well, honour be to God, and as well as a-rejoycing prisoner of Christ can be, hoping that one day he, for whom I now suffer, shall enlarge me, and put me above the threatnings of men. I am sometimes sad, heavy and casten down, at the memory of the fair days I had with Christ, in *Armoth, Kirkcudbright, &c.* The remembrance of a feast encreaseh hunger in a hungry man ; but who knoweth, but our Lord will yet cover a table in the wilderness to his hungry bairns, and build the old waste places in *Scotland*, and bring home *Zion's* captives ? I desire to see no more glorious sight, till I see the Lamb on his Throne, than to see mount *Zion* all green with grass, and the dew lying upon the tops of the grass, and the crown put upon Christ's head in *Scotland* again : And I believe it shall be so, and that Christ shall mow down his enemies, and fill the pits with their dead bodies. I find people here dry and uncouth : A man pointed at for suffering, dare not be countenanced ; so that I am like to sit mine alone upon the ground : But my Lord payeth me well home again ; for I have neither tongue, nor pen, nor heart to expreis the sweetness and excellency of the love of Christ. Christ's hony-combs drop hony, and floods of consolation upon my soul ; my chains are gold : Christ's cross is all overgilded and perfumed ; his prison is the garden and orchard of my delights : I would go through *burning-quick* to my lovely Christ ; I sleep in his arms all the night, and my head betwixt his breasts ; my Welbeloved is altogether lovely : This is all nothing, to that which my soul hath felt. Let no man, for my cause, fear at Christ's cross : If my stipend, place, country, credit, had been an earldom, a kingdom, ten kingdoms, and a whole earth ;

earth; all were too little for the crown and sceptre of my royal King. Mine enemies, mine enemies have made me blessed: They have sent me to the Bridegroom's chamber; Love is his banner over me: I live a king's life; I want nothing but heaven, and the possession of the crown: My earnest is great, Christ is no *niggard* to me. *Dear Brother*, be for the Lord Jesus and his heart-broken Bride. I need not (I hope) remember my distressed *Brother* to your care. Remember my love to your wife, let Christ want nothing of us: His garments shall be rolled in the blood of the slain of *Scotland*. Grace, grace be with you. Pray for Christ's prisoner.

Aberd. Sept. 21. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO ROBERT GORDON of Knockbraz.

Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am by God's mercy come now to *Aberdeen*, the place of my confinement, and settled in an honest man's house: I find the town's-men cold, general, and dry in their kindness; yet I find a lodging in the heart of many strangers. My challenges are revived again, and I find old sores are bleeding of new; so dangerous and painful is an *undecorated* conscience; yet I have an eye to the blood, that is physick for such sores: But verily, I see *Christianity* is conceived to be more easie and lighter than it is; so that I sometimes think, I never knew any thing, but the letters of that name; for our nature contenteth it self with little in godliness. Our *Lord, Lord*, seemeth to us, ten *Lord Lords*: little holiness in our balance is much, because it is our *own holiness*; and we love to lay small burdens upon our soft natures, and to make a fair court-way to heaven: And I know it were necessary to take more pains than we do, and not to make heaven a city more easily taken than God hath made it: I perswade my self, many runners shall come short and get a disappointment. Oh! how easie is it to deceive our selves, and to sleep, and wish that heaven may fall down in our laps! Yet, for all my Lord's glooms, I find him sweet, gracious, loving, kind: and I want both pen and words to set forth the fairness, beauty and sweetness of Christ's love, and the honour of this cross of Christ, which is glorious to me, though the world thinketh shame thereof: I verily think, that the cross of Christ would blush and think shame of these things.

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skin'd worldlings, who are so married to their credit, that they are ashamed of the sufferings of Christ. O the honour, to be scourged, stoned with Christ, and to go through a furious-faced death to life eternal! But men would have law-suits against Christ's cross. Now, *my dear Brother*, forget not the prisoner of Christ; for I see very few here, who kindly fear God. Grace be with you. Let my love in Christ and hearty affection be remembered to your kind wife, and to your brother *John*, and to all friends. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Aberd. Sept. 20.

1636.

Tours in his only, only

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To EARLSTOUN Younger.

Much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy, and peace be to you: I am well, Christ triumpheth in me, blessed be his Name: I have all things, I burden no man: I see, this earth and the fulness thereof is my Father's: Sweet, sweet is the cross of my Lord. The blessing of God upon the cross of my Lord Jesus. My enemies have contributed (beside their design) to make me blessed. This is my palace, not my prison; especially, when my Lord shineth and smileth upon his poor afflicted and sold *Joseph*, who is separated from his brethren: but often he hideth himself, and there is a *day of Law*, and a court of challenges within me; I know not, if *fenced* in God's Name, but Oh my neglects! Oh my unseen guiltiness! I imagined, that a sufferer for Christ kept the keys of Christ's treasure, and might take out his *wombful* of comforts, when he pleased; but I see, a sufferer and witness will be holden at the door, as well as another poor sinner, and glad to eat with the *Bairns*, and to take the *by-board*. This cross hath let me see, that heaven is not at the next door, and that it is a castle not soon taken: I see also, it is neither pain nor art, to play the hypocrite. We have all learned to sell our selves for double price, and to make the people, who call ten twenty, and twenty an hundred, esteem us *half-gods*, or men fallen out of the clouds: But oh *sincerity, sincerity*, if I knew what *sincerity* meaneth. Sir, lay the foundation thus, and ye shall not soon shrink, nor be shaken: make *tight work* at the bottom, and your ships shall ride against all storms, if withal your anchor be fastned upon good ground, I mean within the Vail; and verily I think this

is *All*, to gain Christ ! All other things are shadows, dreams, fancies, and nothing. *Sir*, remember my love to your mother : I pray for mercy and grace to her ; I wish her on-going toward heaven : As I promised to write, so shew her, I want nothing in my Lord's service ; Christ will not be in such a poor man's common as mine. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 22. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN GORDON.

Worthy and dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you : I have been too long in writing to you, but multitude of letters taketh much time from me. I bless his great Name, whom I serve in the spirit, if it came to voting amongst angels and men, how excellent and sweet Christ is, even in his reproaches and in his cross, I cannot but vote with the first, that all that is in him, both cross and crown, kisses and glooms, embracements and frownings and strokes are sweet and glorious. God send me no more happiness in heaven, or out of heaven, but Christ : For I find this world, when I have looked upon it on both sides, within and without, and when I have seen even the laughing and lovely-like side of it to be but a fool's idol, a clay-prison ; Lord, let it not be the nest that my hope buildeth in. I have now cause to judge my part of this earth not worth a blast of smoke, or a mouthful of brown bread. I wish my hope may take a *running-leap*, and skip over time's pleasures, firs plaistering and gold-foile, this vain earth, and rest upon my Lord. O how great is our night-darkness in this wilderness ! To have any conceit at all of this world, is, as a man would close his handful of water, and, holding his hand in the river, say, all the water of the flood is his, as if it were indeed all within the compass of his hand : Who would not laugh at the thoughts of such a crack-brain ? Verily they have but an handful of water, and are but like a child clasping his two hands about a night-shadow, who idolize any created hope, but God. I now *lightly*, and put the price of a dream, or fable, or black nothing, upon all things, but God, and that desirable and love-worthy One, my Lord Jesus : Let all the would be *nothing* (for nothing was their seed and mother) and let God be *all things*. My very dear Brother, know, ye are as near Heaven, as ye are far from your self, and far from the love of a bewitching and whorish world : For this world, in
its

gain and glory, is but the great and notable common
 here, that all the sons of men have been in fancy and lust
 withal these 5000 Years: the children, that they have begot-
 en with this uncouth and lustful lover, are but vanity,
 dreams, gold-imaginings and night-thoughts: For there is
 no good ground here, under the covering of heaven, for men, and
 poor wearied souls, to set down their foot upon. O! He who
 is called *God*, that One whom they term *Jesus Christ*, is worth
 the having indeed; even if I had given away all without my
 eye-holes, my soul, and my self for sweet *Jesus my Lord*! O
 that the claim be cancelled, that the creatures have to me;
 except that claim my Lord *Jesus* hath to me! O that he would
 claim *poor me*, my silly, light and worthless soul! O that he
 would pursue his claim to the utmost point, and not want me!
 For it is my pain, and remediless sorrow to want him. I see
 nothing in this life, but *finks*, and mires, and dreams, and de-
 ceiving ditches, and ill ground for us to build upon. I am
 fully persuaded of *Christ's* victory in *Scotland*, but I fear
 this land be not yet ripe and white for mercy: Yet I dare
 be *balser* (upon my salvation) with the losses of the Church of
Scotland, that her foes afternoon shall sing *dole* and sorrow for
 evermore, and that her joy shall once again be cried up, and
 her sky shall clear: but vengeance and burning shall be to
 her adversaries, and the sinners of this land. Oh that we
 could be awakned to prayers and humiliation! Then should
 our Sun shine like seven Suns in the heaven, then should the
 Temple of *Christ* be builded upon the mountain tops, and the
 land from coast to coast should be filled with the glory of the
 Lord. *Brother*, Your day-task is wearing short, your hour-
 glass of this span-length and hand-breadth of life will quickly
 pass; and therefore take order and *course* with matters be-
 twixt you and *Christ*, before it come to open pleading: there
 are no quarters to be had of *Christ*, in open judgment. I know,
 ye see your threed wearing short, and that there are not ma-
 ny inches to the threed's end; and therefore lose not time.
 Remember me his prisoner, that it would please the Lord, to
 bring me again amongst you with abundance of the gospel.
 Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Thank you for your letter: I cannot but shew you, that as I never expected any thing from Christ, but much good and kindness; so he hath made me to find it, in the house of my pilgrimage: And believe me, *Brother*, I give it to you under mine own hand-writ, that, whoso looketh to the white side of Christ's cross, and can take it up handsomely with faith and courage, shall find it such a burden, as sails are to a ship, or wings to a bird. I find my Lord hath over-gilded that black tree, and hath perfumed it, and oiled it, with joy and consolation. Like a fool, once I would chide and plead with Christ, and slander him to others of unkindness; but I trust in God, not to call his *glooms unkind* again; for he hath taken from me my sackcloth: and I verily cannot tell you, what a poor *Joseph* and prisoner (with whom my mother's children were angry) doth now think of kind Christ. I will chide no more, providing he will quit me all by-gones; for I am poor. I am taught in this ill weather, to go on the *lee-side* of Christ, and to put him in between me and the storm: and I thank God I walk on the *funny-side* of the brace. I write it, that ye may speak in my behalf the praises of my Lord to others, that my bonds may preach. O if all *Scotland* knew the feasts and *love-blinks*, and visits, that the *Prelates* have sent me unto! I will verily give my Lord Jesus a free discharge of all, that I, like a fool, laid to his charge, and beg him pardon to the *mends*. God grant, that, in my temptations, I come not on his *wrong-side* again, and never again fall a raving against my Physician, in my fever. *Brother*, plead with your Mother, while ye have time: A pulpit would be a high feast to me; but I dare not say one word against him, who hath done it: I am not out of the House as yet; my sweet Master saith, I shall have *house-room* at his own elbow, albeit their *synagogue* will need force to cast me out. A letter were a work of charity to me. Grace be with you. Pray for me.

Aberd. Novemb. 22.
1636.

Your Brother and Christ's
Prisoner. S. R.

To JAMES MURRAY.

Dear Brother,

I Received your Letter: I am in good health of body, but far better in my soul. I find my Lord no worse than his word;

word; *I will be with him in trouble*, is made good to me now: He heareth the sighing of the prisoner. *Brother*, I am comforted in my royal Prince and King: The world knoweth not our life, it is a mystery to them: We have the sunny side of the world, and our paradise is far above theirs, yea, our weeping above their laughing, which is but like the crackling of thorns under a pot; and therefore we have good cause to fight it out, for the day of our *Laureation* is approaching. I find my prison the sweetest place, that ever I was in: my Lord Jesus is kind to me, and hath taken the mask off his face, and is content to *quit me* all by-gones; I dare not complain of him. And for my silence, I lay it before Christ; I hope it shall be a speaking silence: He, who knoweth what I would, knoweth that my soul desireth no more, but that King Jesus may be great in the *north of Scotland*, in the *south*, and in the *east* and *west*, through my sufferings for the freedom of my Lord's house and kingdom. If I could keep good quarters in time to come with Christ, I would fear nothing: But Oh! Oh! I complain of my woful outbreakings; I tremble at the remembrance of a new out-cast betwixt him and me; and I have cause, when I consider what sick and sad days I have had, for his absence, who is now come. I find Christ do not be long unkind; our *Joseph's* bowels yern within him, he cannot smother love long, it must break out at length. Praise, praise with me, *Brother*, and desire my acquaintance to help me: I dare not conceal his love to my soul, I wish you all a part of my feast, that my Lord Jesus may be honoured: I allow you not to hide Christ's bounty to me, when ye meet with such as know Christ. Ye write nothing to me, what are the cruel mercies of the prelates toward me: The ministers of this town, as I hear, intend that I shall be more strictly confined, or else transported, because they find some people affect me. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Nov. 21. 1637.

Yours in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

To JOHN FLEMING Baillie of Leith.

My very worthy Friend,

Grace, mercy, and peace be to you: I received your Letter: I bless my Lord through Jesus Christ, I find his word good, *Isai. xlviii. 10. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction*, and *Psal. xci. 15. I will be with him in trouble*. I never expected other at Christ's hand, but much good

good and comfort; and I am not disappointed: I find my Lord's cross over-gilded and oiled with comforts. My Lord hath now shown me the white side of his cross: I would not exchange my weeping in prison with the *fourteen prelates* laughter, amidst their hungry and lean joys. This world knoweth not the sweetness of Christ's love, it is a mystery to them. At my first coming here, I found great heaviness, especially because it had pleased the *Prelates* to add this gentle cruelty to my former sufferings (for it is gentle to them) to inhibit the ministers of the town to give me the liberty of a pulpit: I said, What aileth Christ at my service? But I was a fool, he hath chid himself Friends with me: If ye and others of God's children shall praise his great Name, who maketh worthies men witnesses for him, my silence and sufferings shall preach more than my tongue could do; if his glory be seen in me, I am satisfied; for I want no kindness of Christ. And, Sir, I dare not smother his liberality: I write it to you, that ye may praise, and desire your brother and others to join with me in this work. This land shall be made desolate; our iniquities are full: The Lord saith, we shall drink and spue and fall. Remember my love to your good kind wife. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Nov. 13. 1636. Turns in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

To EARLSTOUN Elder.

Rev. xii. 11. *And they overcame the dragon by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.*

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I long to see you in paper, and to be refreshed by you. I cannot but desire you, and charge you to help me to praise him, who feedeth a poor prisoner with the fatness of his house. O how weighty is his love! O but there is much telling in Christ's kindness! The *Amen*, the faithful and true Witness hath paid me my hundred fold, well told, and one to the hundred: I complained of him, but he is owing me nothing now. Sir, I charge you to help me to praise his goodness, and to proclaim to others my *Bridegroom's* kindness, whose love is better than wine. I took up an Action against Christ my Lord; and I said, *This is my death, he hath forgotten me.* But my meek Lord

held his peace, and beheld me, and would not contend for the last word of *flitting*; and now he hath *chided* himself Friends with me: And now I see, he must be God, and I must be flesh. I pass from my summons, I acknowledge he might have given me my fill of it, and never troubled himself: But now he hath taken away the mask; I have been comforted, he could not smother his love any longer to a prisoner and a stranger. God grant that I may never *buy a plea* against Christ again, but may keep good quarters with him. I want no kindness, no love-tokens: but oh, wife is his love! for, notwithstanding of this hot Summer-blenk, I am kept low with the grief of my silence; for his word is in me, as a fire in my bowels; and I see the Lord's Vineyard laid waste, and the heathen entered into the Sanctuary; and my belly is pained, and my soul in heaviness, because the Lord's people is gone into captivity, and because of the fury of the Lord, and that wind (but neither to fan nor to purge) that is coming upon apostate Scotland. Also I am kept awake with the late wrong done to my brother; but I trust ye will counsel and comfort him. Yet in this mist, I see and believe, the Lord will heal this halting Kirk, and will lay her stones with fair colours, and her foundations with sapphires, and will make her windows of agates, and her gates carbuncles, *Isa. liv. 11, 12. And for brass he will bring gold*: He hath created the smith that formed the sword, no weapon in war shall prosper against us. Let us be glad and rejoice in the Lord, for his salvation is near to come. Remember me to your wife and your son John: And I entreat you to write to me. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. December 30.

1636.

Yours in his only only

Lord Jesus S. R.

To Mr. JOHN FERGUSHILL.

Reverend and welbeloved in our Lord Jesus,

I Must still provoke you to write by my lines, whereat ye need not wonder; for the cross is full of talk, and speak it must, either good or bad: Neither can grief be silent. I have no ditty nor inditement to bring against Christ's cross, seeing he hath made a friendly agreement betwixt me and it, and we are in terms of love together. If my former miscarriages, and my now silent Sabbaths, seem to me to speak wrath from the Lord, I dare say, it is but Satan borrowing the use and loan of my cowardly and feeble apprehensions, which start at

straws. I know faith is not so faint and foolish as to tremble at every false alarm: Yet I gather this out of it, *Blessed are they who are graced of God to guide a cross well, and that there is some art required therein.* I pray God I may not be so ill friend-stand, as that Christ my Lord should leave me to be my own tutor and my own physician. Shall I not think, but my Lord Jesus, who deserveth his own place very well, will take his own place upon him, as it becometh him, and that he will fill his own chair? For in this is his office, *To comfort us, and those that are casten down, in all their tribulations,* 2 Cor. i. 4. Alas, I know I am a fool to seek an hole or defect in Christ's way with my soul. If I have not a flock to present to Christ at his appearance, yet I pray God I may be able, with joy, faith, and constancy, to shew the Captain of my salvation, in that day, a bloody-head, that I received in his service: Howbeit my faith hang by a small tack and thread, I hope the tack shall not break; and howbeit my Lord get no service of me but broken wishes, yet I trust these shall be accepted upon Christ's account. I have nothing to comfort me, but that I say, Oh! will the Lord disappoint an hungry on-waiter? The smell of Christ's wine and apples, which surpasses the up-taking of dull sense, bloweth upon my soul, and I get no more for the mean time. I am sure, to let a famishing body see meat, and give him none of it, is a double pain: Our Lord's love is not so cruel, as to let a poor man see Christ and heaven, and never give him more, for want of money to buy: Nay, I rather think Christ such fair market-wares, as buyers may have without Money and without price. And thus I know, it shall not stand upon my want of money; for Christ, upon his own charges, must buy my wedding-garment, and redeem the inheritance, which I have forfeited, and give his word for one the like of me, who am not law-biding of my self: Poor folks must either borrow or beg from the rich; and the only thing that commendeth sinners to Christ, is extreme necessity and want: Christ's love is ready to make and provide a ransom and money for a poor body, who hath lost his purse. *Ho, ye that have no money, come and buy,* Isa. lv. 1. That is the poor man's market. Now, brother, I see old crosses would have done nothing at me, and therefore Christ hath taken a new fresh rod to me, that seemeth to talk with my soul, and make me tremble. I have often more ado now with faith, when I lose my compass, and am blown on a rock, than those who are my beholders, standing upon the

the shore, are aware of. A counsel to a sick man is sooner given than taken. Lord send the wearied man a borrowed bed from Christ: I think often it is after supper with me, and I am heavy: O but I would sleep soundly, with Christ's left hand under my head, and his right hand embracing me; the devil could not spill that bed. When I consider how tenderly Christ hath cared for me in this prison, I think, he hath handled me as the bairn, that is pried and bemoaned: I desire no more till I be in heaven, but such a feast and fill of Christ's love, as I would have; this love would be fair and adorning passments, which would beautifie and set forth my black unpleasiant cross. I cannot tell, my dear brother, what a great load I would bear, if I had a hearty fill of the love of that lovely One, Christ Jesus: Oh if ye would seek and pray for that to me! I would give Christ all his love-stiles and titles of honour, if he would give me but this; nay, I would sell my self (if I could) for that love. I have been waiting to see, what friends of place and power would do for us: But when the Lord looseth the pins of his of own tabernacle, he will have himself to be acknowledged as the only Builder up thereof; and therefore I would take back again my hope, that I lent and laid in pawn in mens hands, and give it wholly to Christ. It is no time for me now to set up idols of my own: it were a pity to give an ounce-weight of hope to any besides Christ; I think him well worthy of all my hope, though it were as weighty as both heaven and earth. Happy were I, if I had any thing that Christ would seek or accept of: But now alas, I see not what service I can do to him, except it be to talk a little, and babble, upon a piece of paper, concerning the love of Christ. I am often as if my faith were wadset, so that I cannot command it; and then, when he hideth himself, I run to the other extreme, in making each wing and toe of my case as big as a mountain of iron: And then misbelief can spin out an hell of heavy and desponding thoughts; then Christ seeketh lawborrows of my unbelieving apprehensions, and chargeth me to believe his day-light at mid-night. But I make pleas with Christ, though it be ill my common so to do: It were my happiness, when I am in his house of wine, and when I find a feast-day, if I could hearken and hear for the time to come, Isa. xlii. 23. But I see, we must be off our feet, in wading a deep water; and then Christ's love findeth timeous employment, at such a dead list as that: And besides, after broken brows, bairns learn to walk more circumspectly.

If I come to heaven *any way*, howbeit like a tired traveller upon my Guide's shoulder, it is good enough for those, who have no legs of their own for such a journey. I never thought there had been need of so much wrestling, to *win* to the top of that steep mountain, as now I find. Wo's me for this broken and back-sliding Church; it is like an old *bowing-wall*, leaning to the one side; and there is none of all her sons who will *set a prop* under her. I know, I need not bemoan *Christ*; for he careth for his own *honour*, more than I can do: but who can blame me to be wo (if I had grace so to do) to see my *Welbeloved's* fair face spitted upon, and his crown plucked off his head, and the ark of God taken, and carried in the *Philistines* cart, and the kine put to carry it, who will let it fall to the ground? *The Lord put to his own helping hand*. I would desire you to prepare your self for a fight with beasts; ye will not get leave to steal quietly to heaven, in *Christ's* company, without a conflict and a cross. Remember my bonds, and praise my Second and Fellow-prisoner, *Christ*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GLENDINING.

Dear Brother,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. Your case is unknown to me, whether ye be yet our Lord's prisoner at *Wigton* or not: However it be, I know our Lord Jesus hath been enquiring for you; and that he hath honoured you to bear his chains, which is the golden end of his cross; and so hath mailed out a chosen and honourable cross for you: I wish you much joy and comfort of it; for I have nothing to say of *Christ's* cross but much good: I hope, my ill word shall never meet either *Christ*, or his sweet and easie cross. I know he seeketh of us an *ut-cast* with this house of clay, this mother-prison, this earth, that we love full well; and verily, when *Christ* snuffeth my candle, and causeth my light to shine upward, it is one of my greatest wonders, that dirt and clay hath so much court with a soul not made of clay; and that our soul goeth out of kind so far, as to make an idol of this earth, such a deformed harlot, as that it should wrong *Christ* of our love. How fast, how fast doth our ship sail! And how fair a wind hath time, to blow us off these coasts, and this land of dying and perishing things! And alas, our ship saileth one way, and

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fleeth many miles in one hour, to hasten us upon eternity, and our love and hearts are sailing close *back-over*, and *framing* towards ease, *lawless* pleasure, vain honour, perishing riches, and to build a *fool's-nest*, I know not *where*, and to lay our eggs within the *sea-mark*, and fasten our bits of broken anchors upon the *worst ground* in the *world*: this *fleeting* and *perishing* life; and in the mean *while*, time and tide carry us upon another life, and there is *daily* less and less oil in our lamp, and less and less sand in our *watch-glass*. O what a *wife course* were it for us, to *look away* from the false beauty of our *borrowed* prison, and to mind, and eye, and lust for our country! *Lord, Lord, take us home*. And for my self, I think, if a poor, weak, dying sheep seek for an old dike, and the lee-side of an hill, in a storm, I have cause to long for a covert from this storm in heaven: I know none will take my room over my head there. But certainly, sleepy bodies would be at rest and a well-made bed, and an old crazed bark at a shore, and a wearied traveller at home, and a breathless horse at the *rink's* end. I see nothing in this life but sin, and the fowre fruits of sin: And O what a burden is sin! And what a slavery and miserable bondage is it, to be at the *nod*, and *yea's* and *nay's* of such a lord-master as a *body of sin*! Truly, when I think of it, it is a wonder that Christ maketh not fire and ashes of such a dry branch as I am. I would often lie down under Christ's feet, and bid him trample upon me, when I consider my guiltiness: But seeing he hath sworn, that sin shall not loose his unchangeable covenant, I keep house-room amongst the rest of the *ill-learned bairns*, and must *camber* the Lord of the house, with the rest, till my Lord take the fitters off legs and arms, and destroy this *body of sin*, and make a hole or a breach in this cage of earth, that the bird may flee out, and the imprisoned soul be at liberty. In the mean time, the least intimation of Christ's love is sweet, and the hope of marriage with the Bridegroom holdeth me in some joyful on-waiting, that when Christ's summer-birds shall sing upon the branches of the Tree of life, I shall be *tuned* by God himself, to help them to sing the home-coming of our Welbeloved and his Bride to their house together. When I think of this, I think *winters* and *summers*, and *years* and *days*, and *time* do me a pleasure, that they shorten this *untwisted* and weak threed of my life, and that they put sin and miseries *by-hand*, and that they shall carry me to my Bridegroom *within a clap*. Dear Brother, pray for me, that it would

would please the Lord of the Vineyard to give me room to preach his righteousness again to the great congregation. Grace, grace be with you. Remember me to your wife.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady CULROSS.

Rev. vii. 14. *These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

M A D A M,

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you. I greatly long to be refreshed with your letter. I am now (all honour and glory to the King eternal, immortal, and invisible) in better terms with Christ than I was. I, like a fool, summoned my Husband and Lord, and libelled unkindness against him; but now I pass from that foolish pursuit, I give over the plea: he is God, and I am man. I was loosing a fast stone, and digging at the ground-stone (the love of my Lord) to shake and unsettle it; but, God be thanked, it is fast; all is sure. In my prison he hath shewed me day-light; he daunt not hide his love any longer. Christ was disguised and masked, and I apprehended it was not he; and he hath said, *It is I, be not afraid*: And now *his love is better than wine*. Oh that all the Virgins had part of the Bridegroom's love, whereupon he maketh me to feed! Help me to praise: I charge you, Madam, help me to pay praises; and tell others, the daughters of Jerusalem, how kind Christ is to a poor prisoner: He hath paid me my hundred-fold, it is well told me, and one to the hundred; I am nothing behind with Christ. Let not fools, because of their laziness and lost flesh, raise a slander and an ill report upon the cross of Christ; it is sweeter than fair. His grace groweth best in winter: This poor persecuted Kirk, this lily among the thorns, shall blossom and laugh upon the Gardener; the Husbandman's blessing shall light upon it. Oh if I could be free of jealousies of Christ, after this; and believe, and keep good quarters with my dearest Husband! for he hath been kind to the stranger: And yet in all this fair not summer-weather, I am kepted from saying, *It is good to be here*, with my silence, and with grief to see my Mother wounded, and her vail taken from her, and the fair Temple casten down; and my belly is pained, my soul is heavy for the captivity

ty of the daughter of my people, and because of the fury of the Lord, and his fierce indignation against apostate Scotland. I pray you, Madam, let me have that which is my prayer here, that my sufferings may preach to the four quarters of this land; and therefore tell others, how open-handed Christ hath been to the prisoner, and the oppressed stranger: Why should I conceal it? I know no other way how to glorifie Christ, but to make an open proclamation of his love, and of his soft and sweet kisses to me in the furnace, and of his fidelity to such as suffer for him. Give it me under your hand, that ye will help me to pray and praise; but rather to praise and rejoice in the salvation of God. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Dec. 30.

Tours in his dearest, and only,
only Lord Jesus, S. R.

1636.

To the Lady CARDONNES.

My dearly beloved and longed-for in the Lord,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your soul prospereth, and how the Kingdom of Christ thriveth in you. I exhort you and beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, faint not, weary not. There is a great necessity of heaven; ye must needs have it: All other things, as houses, lands, children, husband, friends, country, credit, health, wealth, honour, may be wanted; but heaven is your one thing necessary, the good part that shall not be taken from you. See that ye buy the field where the Pearl is; sell all, and make a purchase of salvation: Think it not easy, for it is a steep ascent to eternal glory; many are lying dead by the way, that are slain with security. I have now been led by my Lord Jesus to such a nick in Christianity, as I think little of former things. Oh what I want! I want so many things, that I am almost asking if I had any thing at all. Every man thinketh he is rich enough in grace, till he take out his purse, and tell his money, and then he findeth his pack but poor and light in the day of a heavy trial. I found, I had not to bear my expenses, and should have fainted, if want and penury had not char'd me to the Store-house of all. I beseech you, make conscience of your ways; deal kindly and with conscience with your tenants: To fill a breach, or an hole, make not a greater breach in the conscience. I wish plenty of love to your soul: let the world be the portion of bastards, make it not yours; after the last trumpet is blown, the world and all its glory will

will be like an *old house*, that is burnt to ashes, and like an *old fallen castle* without a roof. *Fy, fy* upon us, fools, who think our selves *debtors to the world*. My Lord hath brought me to this, that I would not give a drink of *cold water* for this world's kindness: I wonder that men long after, love, or care for these feathers; it is almost an *uncouth world* to me, to think, that men are so mad as to *block* with dead earth: to give out *conscience*, and to get in *clay* again, is a strange bargain. I have written my mind at length to your Husband: Write to me again his case; I cannot forget him in my prayers: I am looking, Christ hath some claim to him. My counsel is, that ye bear with him, when *passion* overtaketh him; *A soft answer putteth away wrath*: Answer him in what he speaketh, and apply your self in the fear of God to him; and then ye will remove a *pound weight* of your heavy cross, that way, and so it shall become light. When Christ hideth himself, wait on, and *make din* till he return; it is not time then to be *carelessly patient*: I love it, to be grieved when he hideth his smiles; yet believe his love in a *patient on-waiting* and *believing in the dark*. Ye must learn to swim and hold up your head above the *water*, even when the *sense of his presence* is not with you, to *hold up your chin*: I trust in God, he shall bring your ship safe to land. I counsel you, study *sanctification*, and to be *dead to this world*: Urge kindness on *Knockbrex*; labour to benefit by his *company*; the man is acquaint with Christ. I beg the help of your prayers, for I forget not you. Counsel your husband to *fulfil my joy*, and to seek the Lord's face: Shew him from me, that my joy and desire is to hear he is in the Lord; God casteth him often in my mind, I cannot forget him: I hope, Christ and he have something to do together. Bless *John* from me; I write blessings to him, and to your husband and the rest of your children. Let it not be said, I am not in your house, through neglect of the *Sabbath-exercise*.

Aberd. Feb. 20.

1637.

Your lawful and loving pastor in
his only, only Lord, S. R.

TO JONET MACKCULLOCH.

Dear Sister,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I am as well as a prisoner of Christ can be, feasted and made fat with the *comforts of God*: Christ's kisses

kisses are made sweeter to my soul than ever they were. I would not change my Master with all the *kings of clay* upon the earth. O! my Welbeloved is *altogether lovely and loving*. I care not what flesh can do. I persuade my soul, I delivered the *truth of Christ* to you; slip not from it, for no boasts or fear of men: if ye go against the *truth of Christ*, that I now suffer for, I shall bear witness against you in the day of Christ. Sister, fasten your grips fast on Christ; follow not the guises of this *sinful world*: Let not this *clay-portion of earth* take up your soul; it is the *portion of bastards*, and ye are a *child of God*; and therefore seek your Father's heritage. Send up your heart to see the dwelling-house and fair rooms in the *new city*. *Fy, fy* upon these, who cry, *Up with the world, and down with conscience and heaven*: We have bairn's wits, and therefore we cannot prize Christ aright. Counsel your *husband and mother*, to make them for *eternity*; that day is drawing nigh. Pray for me the prisoner of Christ; I cannot forget you.

Aberd. Feb. 20.

1637.

Your lawful pastor and
brother, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Received Mr. L's Letter with your Lordship's, and his learned thoughts in the matter of *Ceremonies*. I ow respect to the man's learning, for that I hear him opposite to *Arminian* heresies: but (with reverence of that worthy man) I wonder to hear such *Papish-like* expressions as he hath in his Letter, as, *Your Lordship may spare doubtings, when the King and Church have agreed in the settling of such Orders, and the Church's direction in things indifferent and circumstantial* (as if *indifferent and circumstantial* were all one) should be the rule of every private Christian. I only viewed the papers two hours space, the bearer hastning me to write. I find the worthy man not so seen in this controversie, as some turbulent men of our country, as he calls *refusers of Conformity*: And let me say it, I am more confirmed in *Nonconformity*, when I see such a great Wit play the agent so slenderly; but I will lay the blame on the weakness of the cause, not on the meanness of Mr. L's learning. I have ever been and still am confident, that Britain cannot answer one argument a *scandale*! and I longed much to hear Mr. L. speak to the cause: And I would say,

say, if some *ordinary Divine* had answered as Mr. L. doth, that he understood not the nature of *Scandal*; but I dare not vilifie that worthy man so. I am now upon the heat of some other employment: I shall (God willing) answer this, to the satisfying of any not prejudiced. I will not say, that every one is acquaint with the reason, in my letter, from God's presence and bright shining face, in suffering for this cause: *Aristotle* never knew the *medium* of the conclusion; and Christ faith, *Few know it*. See Rev. ii. 17. I am sure, a conscience, standing in aw of the Almighty, and fearing to make a little *hole* in the bottom for fear of *under water*, is a strong *medium*, to hold off an erroneous conclusion, in the *least wing* or *lith* of sweet, sweet truth, that concerneth the *royal prerogative* of our kingly and highest Lord Jesus: And my Witness is in heaven, I saw neither pleasure nor profit nor honour, to *hook* me, or catch me, in entering in prison for Christ; but the wind on my face for the present: And if I had loved to sleep in a whole skin, with the ease and present delight that I saw on this side of sun and moon, I should have lived at ease, in good hopes to *fare* as well as others. The Lord knoweth, I preferred *preaching of Christ*, and still do, to any thing next to Christ himself: and their new *Canons* took my one, my one joy from me, which was to me, as the poor man's one eye that had no mo; and alas, there is little lodging in their heart for *pity* or *mercy*, to pluck out a poor man's one eye for a *thing indifferent*, i. e. for *knots of straws*, and things (as they mean) off the way to heaven. I desire not that my name take journey, and go a *pilgrim* to *Cambridge*, for fear I come in the ears of *Authority*; I am sufficiently burnt already. In the mean time, be pleased to try, if the Bishop of *St. Andrews*, and *Glasgow* (*Galloway's* Ordinary) will be pleased to abate from the heat of their wrath, and let me go to my charge. Few know the heart of a prisoner; yet I hope the Lord shall hew his own glory out of as *knotty timber* as I am. Keep Christ, my dear and worthy Lord: Pretended *paper-arguments* from angering the Mother-church, that can reel and nod and stagger, are not of such weight as peace with the Father and Husband: let the Wife gloom, I care not, if the Husband laugh. Remember my service to my Lord your Father, and Mother, and your Lady. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Jan. 24. 1937. Yours at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

To his Reverend and Dear Brother, Mr. Robert Blair.

Reverend and Dear Brother,

THe reason ye gave for your not writing to me, affecteth me much, and giveth me a dash, when such an one as ye conceive an opinion of me, or any thing in me: The truth is, when I come home to my self, O what penury do I find, and how feckless is my supposed stock, and how little have I? He, to whom I am as crystal, and who seeth through me, and perceiveth the least mote that is in me, knoweth that I speak what I think and am convinced of: But men cast me through a gross and wide sieve. My very dear Brother, the room of the least of all saints is too great for the like of me: But, lest this should seem art, to fetch home reputation, I speak no more of it: it is my worth, to be Christ's ransomed sinner and sick one; his relation to me, is, that I am sick, and he is the Physician of whom I stand in need. Alas! how often play I fast and loose with Christ? He bindeth, I loose; he buildeth, I cast down; he trimmeth up a salvation for me, and I mar it; I cast out with Christ, and he agreeth with me again, twenty times a day; I forfeit my kingdom and heritage, I lose what I had; but Christ is at my back, and following on, to stoop and take up what falleth from me. Were I in heaven, and had the crown on my head, if free-will were my tutor, I should lose heaven; seeing I lose my self, what wonder I should let go, and lose Jesus my Lord? O well to me for evermore, that I have cracked my credit with Christ, and cannot by law at all borrow from him, upon my feckless and worthless bond and faith! for my faith and reputation with Christ, is, that I am a creature that God will not put any trust into: I was, and am bewildered with temptations, and wanted a guide to heaven. O what have I to say of that excellent, surpassing and supereminent thing, they call, *The Grace of God*, the way of free redemption in Christ! And when poor, poor I, dead in law, was sold, fettered and imprisoned in justice's closest ward, which is hell and damnation; when I, a wretched one, lighted upon Noble Jesus, eternally kind Jesus, tender hearted Jesus; nay, when he lighted upon me first, and knew me; I found that he scorned to take a price, or any thing like hire, of angels or seraphims, or any of his creatures; and therefore, I would praise him for this, that the whole army of the redeemed ones sit rent-free in heaven:

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Our *holding* it better than *blench*: We are all *free-holders*; and seeing our eternal *fast-day* is but thanks, O woful me! that I have but *spilt* thanks, and broken, lame and mis-carried praises to give him; and so my silver is not good and current with *Christ*, were it not that free merits have stamped it, and washen it, and me both! And for my silence, I see some-what better through it now: if my high and lofty One, my princely and royal Master, say, *Hold, hold thy peace, I lay bands on thee, thou speak none*; I would fain be content, and let my fire be smothered under ashes, without light or flame: I cannot help it; I take the laws from my Lord, but I give none. As for your journey to *F.* ye do well to follow it: The camp is *Christ's* ordinary bed; a carried bed is kindly to the Beloved, down in this lower house. It may be, and who knoweth but our Lord hath some *centurions*, ye are sent to, seeing your angry mother denieth you, longing and house-room with her. *Christ's* call to unknown faces must be your *second* wind, seeing ye cannot have a *first*. O that our Lord would water again, with a new visit, this piece withered and dry hill of our *widow mount Zion*! My dear Brother, I will think it comfort, if ye speak my name to our Welbeloved. Wherever ye are, I am mindful of you. O that the Lord would yet make the light of the moon in *Scotland* like the light of the sun, and the light of the sun seven-fold brighter. For my self, as yet I have received no answer whither to go; I wait on: O that Jesus had my love! Let matters frame as they list, I have some more to do with *Christ*; yet I would fain we were nearer. Now, the great Shepherd of the sheep, the very God of peace, establish and confirm you, till the day of his coming.

Aberd. Sept. 9.
1637.

Tears in his lovely and sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady GARLETON.

Mistress,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you. My soul longeth once again to be amongst you, and to behold that beauty of the Lord, that I would see in his house: But I know not if he, in whose hands are all our ways, seeth it expedient for his glory. I ow my Lord (I know) submission of spirit, suppose he should turn me into a stone or pillar of salt. Oh that I were he, in whom my Lord could be glorified; suppose my little
heaven

Heaven were forfeited, to buy glory to him before men and angels; suppose my *want* of his presence, and separation from *Christ* were a pillar, as high as ten heavens, for *Christ's* glory to stand upon, above all the *world*! What am I to him? How little am I (though my feathers stood out, as broad as the morning light) to such a high, to such a lofty, to such a never-enough admired and glorious Lord! My trials are heavy, because of my *sad Sabbaths*; but I know they are less than my high provocations: I seek no more, but that *Christ* may be the gainer, and I the loser; that he may be raised and brightened, and I cried down, and my worth made dust before his glory. Oh that *Scotland*, all with one shout, would cry up *Christ*, and that his name were high in this land! I find the very utmost borders of *Christ's* high excellency and deep sweetnels, heaven and earth's wonder. O what is he, if I could win-in to see his *inner side*! Oh I am run dry of loving, and wondering, and adoring of that greatest and most admirable One! Wo, wo is me, I have not half-love for him! Alas, what can my drop do to his great sea! What gain is it to *Christ*, that I have casten my little sparkle in his great fire! What can I give to him? O that I had love to fill a thousand *worlds*, that I might empty my soul of it all upon *Christ*! I think I have now just reason to quit my part of any hope or love that I have to this scum, and the refuse of the dross of God's workmanship, this vain earth: I bow to this stormy world (whose kindness and heart to me hath been made of iron, or of a piece of a *wild sea-island*, that never a creature of God yet lodged in) not a look: I bow it no love, no hope; and therefore, Oh if my love were dead to it, and my soul dead to it! What am I obliged to this house of my pilgrimage? A straw for all that God hath made, to my soul's liking, except *God*, and that lovely One, *Jesus Christ*: Seeing I am not this world's debtor, I desire, I may be stripped of all confidence in any thing, but my Lord, that he may be for me, and I for my only, only, only Lord; that he may be the morning and evening-ride, the top and the root of my joys, and the heart and flower, and yolk of all my soul's delights. O let me never lodge any creature in my heart and confidence! Let the house be for him: I rejoice, that sad days cut off a piece of the lease of my short life; and that my shadow (even while I suffer) weareth long, and my evening hastneth on. I have cause to love home with all my heart, and to take the opportunity of the day, to hasten to the end of my journey, be-

fore the night come on, wherein a man cannot see to walk or work; that once after my falls, *I* may at night fall in, weary and tired as *I* am, in *Christ's* bosom, and betwixt his breasts. Our prison cannot be our best country: This world looketh not like heaven and the happiness that our tired souls would be at; and therefore it were good to seek about for the wind, and hoise up our sails towards our *new Jerusalem*, for that is our best. Remember a prisoner to *Christ*. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637. Tours in his only Lord and Master, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Received one letter of your Lordship's from *C.* and another of late from *A. B.* wherein *I* find your Lordship in perplexity what to do: But let me entreat your Lordship not to cause your self mistake Truth and *Christ*, because they seem to encounter with your peace and ease. *My Lord*, remember that a prisoner hath written it to you, *As the Lord liveth, if ye put to your hand with other Apostates in this land, to pull down the sometime beautiful Tabernacle of Christ in this land, and join hands with them in one hair-breadth, to welcome Antichrist to Scotland, there is wrath gone out from the Lord against you and your house.* If the terror of a king hath overtaken you, and your Lordship looketh to sleep in your nest in peace, and take the nearest shore, there are many ways, too too many ways, how to shift *Christ* with some ill-washed and foul distinctions; but assure your self, suppose a king should assure you, he would be your god (as he shall never be, for that piece of service) your clay-god shall die, and your carnal counsellors, when your conscience shall storm against you, and ye complain to them, they will say, *What is that to us?* Believe not that *Christ* is weak, or that he is not able to save. Of two fires that ye cannot pass, take the least. Some few years will bring us all out in our *blacks* and *whites*, before our Judge; eternity is nearer to you, than ye are aware of. To go in a course of defection, when an enlightened conscience is stirring, and looking you in the face, and crying within you, *That ye are going in an evil way*, is a step to the sin against the Holy Ghost: Either many of this land are near that sin, or else *I* know not what it is. And if this, for which *I* now suffer, be not the way of peace, and the King's high-

way to salvation, I believe there is not a way at all; there is not such breadth and *Elbow-room* in the way to heaven, as men believe: Howbeit this day be not Christ's, the morrow shall be his. I believe assuredly, our Lord shall repair the old waste places, and his ruined house, in *Scotland*; and this *wilderness* shall yet blossom as the rose. My very worthy and dear Lord, wait upon him, who hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and look for him; wait patiently a little upon the Bridegroom's return again, that your soul may live, and ye may rejoice with the Lord's inheritance: I dare pawn my life and soul for it, if ye take this storm with born-down Christ, your sky shall quickly clear, and your fair morning dawn. Think (as the truth is) that Christ is just now saying, *And will ye also leave me?* Ye have a fair occasion to gratifie Christ now, if ye will stay with him, and want the night's sleep with your suffering Saviour, one hour, now when *Scotland* hath fallen asleep, and leaveth Christ to fend for himself. I profess my self but a weak feeble man: When I came first to Christ's camp, I had nothing to maintain this war, or to bear me out in this encounter, and I am little better yet; but since I find furniture, armour, and strength from the *consecrated Captain*, the Prince of our salvation, who was perfected through suffering; I esteem suffering for Christ a *king's life*. I find that our wants qualifie us for Christ; and howbeit your *Lordship* write, ye despair to attain to such a communion and fellowship, (which I would not have you to think) yet would ye nobly and courageously venture, to make over to Christ, for his honour now lying at the stake, your estate, place and honour; he would lovingly and largely requite you, and give you a King's word for a recompense: Venture upon Christ's *come*, and I dare swear, ye shall say, as it is, *Psal. xvi. 7. I bless the Lord who gave me counsel.* My very worthy Lord, many eyes in both the kingdoms are upon you now, and the eye of our Lord is upon you; acquie your self manfully for Christ: *Spill not this good play*: Subscribe a blank submission, and put it in Christ's hands: Win the *blessings and prayers of your sighing and sorrowful Mother-church*, seeking your help: Win Christ's bond (who is a King of his word) for a hundred-fold more even in this life. If a weak man hath past a promise to a king, to make a *ship* to Christ, (if we look to flesh and blood, I wonder not of it; possibly I might have done worse my self, but) add not further guiltiness, to go on in such a scandalous and foul way:

Remember that there is a *wo*, *wo* to him by whom offences *come*: This *wo* cam' out of Christ's mouth, and it is heavier than the *wo* of the law; it is the Mediator's vengeance, and that is *two* vengeancees to those who are enlightened. Free your self from unlawful anguish, about advising and resolving: When the truth is come to your hand, hold it fast, go not again to make a new search and enquiry for truth; it is easie to cause conscience believe as *ye will*, not as *ye know*. It is easie for *you* to cast *your* light into prison, and detain God's truth in unrighteousness; but that prisoner will break *ward*, to *your* incomparable torture. Fear *your* light, and stand in *aw* of it; for it is from God: Think what honour it is in this life also, to be enrolled to the succeeding ages, amongst Christ's *witneses*, standing against the re-*re* of *Antichrist*. I know certainly, *your* light looking to *two ways*, and to the *two sides*, crieth shame upon the course, that they would counsel *you* to follow: The way, that is *halfer* and compartner with the smoke of this fat *world*, and with *calc*, smelleth strong of a foul and false way. The Prince of peace, he, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of his sheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, establish *you*, and give *you* sound light, and counsel *you* to follow Christ. Remember my obliged service to *my Lord your Father*, and *Mother*, and *your Lady*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. Aug. 10. Your Lordship's at all obliged obedience,
1637. in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO JEAN GORDON.

My very dear and loving Sister,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you: I exhort you to *set up the brae* to the King's city, that must be taken with violence: Your afternoon's sun is *weary* low; Time will eat up your frail life, like a *worm* gnawing at the root of a *May-flower*: Lend Christ your heart; let him as a Seal there; take him in within, and let the *world* and children stand at the door; they are not yours, make you and them for your proper Owner, Christ: It is good, he is your Husband and their Father. What missing can there be of a dying man, when God filleth his chair? Give hours of the day to *prayer*: *Fash* Christ (if I may speak so) and importune him; be often at his gate; give his door no rest; I can tell you, he will be found. *What sweet fellow*

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lowship is betwixt him and me! I am imprisoned, but he is not imprisoned: He hath ashamed me with kindness; he hath come to my prison, and run *away* with my heart and all my love; well may he *bruick* it. I with my love get never an Owner but Christ: *Fy, fy* upon old lovers, that held us so long asunder! We shall not part now: He and I shall be heard, before he win out of my grips: I resolve to wrestle with Christ, ere I quit him. But my love to him hath cast n my soul in a fever, and there is no cooling of my fever, till I get real possession of Christ: O strong, strong love of Jesus, thou hast wounded my heart with thine arrows! O pain! O pain of love for Christ! Who will help me to praise? Let me have your *prayers*. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 13. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO GRISSEL FULLERTON.

Dear Sister,

I Exhort you in the Lord, to seek your *one thing*, *Mary's good part*, that shall not be taken from you. Set your heart and soul on the children's inheritance: This clay-idol, the world, is but for bastards, and ye are his lawful begotten child. Learn the way, (as your dear *Mother* hath gone before you) to knock at Christ's door: Many an alms of mercy hath *Christ* given to her, and hath abundance behind to give to you. Ye are the seed of the faithful, and born within the covenant; claim your right. I would not exchange Christ Jesus for ten *worlds of glory*: I know now (blessed be my Teacher) how to *shut the lock*, and unbolt my Welbelov'd's door; and he maketh a poor stranger welcome, when he cometh to his house. I am swelled up, and satisfied with the love of Christ, that is better than wine: It is a fire in my soul; let hell and the world cast water on it, they *will not mend themselves*. I have now gotten the right gate of Christ: I recommend him to you above all things; come and find the smell of his breath: See if his kisses be not sweet; he desireth no better than to be *much made of*; be homely with him, and ye shall be the more welcome: Ye know not how fain Christ would have all your love. Think not this is imaginations and *bairns-play*, we *make din* for; I would not suffer for it, if it were so: I d're pawn my heaven for it, that it is the way to glory. Think much of truth, and abhor these ways devised by men in God's worship. The grace of Christ be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO PATRICK CARSEN.

Dear and loving Friend,

I Cannot but, upon the opportunity of a bearer, exhort you to resign the love of your youth to Christ, and, in this day, while your sun is high, and your youth serveth you, to seek the Lord and his face; for there is nothing out of heaven so necessary for you, as Christ: And ye cannot be ignorant, but your day will end, and the night of death will call you from the pleasures of this life, and a doom given out in death standeth for ever, as long as God liveth. Youth ordinarily is a pest and ready servant for Satan, to run errands; for it is a nest for lust, cursing, drunkenness, blaspheming of God, lying, pride, and vanity. O that there were such an heart in you, as to fear the Lord, and to dedicate your soul and body to his service! When the time cometh that your eye-strings shall break, and your face wax pale; and legs and arms tremble, and your breath grow cold, and your poor soul look out at your prison house of clay, to be set at liberty; then a good conscience, and your Lord's favour, shall be worth all the world's glory: Seek it as your garland and crown. Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 14. 1636. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

TO JOHN CARSEN.

My welbeloved and dear Friend,

Every one seeketh not God; and far fewer find him, because they seek amiss: He is to be sought for above all things, if men would find what they seek. Let feathers and shadows alone to children, and go seek your Welbeloved: Your only errand to the world, is, to avoe Christ; therefore put other lovers from about his house, and let Christ have all your love, without *mincing* or dividing it: it is little enough, if there were more of it. The serving of the world and sin hath but a base reward and smoke, instead of pleasures; and but a night-dream, for true ease to the soul. Go where ye will, your soul shall not sleep sound but in Christ's bosom: come in to him, and lie down, and rest you on the slain Son of God, and enquire for him: I sought him, and now *a fig* for all the worm-eaten pleasures, and moth-eaten glory out of heaven. Since I have found him, and in him all I can want or wish: He

He hath made me a king over the world : Princes cannot overcome me : Christ hath given me the marriage-kiss, and he hath my marriage-love : We have made up a full bargain, that shall not go back on either side : O if ye, and all in that country, knew what sweet terms of mercy are betwixt him and me ! Grace be with you.

Aberd. March 11. 1637. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady B O Y D.

Madam,

I Would have written to your *Ladyship* ere now; but peoples believing there is in me that which I know there is not, hath put me out of love with writing to any : for it is easie to put religion to a market and publick fair ; but alas ! it is not so soon make *eye-sweet* for Christ. My Lord seeth me a *tired man* far behind : I have gotten much love from Christ, but I give him little or none again. My white side cometh out in paper to men ; but at home and within, I find much black-work, and great cause of a low sail, and of little boasting ; and yet, howbeit I see challenges to be true, the manner of the temper's pressing of them is dishonest, and, in my thoughts, *knave-like* : My peace is, that Christ may find *sale* and *outing* of his wares, in the like of me, I mean, for saving grace. I wish all professors to fall in love with *grace* ; all our songs should be of his *free grace* : We are but too lazy and careless, in seeking of it ; it is all our riches we have here, and glory in the bud : I wish I could set out *free grace*. I was the *law's* man, and under the *law*, and under a curse ; but *grace* brought me from under that hard lord, and I rejoyce, that I am *grace's free-holder*. I pay tribute to none for heaven, seeing my land and heritage holdeth of Christ, my new King : infinite Wisdom hath devised this excellent way of *free-holding*, for sinners ; it is a better way to heaven, than the old way that was in *Adam's* days : It hath this fair advantage, that no man's emptiness and want layeth an inhibition upon Christ, or hindreth his salvation ; (and that is far best for me) but our new *Land-lord* putteth the names of dyvours, and *Adam's* forlorn heirs, and beggars, and the crooked and blind, in the free charters. Heaven and angels may wonder, that we have gotten such a *gate* of sin and hell : such a *back-entry* out of hell, as Christ made, and brought out the captives by, is more than my poor shallow thoughts can comprehend. I

would think sufferings, glory, (and I am sometimes not far from it) if my Lord would give me a new alms of free grace. I hear, that the *prelates* are intending banishment for me; but for more grace, and no other hire, I would make it welcome. The bits of this clay-house, the earth, and the other side of the sea, are my *Father's*: If my sweet Lord Jesus would bud my sufferings, with a new measure of grace, I were a rich man; but I have not now of a long time found such high spring-tides, as formerly. The sea is out, and the wind of his Spirit calm, and I cannot buy a wind, or, by requesting the sea, cause it to flow again; only, I wait on, upon the banks and shore-side, till the Lord send a full-sea, that with up-sails I may lift up Christ: Yet sorrow for his absence is sweet; and sighs, with, *save ye him whom my soul loveth*: have their own delights: Oh that I might gather hunger against his long-looked-for return! Well were my soul, if Christ were the *element*, mine own element, and that I loved and breathed in him, and if I could not live without him: I allow not laughter upon my self, when he is away; yet he never leaveth the house, but he leaveth *drink-money* behind him, and a *pawn* that he will return: Wo, wo to me, if he should go away, and take all his *sitting* with him: even to dream of him is sweet. - To build a house of pining wishes for his return, to spin out a web of sorrow, and care, and languishing, and sighs, either dry or wet, as they may be, because he hath no leisure (if I may speak so) to make a visit, or to see a poor friend, sweeteneth and refresheth the thoughts of the heart: A misty dew will stand for rain, and do some good, and keep some greenness in the herbs, till our Lord's clouds rue upon the earth, and send down a watering of rain: Truly, I think Christ's misty dew a welcome message from heaven, till my Lord's rain fall: Wo, wo is me for the Lord's Vineyard in *Scotland*. Howbeit the Father of the house embrace a child, and feed him, and kiss him; yet it is sorrow and sadness to the children, that our poor *Mother* hath gotten her leave, and that our Father hath given up house: It is an unheartsome thing, to see our *Father* and *Mother* agree so ill; yet the bastards, if they be fed, care not. O Lord cast not water on *Scotland's* smoking coal. It is a strange gate the saints go to heaven; our enemies often eat and drink us, and we go to heaven thro' their bellies and stomachs, and they vomit the Church of God, undigested among their hands; and even while we are shut up in prison by them, we advance in our journey.

Epist. 179.

LETTERS.

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Remember my service to my Lord, your kind son, who was kind to me in my bonds and was not ashamed to own me: I would be glad, that Christ got the morning service of his life, now in his young years; it would suit him well, to give Christ his young and green love: Christ's stamp and seal would go far down in a young soul, if he would receive the thrust of Christ's stamp: I would desire him, to make search for Christ; for nobles now are but *dry friends* to Christ. The Peace of God our Father, and the good-will of him who dwelt in the bush, be with your *Ladyship*.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady CARDONNESS Elder.

Worthy and welbeloved in the Lord,

GRace, mercy, and peace be to you: I long to hear from you in paper, that I may know how your soul prospereth. My desire and longing is, to hear that ye walk in the Truth, and that ye are content to follow the despised, but most lovely, Son of God: I cannot but recommend him unto you, as your Husband, your Welbeloved, your Portion, your Comfort, and your Joy: I speak this of that lovely One, because I praise and commend the soord (as we use to speak) as I find it. He hath watred with his sweet comforts an oppressed prisoner: He was always kind to my soul, but never so kind as now, in my greatest extremities: I dine and sup with Christ: He visiteth my soul with the visitations of love, in the night-watches. I perswade my soul that this is the way to heaven, and his own Truth, I now suffer for. I exhort you, in the name of Christ, to continue in the truth, which I delivered to you: Make Christ sure to your soul; for your day draweth nigh to an end. Many slide back now, who seemed to be Christ's friends, and prove dishonest to him: But be ye faithful to the death, and ye shall have the crown of life. This *span-length* of your days, whereof the Spirit of God speaketh, *Psal. xxxix.* will within a short time come to a *finger-breadth*, and at length to nothing: O how sweet and comfortable shall the feast of a good conscience be to you, when your eye-strings shall break, your face wax pale, and the breath turn cold, and your poor soul come fighting to the windows of the house of clay of your dying body, and shall long to be out, and to have the jaylor to open the door, that the prisoner may be set at liberty: Ye draw nigh the water-side; look

look your accounts: Ask for your Guide to take you to the other side: let not the world be your portion; what have ye to do with dead clay? ye are not a bastard, but a lawful begotten child; therefore set your heart on the inheritance: go up before-hand and see your lodging; look through all your Father's rooms in heaven, in your Father's house are many dwelling-places: men take a sight of lands ere they buy them. I know *Christ* hath made the bargain already; but be kind to the house ye are going to, and see it often: set your heart on things that are above, where *Christ* is at the right hand of God. Set up your *husband*, to mind his own country at home; counsel him to deal mercifully with the poor people of God under him: They are *Christ's*, and not his; therefore desire him to shew them merciful dealing and kindness, and to be good to their souls. I desire you to write to me. It may be, that my *parish* forget me; but my Witness is in heaven, I do not, I do not forget them: They are my sighs in the night, and my tears in the day. I think my self like an husband plucked from the wife of his youth: O Lord, be my Judge, what joy it would be to my soul, to hear that my ministry hath left the Son of God among them, and that they are walking in *Christ*! Remember my love to your *son* and *daughter*; desire them from me to seek the Lord in their youth, and to give him the morning of their days: Acquaint them with the word of God and prayer. Grace be with you. Pray for the prisoner of *Christ*: in my heart I forget you not.

Aberd. March 6.
1637.

Your lawful and loving Pastor, in his
only Lord *Jesus*, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES HAMILTON.

Reverend and dearly-beloved in our Lord,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you. Our acquaintance is neither in bodily presence, nor in paper; but as sons of the same Father, and sufferers for the same truth. Let no man doubt, but the state of our question, we are now forced to stand to by suffering exile and imprisonment, is, *If Jesus should reign over his Kirk or not?* O if my sinful arm could hold the crown on his head, howbeit it should be stricken off from the shoulder-blade! For your ensuing and feared trial, my very dearest in our Lord *Jesus*, Alas! what am I to speak, to comfort a soldier of *Christ*, who hath done an hundred times more

more for that worthy and honourable cause, than I can do! But I know, those, *whom the world was not worthy of, wandered up and down in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth*; and that while there is one member of mystical Christ out of heaven, that member must suffer strokes, till our Lord Jesus draw in that member within the gates of the new Jerusalem, which he will not fail to do at last; for not one toe or finger of that body, but it shall be taken in within the city. What can be our part, in this pitched battle betwixt the Lamb and the Dragon, but to receive the darts in patience, that rebound off us upon our sweet Master; or rather light first upon him, and then rebound off him upon his servants? I think it a *sweet north-wind*, that *bloweth* first upon the fair face of the Chief among ten thousand, and then lighteth upon our sinful and black faces: When once the *wind bloweth off him upon me*, I think it hath a *sweet* smell of Christ; and so must be some more than a single cross. I know, ye have a *guard* about you, and your attendance and train for your *safety*, is far beyond your pursuers force or fraud; it is *good* under *feud* to be near our *ware-house* and *strong hold*. We can do but little to resist them, who persecute us and oppose him, but keep our *blood* and our *wounds* to the next *court-day*, when our *complaints* will be read. If this *day* be not *Christ's*, I am sure the *morrow* shall be his. As for any thing I do in my bonds, when now and then a *word* falleth from me, alas it is very little! I am exceedingly grieved that any should conceive any thing to be in such a broken and empty reed; let no man impute it to me, that the free and unbought *wind* (for I gave nothing for it) *bloweth* upon an *empty reed*: I am his *over-burdened debtor*. I cry, *down with me, down, down with all the excellency of the world; and up, up with Christ*: Long, long may that fair One, that holy One, be on high; my curse be upon them that love him not. O how glad would I be, if his *glory* would grow out, and spring up out my bonds and sufferings! Certainly since I became his prisoner, he hath *won the yolk and heart of my soul*: Christ is even become a *new Christ* to me, and his love greener than it was; and now I strive no more with him, his love shall carry it away: I lay down my self under his love; I desire to sing, and to cry, and to proclaim my self, even under the *water, in his common*, and eternally indebted to his kindness: I will not offer to *quit commons with him* (as we use to say) for that will not be: All, all for evermore be *Christ's*. What further

further trials are before me, I know not; but I know *Christ* will have a saved soul of me, over on the other side of the water, in the yonder side of crosses, and beyond mens wrongs. I had but one eye, and that they have put out: my one joy, next to the Flower of my joys, *Christ*, was to preach my sweetest, sweetest Master, and the glory of his kingdom; and it seemed no cruelty to them, to put out the poor man's one eye. And now I am seeking about to see if suffering will speak my fair One's praises; and I am trying if a dumb man's tongue can raise one note, or one of Zion's springs, to advance my *Wellbeloved's* glory: Oh if he would make some glory to himself out of a dumb prisoner! I go with child of his word, I cannot be delivered; none here will have my Master; alas, What alleth them at him? I bleis you for your prayers; add to them praises: As I am able, I pay you home. I commend your diving in *Christ's* testament; I would I could set out the dead Man's Good-will to his friends, in his sweet testament: speak a prisoner's hearty commendations to *Christ*; fear not, your ten days will over. These that are gathered against mount Zion, their eyes shall melt away in their eye-holes, and their tongues consume away in their mouths, and *Christ's* withered garden shall grow green again in Scotland: My Lord Jesus hath a word hid in heaven for Scotland, not yet brought out. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 7. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mrs. STEWART.

Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am sorry that ye take it so hardly, that I have not written to you. I am judged to be that which I am not: I fear, if I were put in the fire, I should melt away, and fall down in sheards of painted nature; for truly I have little stuff at home, that is worth the eye of God's servants. If there be any thing of *Christ's* in me (as I dare not deny some of his work) it is but a spunk of borrowed fire, that can scarce warm my self, and hath little heat for standers-by: I would fain have that, which ye and others believe I have; but ye are only witnesses to my outside, and to some words in paper: O that he would give me more than paper-grace or tongue-grace! Were it not that want paineth me, I should have skailed-house, and gone a begging long since; but *Christ* hath left me with some hunger, that is

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more hot than wife, and is ready often to say, *If Christ longed for me, as I do for him, we should not be long in meetings; and if he loved my company as well as I do his, even while I am writing this letter to you, we should flee in other arms*: But I know, there is more *will* than *wit*, in this languor and pining love for Christ; and no marvel, for Christ's love would have hot harvest, long ere *midsummer*. But if I have any love to him, Christ hath both love to me, and *wit* to guide his love; and I see, the best thing I have, hath as much dross beside it, as might curse me and it both; and if it were for no more, we have need of a Saviour to pardon the very faults, and diseases, and weakness of the *new man*, and to take away (to say so) our godly sins, or the sins of our sanctification, and the dross and scum of spiritual love; wo, wo is me! O what need is there then of Christ's calling to scoure and cleanse, and wash away an *ugly* old body of sin, the very image of *Satan*! I know nothing surer, than that there is an office for Christ among us: I wish for no other heaven, in this side of the last sea that I must cross, than this service of Christ, to make my blackness beauty, my deadness life, my guiltiness sanctification. I long much for that day, when I will be holy: O what spots are yet *unwashed*! O that I could change the skin of the *Leopard* and the *Moor*, and mix it with some of Christ's fairness! Were my blackness and Christ's beauty *carded through-ether* (as we use to speak) his beauty and holiness would eat up my filthiness: But Oh I have not casten old *Adam's* *beow* and colour yet! I trow, the best of us hath a smell yet of the old lothsom *body of sin* and *guiltiness*: Happy are they for evermore, who can employ Christ, and set his *blood* and *death* on *work*, to make clean *work*, to God, of foul souls. I know, it is our sin, that would have sanctification on the *sunny-side* of the hill, and *holiness* with nothing but *summer*, and no crosses at all. *Sin* hath made us as tender, as if we were made of paper or glass. I am often thinking, what I would think of Christ and burning quick together, of Christ and torturing, and hot melted *lead* poured in at *mouth* and *navel*; yet I have some *weak experience*, (but very weak indeed) that suppose Christ and hell's torments were married together, and if there were no finding of Christ at all, except I went to hell's furnace, that there, and in no other place, I could meet with him; I trow, if I were, as I have been since I was his prisoner, I would beg lodging for God's sake in hell's hottest furnace,

furnace, that I might rub souls with Christ. But, God be thanked; I shall find him in a better lodging: We get Christ better cheap than so; when he is *rouped* to us, we get him but with a *shower of summer-troubles in this life*, as sweet and as soft to believers as a *May-dew*. I would have you and my self, helping Christ *mystical* to weep for his Wife; and O that we could mourn for Christ buried in *Scotland*, and for his *two slain witnesses killed*, because they prophesied! If we could so importune and sollicit God, our buried Lord and his *two buried witnesses* should rise again: *Earth*, and *clay*, and *stone* will not bear down Christ and the gospel in *Scotland*. I know not, if I will see the second Temple and the glory of it; but the Lord hath deceived me, if it be not to be reared up again. I would wish to give Christ his *welcome-home* again: My *blessing, my joy, my glory* and *love* be on the *Home-corer*. I find no better use of suffering, than that Christ's *winnowing* putteth chaff and corn in the saints to sundry places, and discovereth our *dross* from his *gold*, so as *corruption* and *grace* are so seen, that Christ saith in the furnace, *That is mine, and this is yours: The scum and the grounds, thy stomach against the persecutors, thy impatience, thy unbelief, thy quarrelling, these are thine; and faith, on-waiting, love, joy, courage, are mine*. Oh let me die one of Christ's on-waiters, and one of his attendants! I know your heart and Christ are married together, it were not good to make a divorce. Rue not of that meeting and marriage with such a Husband. Pray for me his prisoner. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd, 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus. S. R.

To Mr. HUGH MACKAIL L.

Reverend and dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, I bless you for it: My *dry root* would take more *dew* and *summer-rain* than it getteth, were it not Christ will have *dryness* and *deadness* in us to work upon; if there were no timber to work upon, art would die and never be seen: I see, grace hath a *field* to play upon, and to course up and down in our *wants*, so that I am often thanking God, not for guiltiness, but for guiltiness for Christ, to whet and sharpen his grace upon. I am half content to have boils for my Lord Jesus's plaisters: Sicknes hath this advantage, that it draweth

our sweet Physician's hand, and his holy and soft fingers, to touch our *withered* and *leper-skins*: it is a blessed fever, that fetcheth *Christ* to the bed-side. I think my Lord's *How dost thou with it, sick body?* is worth all my pained nights: Surely, I have no more for *Christ*, but *emptiness* and *want*; take or leave, he will get me no otherwise: I must sell my self, and my wants to him, but I have no price to give for him: if he would put a fair and real seal upon his love to me, and bestow upon me a larger share of *Christ's* love, (which I would fainest be in hands with of any thing, I except not heaven it self) I should go on sighing and singing under his cross: But the worst is, many take me for *some body*, because the wind bloweth upon a withered prisoner; but the truth is, I am both lean and thin in that, wherein many believe I abound. I would (if bartering were in my power) niffer joy with *Christ's* love and faith; and, instead of the hot sun-shine, be content to walk under a cloudy shadow, with more grief and sadness, to have more faith, and a fair occasion of letting forth and commending *Christ*, and to make that lovely One, that fair One, that sweetest and dearest Lord Jesus, *market-sweet* for many ears and hearts in *Scotland*: And if it were in my power, to *roup Christ* to the three kingdoms, and withal to persuade buyers to come, and to take such sweet wares as *Christ*; I would think to have many sweet bargains betwixt *Christ* and the sons of men. I would, I could be humble, and go with a low sail; I would I had desires with wings, and running upon wheels, swift and active, and speedy, in longing for *Christ's* honour: But I know my Lord is as wise here, as I dow be thirsty; and infinitely more zealous of his honour, than I can be hungry for the manifestation of it to men and angels: But Oh that my Lord would take my desires off my hand, and add a thousand-fold more unto them, and sow spiritual inclinations upon them, for the coming of *Christ's* kingdom to the sons of men, that they might be higher and deeper, and longer and broader! For my longest measures are too short for *Christ*, my depth is ebb, and the breadth of my affections to *Christ* narrowed and pinched. O for an engine and a wit, to prescribe ways to men, how *Christ* might be *All*, in all the world! Wit is here behind affection, and affection behind obligation. Oh how little dow I give to *Christ*, and how much hath he given me! Oh that I could sing grace's praises, and love's praises! Seeing I was like a fool, *soliciting* the law, and making moyen to the

the law's court for mercy, and sound challenges that way; but now I deny that judge's power; for I am Grace's man; I hold not worth a drink of water of the law, or of any lord, but Jesus: And till I *betought* me of this, I was slain with doubtings, and fears and terrors. I praise the new court, and the new *Landlord*, and the new Salvation, purchased in Jesus his Name, and at his instance. Let the old man, if he please, go make his moan to the law, and seek acquaintance thereaway, because he is condemned in that court, I hope, the new man, and I; and Christ together shall not be heard; and this is the more soft, and the more easie way for me, and for my cross together: Seeing Christ singeth my *welcome home*, and taketh me in, and maketh short counts, and short work of reckoning betwixt me and my Judge, I must be Christ's man; and his tenant, and subject to his court: I am sure, suffering for Christ could not be born otherwise; but I give my hand and my faith to all, who would suffer for Christ, they shall be well handled, and fare well in the same way, that I have found the cross easie and light. Grace be with you.

Abērd. July 8. 1637. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus. S. R.

TO ALEXANDER GORDON of Garlock.

Dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: If Christ were as I am, that time could work upon him to alter him, or that the morrow could be a new day to him, or bring a new mind upon him, as it is to me a new day, I could not keep a house or a covenant with him: but I find *Christ* to be *Christ*, and that he is far, far, even infinite heavens height above man; and that is all our happiness. Sinners can do nothing, but make wounds, that *Christ* may heal them; and make debts, that he may pay them; and make falls, that he may raise them; and make deaths, that he may quicken them; and spin out and dig hells for themselves, that he may ransom them. Now I will bless the Lord, that ever there was such a thing as the *free grace of God*, and a free ransom given for sold souls: Only, alas, guiltiness maketh me ashamed to apply *Christ*, and to think it pride in me, to put out my unclean and withered hand to such a Saviour! But it is neither shame nor pride, for a drowning man to swim to a rock, nor for a ship-broken soul, to run himself ashore upon *Christ*. Suppose once I be guilty,
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need force I cannot, *I do* not go by *Christ*: We take in good part that pride, that beggars beg from the richer; and who is so poor as we? and who is so rich as he who selleth fine gold? Rev. iii. 18. I see then, it is our best (let guiltiness plead what it listeth) that we have no mean under the covering of heaven, but to creep in lowly and submissively with our wants to *Christ*: I have also cause to give his cross a good name and report. O how worthy is *Christ* of my teckless and light suffering! and how hath he deserved it at my hands, that for his honour, and glory, I should lay my back under seven fells pain in one, if he call me to that! But alas! my soul is like a ship, run on ground through ebboness of water: I am *sanded*, and my love is *sanded*; I find not how to bring it on float again; it is so cold and dead, that I see not how to bring it to a flame: Ey, fy upon the meeting, that my love hath given *Christ*; wo, wo is me, I have a Lover *Christ*, and yet I want love for him: I have a lovely and desirable Lord, who is love-worthy, and who beggeth my love and heart, and I have nothing to give him. *Dear Brother*, come further in our *Christ*, and see a new treasure in him: come in, and look down, and see angels wonder, and heaven and earth's wonder of love, sweetness, majesty and excellency in him. I forget you not: pray for me, that our Lord would be pleased to send me among you again, fraughted and full of *Christ*. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO JOHN BELL Elder.

My very loving Friend,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I have very often and long expected your letter; but, if ye be well in soul and body, I am the less solicitous. I beseech you in the Lord Jesus, to mind your country above; and now, when old age, the twilight going before the darkness of the grave, and the falling low of your sun before your night, is now come upon you, advise with *Christ*, ere ye put your foot in the ship, and turn your back on this life. Many are beguiled with this, that they are free of scandalous and crying abominations; but the tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is for the fire: The man that is not born again, cannot enter into the kingdom of God; common honesty will not take men to heaven: Alas that men should think they ever met with *Christ*, who had never a sick

night, through the terrors of God in their soul, or a sore heart for sin. I know, the Lord hath given you light, and the knowledge of his will; but that is not all, neither will that *do your turn*: I wish you an awakned soul, and that ye beguile not your self, in the matter of your salvation. *My dear Brother*, search your self with the candle of God, and try if the life of God and Christ be in you: Salvation is not casten to every man's door: many are carried over sea and land, to a far country, in a ship, whileas they sleep much of the way; but men are not landed at heaven sleeping: The righteous are scarcely saved; and many run as fast, as either ye or I, who miss the prize and the crown: *God send me Salvation, and save me from a disappointment*, and I seek no more: Men think it but a *sryde*, or step over to heaven; but when so few are saved, even, of a number like the sand of the sea, but a handful and a remnant, (as God's word saith) what cause have we to shake our selves out of our selves, and to ask our poor soul, *Whither goest thou? Where shalt thou lodge at night? Where are thy charters and writs of thy heavenly inheritance?* I have known a man turn a key in a door, and *lock it by*: Many men leap over (as they think) and leap in. O see! see that ye give not your salvation a *wrong cast*, and think all is well, and leave your soul loose and uncertain: Look to your building, and to your ground-stone, and what signs of Christ are in you, and set this world behind your back. *It is time now in the evening*, to cease from your ordinary work, and high time to know of your lodging at night: it is your salvation that is in dependance, and that is a great and weighty business, though many make light of the matter. Now, the Lord enable you by his Grace to work it out.

Aberd. 1637. Your lawful and loving Pastor, S. R.

TO WILLIAM GORDON of Robertoun.

Dear Brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: So often as I think on our case, in our soldiers night-watch, and of our fighting-life in the fields, while we are here, I am forced to say, Prisoners in a dungeon, condemned by a judge to want the light of the sun and moon and candle till their dying day, are no more, nay not so much, to be pitied as we are; for they weary of their life, they hate their prison: but we *fall to*,
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in our prison, where we see little, to drink our selves drunk with the night-pleasures of our weak dreams; and we long for no better life than this: but at the blast of the last trumpet, and the shout of the Arch-angel, when God shall take down the shepherd's tent of this fading world, we shall not have so much as a drink of water, of all the dreams that we now build on. Alas! that the sharp and bitter blasts on face and sides, which meet us in this life, have not learned us mortification, and made us dead to this world! We buy our own sorrow, and we pay dear for it, when we spend out our love, our joy, our desires, our confidence, upon an handful of snow and ice, that time will melt away to nothing, and go thirsty out of the drunken inns, when all is done: Alas that we enquire not for the clear fountain; but are so foolish, as to drink foul, muddy and rotten waters, even till our bed-time; and then in the resurrection, when we shall be awakned, our yesternight's sowre drink and swinish dregs shall *rise up* upon us, and sick, sick shall many a soul be then: I know no whollom fountain but one; I know not a thing worth the buying, but heaven. And my own mind is, if comparison were made betwixt Christ and heaven, I would sell heaven with my blessing, and buy Christ. Oh if I could raise the market for Christ, and heighten the market a pound for a peny, and cry up Christ in mens estimation, ten thousand talents more than men think of him! but they are shaping him, and crying him down, and valuing him at their unworthy *half-peny*; or else exchanging and bartering *Christ* with the miserable old fallen house of this vain world; or then they lend him out upon interest, and play the usurers with *Christ*: because they profess him, and give out before men, that *Christ* is their Treasure and Stock, and in the mean time, praise of men, and a name, and ease, and the summer-sun of the Gospel, is the injury they would be at: so when the trial cometh, they quit the Stock for the interest, and lose all. Happy are they, who can keep *Christ* by himself alone, and keep him clean and whole, till God come and count with them. I know, in your hard and heavy trials long since, ye thought well and highly of *Christ*: but truly no cross should be old to us: We should not forget them, because years are come betwixt us and them, and cast them by-hand, as we do old clothes; we may make a cross old in *time*, new in *use*, and as fruitful, as in the beginning of it. God is where and what he was, seven years ago, whatever change be in us; I speak not this, as if I

thought, ye had forgotten what God did to have your love long since; but that ye may awake your self, in this sleepy age, and remember fruitfully of Christ's first wooing and suit-
ing of your love, both with fire and water; and try if he got his answer, or if ye be yet to give him it: For I find in my self, that water runneth not faster through a sieve, than our warnings slip from us: for I have lost and casten by-hand many summonses, the Lord sent to me; and therefore the Lord hath given me *double charges*, that, I trust in God, shall not *give* me. I bleis his great Name, who is no niggard in hold-
ing-in crosses upon me, but spendeth largely his rods, that he may save me from this perishing *world*. How plentiful God is in means of this kind, is esteemed by *many*, one of God's unkind mercies; but Christ's cross is neither a cruel nor un-
kind *mercy*, but the love-token of a Father. I am sure, a lover chasing us for our *well*, and to have our love, should not be run *away* from, or fled from. God send me no worie *mercy*, than the sanctified cross of Christ portendeth; and I am sure, I should be happy and blest. Pray for me, that I may find house-room in the Lord's house, to speak in his name. Re-
member *my* dearest love in Christ to your *wife*. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1636.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady B O Y D.

Madam,

G Race, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from
our Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied upon you. I have
reasoned with your son at large; I rejoyce to see him set his
face in the right airth, now when the nobles love the sunny-
side of the Gospel best, and are afraid that Christ want sol-
diers, and shall not be able to do for himself. *Madam*, our
debts of obligation to Christ are not small; the freedom of
grace and salvation is the *wonder* of man and angels; but
mercy in our Lord scorneth hire: Ye are bound to lift Christ
on high, who hath given you eyes to discern the devil, now
coming out in his *whites*, and the *idolatry* and *apostasy* of the
time, well washen with fair pretences; but the skin is *black*,
and the water *foal*: It were art, I confess, to wash a *black*
devil and make him *white*. I am in strange up's and down's,
and seven times a *day* I lose ground: I am put often to swim-
ing, and again my feet are set on the Rock that is higher than
my

my self: He hath now let me see *four* things I never saw before.
 1. The supper will be great cheer, that is up in the great hall,
 with the royal King of Glory, when the *four hours*, the *standing drink*, in this drier *wildernefs*, is so sweet: When he
 bloweth a kiss afar off to his poor heart-broken mourners in
Zion, and sendeth me but his hearty commendations, till we
 meet, I am confounded with *wonder*, to think what it shall
 be, when the Fairest among the sons of men shall lay a King's
 sweet soft cheek to the sinful cheeks of poor sinners. O time,
 time, go swiftly, and hasten that *day*! Sweet Lord Jesus, post,
come flying, like a young hart or a roe upon the mountains of
separation. I think, we should tell the hours carefully, and
 look often how low the sun is: For love hath no *ho*, it is
 pained, pained in it self, till it come in grips with the party
 beloved. 2. I find Christ's absence, love's sickness, and love's
 death: The wind, that bloweth out of the airth, where my
 Lord Jesus reigneth, is sweet-smelled, soft, joyful, and heart-
 som to a soul burnt with absence. It is a painful battle, for
 a soul sick of love, to fight with absence and delays: Christ's
not yet, is a *stounding* of all the joints and laths of the soul;
 a nod of his head, when he is under a mask, would be half a
 pawn; to say, *Fool, what aileth thee? He is coming*, would be
 life to a dead man; I am often in my dumb Sabbaths seeking
 a new plea with my Lord Jesus, *God forgive me*: and I care not,
 if there be not two or three ounce-weight of black wrath in
 my cup. For the *third* thing, I have seen my abominable vile-
 ness; if I were well known, there would none in this king-
 dom ask how I do. Men take my ten to be an hundred, but I
 am a deeper hypocrite and shallower professor than every one
 believeth, God knoweth I feign not: But I think, my rec-
 konings on the one page written in great letters, and his mer-
 cy to such a forlorn and wretched dyvour on the other, more
 than a miracle. If I could get my finger-ends upon a full assu-
 rance, I trow, I should grip fast: But my cup wanteth not
 gall; and upon my part, despair might be almost excused, if
 every one in this land saw my inner side: But I know, I am one
 of them, who have made great sale and a free market to free
 grace: If I could be saved, as I would fain believe, sure I am,
 I have given Christ's blood, his free grace and the bowels of
 his mercy, a large field to work upon, and Christ hath mani-
 fested his art (I dare not say, to the uttermost; for he can, if
 he would, forgive all the devils and damned reprobates,
 in respect of the wideness of his mercy; but I say) to an admi-
 rable

able degree. 4. I am stricken with fear of unthankfulness. This apostate Kirk hath played the harlot with many lovers; they are spitting in the face of my lovely King, and mocking him, and I *do* not mend it; and they are running away from Christ in troops, and I *do* not mourn and be grieved for it. I think Christ lieth like an old forecaſten caſtle, forſaken of the inhabitants; all men run away now from him: Truth, innocent truth goeth mourning and wringing her hands in ſackcloth and aſhes. Wo, wo, wo is me, for the Virgin-daughter of *Scotland*; Wo, wo to the inhabitants of this land, for they are gone back with a perpetual backſliding. Theſe things take me ſo up, that a borrowed bed, another man's fire-ſide, the wind upon my face, (I being driven from my lovers, and dear acquaintance, and my poor flock) find no room in my ſorrow; I have no ſpare or odd ſorrow for theſe: Only I think, the ſparrows and ſwallows, that build their neſts in Kirk of *Anwoth*, bleſſed birds. Nothing hath given my faith a harder back-ſet, till it crack again, than my cloſed mouth: But let me be miſerable my ſelf alone, God keep my dear brethren from it: but ſtill I keep breath. And when my royal, and never, never-enough praiſed King returneth to his ſinful priſoner, I ride upon the high places of *Jacob*, I divide *Shechem*, I triumph in his ſtrength. If this kingdom would glorifie the Lord, in my behalf, I deſire to be weighed in God's even balance in this point, if I think not my wages paid to the full, I ſhall crave no more hire of *Chriſt*. *Madam*, pity me in this, and help me to praiſe him: For, whatever I be, the chief of ſinners, a devil, and a moſt guilty devil; yet it is the apple of *Chriſt's* eye, his honour and glory, as the Head of the Church, that I ſuffer for now, and that I will go to eternity with. I am greatly in love with *Mr. M. M.* I ſee him ſtamped with the image of God. I hope well of your ſon, my Lord *Blyde*. Your Ladyſhip and your children have a priſoner's prayers. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. May 1. 1637. Your La: at all obedience in *Chriſt*, S. R.

To Mr. THOMAS GARVEN.

Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I rejoice, that ye cannot be quit of *Chriſt*. (if I may ſpeak ſo) but he muſt, he will have you: Betake your ſelf to *Chriſt*, my dear Brother,

Br.ther. It is a great business to make quit of superfluities, and of those things which Christ cannot dwell with. I am content with my own cross, that Christ hath made mine by an eternal lot, because it is Christ's and mine together. I marvel not, that winter is without heaven; for there is no winter within it: All the saints therefore have their own measure of winter, before their eternal summer. Oh for the long day, and the high sun, and the fair garden, and the King's great city up above these visible heavens! What God layeth on, let me suffer: For some have one cross, some seven, some ten, some half a cross; yet all the saints have whole and full joy, and seven crosses have seven joys. Christ is *cumbered* with me (to speak so) and my cross, but he *falleth not off me*, we are not at variance. I find the very glooms of Christ's wooing a soul, sweet and lovely; I had rather have Christ's buffet and love-stroke, than another king's kiss: Speak evil of Christ who will, I hope to die with love-thoughts of him. Oh that there are so few tongues in heaven and earth to extol him! I wish his praises go not down amongst us: Let not Christ be low and lightly esteemed, in the midst of us; but let all hearts and all tongues cast in their portion, and contribute something, to make him great in mount Zion. Thus recommending you to his grace, and remembering my love to your wife and mother, and your kind brother R. B. and entreating you to remember my bonds, I rest

Aberd. Sept. 8. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Laird of MONCRIEFFE.

Much honoured Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: Although not acquainted, yet at the desire of your worthy *Sister*, the Lady Leys, and upon the report of your kindness to Christ, and his oppressed truth, I am bold to write to you, earnestly desiring you to join with us (so many as in these bounds profess Christ) to wrestle with God, one day of the week, especially the *Wednesdays*, for mercy to this fallen and decayed Kirk, and to such as suffer for Christ's name, and for your own necessities, and the necessities of others, who are by covenant engaged in that business: For we have no other armour in these evil times but *prayers*, now when *wrath* from the Lord is gone out against this backsliding land; for ye know, we can have no true publick *fasts*, neither are the true causes of

our humiliation ever laid before the people. Now, *very worthy Sir*, I am glad in the Lord, that the Lord reserveth any of your place, or of note, in this time of common apostasy, to come forth in publick, to bear Christ's name before men, when the great men think Christ a cumbersome neighbour, and that religion carrieth hazards, trials and persecutions with it. I perswade my self, it is your glory and your garland, and shall be your joy in the day of Christ, and the standing of your house and seed, to inherit the earth, that you truly and sincerely profess Christ: Neither is our King, whom the Father hath crowned in mount Zion, so weak, that he cannot do for himself, and his own cause. I verily believe, they are blessed, who can hold the crown upon his head, and carry up the train of his robe-royal, and that he shall yet be victorious and triumph in this land. It is our part to back our royal King, howbeit there were not six in all the land to follow him. It is *wisdom* now to take up, and discern the devil, and the *Antichrist*, coming out in their *whites*, and the *apostasy* and *idolatry* of this land, washen with foul water: I confess it is art to wash the devil, till his skin be *white*. For my self, *Sir*, I have bought a plea against Christ, since I came hither, in judging my princely Master angry at me, because I was cast out of the *Vineyard*, as a withered tree, my dumb sabbaths working me much sorrow: But I see now, *sorrow* hath not eyes to read *love*, written upon the cross of *Christ*; and therefore I pass from my rash plea: Wo, *wo* is me, that I should have received a slander of *Christ's* love to my soul. And for all this, my Lord Jesus hath forgiven all, as not willing to be heard with such a fool, and is content to be, as it were, confined with me, and to bear me company, and to feast a poor oppressed prisoner. And now I write it under my hand, *Worthy Sir*, that I think well and honourably of this cross of *Christ*: I wonder, that he will take any *glory* from the like of me; I find that when he but sendeth his hearty commendations to me, and but *bloweth a kiss* afar off, I am confounded with wondring, what the Supper of the Lamb will be, up in our Father's dining-palace of *glory*, since the four-hours in his dismal *wilderness*, and when in prisons, and in our sad days, a kiss of *Christ* is so comfortable. O how sweet and glorious shall our case be, when that Fairest among the sons of men shall lay his fair face to our now sinful faces, and wipe away all tears from our eyes! O time, time, run swiftly and hasten this day! O

sweet

sweet Lord Jesu, come flying like a roe, or a young hart! Alas! that we, blind fools, are fallen in love with moon-shine and shadows. How sweet is the wind, that bloweth out of the north, where *Christ* is! Every day we may see some new thing in *Christ*, his love hath neither brim nor bottom. Oh if I had help to praise him! He knoweth, if my sufferings glorifie his name, and encourage others to stand fast for the honour of our supreme Law-giver, *Christ*, my wages then are paid to the full. Sir, help me to love that never-enough praised Lord. I find now, that the faith of the saints, under suffering for *Christ*, is fair before the wind, and with full sails carried upon *Christ*; and I hope to lose nothing in this furnace but dross; for *Christ* can triumph in a weaker man than I am, if there be any such: And when all is done, his love paineth me, and leaveth me under such debt to *Christ*, as I can neither pay principal nor interest. Oh if he would comprize my self, and if I were sold to him as a bond man, and that he would take me home to his house and fire-side; for I have nothing to render to him! Then, after me, let no man think hard of *Christ*'s sweet cross; for I would not change my sighs with the painted laughter of all my adversaries. I desire grace and patience to wait on, and to lie upon the brink, till the water fill and flow. I know he is fast coming. Sir, Ye will excuse my boldness, and till it please God I see you, ye have the prayers of a prisoner of *Christ*, to whom I recommend you, and in whom I rest.

Aberd. May 14. 1637. Yours at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

TO JOHN CLARK.

Loving Brother,

Hold fast *Christ* without wavering, and contend for the faith, because *Christ* is not easily gotten nor kept: The lazie professor hath put heaven (as it were) at the very next door, and thinketh to fly up to heaven in his bed, and in a night-dream; but truly, that is not so easie a thing, as most men believe: *Christ* himself did sweat, ere he won this city, howbeit he was the free-born Heir. It is christianity, my heart, to be sincere, unfeigned, honest and upright-hearted before God; and to live and serve God, suppose there were not one man or woman, in all the world dwelling beside you, so eye you. Any little grace that ye have, see that it be sound and true: Ye may put a difference betwixt you and

repro-

reprobates, if ye have these marks. 1. If ye prize Christ and his truth so, as ye will sell all and buy him, and suffer for it. 2. If the love of Christ keepeth you back from sinning, more than the law or fear of hell. 3. If ye be humble, and deny your own will, *with credit, ease, honour, the world,* and the vanity and glory of it. 4. Your profession must not be barren, and void of good works. 5. Ye must in all things aim at God's honour: ye must eat, drink, sleep, buy, sell, sit, stand, speak, pray, read, and hear the *word* with a hearty purpose that God may be honoured. 6. Ye must shew your self an enemy to sin, and reprove the *works of darkness*, such as *drunkenness, swearing and lying*; albeit the company should hate you for so doing. 7. Keep in mind the truth of God, that ye heard me teach, and have nothing to do with the corruptions, and new guises entred into the house of God. 8. Make conscience of your calling, in covenants, in buying and selling. 9. Acquaint your self with daily *praying*; commit all your *ways and actions* to God by *prayer, supplication and thanksgiving*; and count not much of being mocked, for Christ Jesus was mocked before you. Perswade your self, that this is the *way of peace and comfort*, I now suffer for: I dare go to *death* and into *eternity* with it, though men may possibly seek another *way*. Remember me in your *prayers*, and the state of this oppressed Church. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your Soul's melwisser, S. R.

To CARDONNESS elder.

Much honoured Sir,

I Long to hear how your soul prospereth: I wonder that ye write not to me; for the Holy Ghost beareth me witness, I cannot, I dare not, I drow not forget you, nor the souls of those with you, who are redeemed by the *blood* of the great *Shepherd*: Ye are in my heart in the night-watches, ye are my joy and crown in the *day* of Christ. O Lord, bear witness, if my soul thirsteth for any thing out of heaven, more than for your salvation: Let God lay me in an even balance, and try me in this. Love heaven, let your heart be on it: Up, up and visit the *new land*, and view the fair *City*, and the *white throne* and the *Lamb*, the *Bride's Husband*, in his *Bridegroom's* clothes sitting on it: it were time, your soul cast it self and all your burdens upon *Christ*. I beseech you by the *wounds* of your *Redeemer*, and by your *compearance* before him,

him, and by the *salvation* of your soul, lose no more time; run fast, for it is late: God hath sworn by himself, who made the world and time, *That time shall be no more*, Rev. x. Ye are now upon the very border of the other life; your Lord cannot be blamed for not giving you *warning*: I have taught the *truth* of *Christ* to you, and delivered unto you the whole counsel of God, and I have *stood* before the Lord for you, and I shall yet still *stand*: Awake, awake to do righteously. Think not to be eased of the burdens and debts, that are on your house, by oppressing any, or being rigorous to those that are under you: Remember how I endeavoured to walk before you in this matter, as an example. *Behold, here am I, witness against me, before the Lord and his Anointed, whose ear or whose ass have I taken? Whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed?* Who knoweth how my soul feedeth upon a good conscience, when I remember how I spent this body in feeding the *Lambs* of *Christ*? At my first entry hither, I grant, I took a stomach against my Lord, because he had casten me over the *dike* of the *Vineyard*, as a *dry tree*, and would have no more of my service: My dumb *sabbaths* broke my heart, and I would not be comforted: But now he, *whom my soul loveth*, is come again, and it pleaseth him to feast me with the kisses of his love: A King dineth with me, and his *spikenard* casteth a *sweet smell*. The Lord my Witness is above, that I write my heart to you, I never knew, by my nine years preaching, so much of *Christ's* love, as he hath taught me in *Aberdeen*, by six months imprisonment. I charge you in *Christ's* Name, help me to praise, and shew that people and country, the loving kindness of the Lord to my soul, that so my sufferings may some way preach to them, when I am silent. He hath made me know now, better than before, what it is to be crucified to the world: I would not now give a drink of cold water for all the world's kindness; I owe no service to it: I am not the flesh's debtor; my Lord Jesus hath *dawted* his prisoner, and hath thoughts of love concerning me. I would not exchange my sighs, with the laughing of adversaries. Sir, I write this to inform you, that ye may know, it is the truth of *Christ* I now suffer for, and he hath sealed my suffering with the comforts of his Spirit on my soul; and know he putteth not his seal upon blank paper. Now, Sir, I have no comfort *earthly*, but to know, that I have espoused, and shall present a Bride to *Christ* in that congregation. The Lord hath given you much, and therefore he will require

require much of you again: Number your talents, and see what ye have to render back again; ye cannot be enough persuaded of the shortness of your time. I charge you to write to me, and in the fear of God be plain with me, whether or no ye have made your *salvation* sure: I am confident, and hope the best; but I know, your reckonings with your Judge are many and deep. Sir, be not beguiled, neglect not your *one thing*, (*Phil. iii. 13.*) your *one necessary thing*, (*Luke x. 42.*) the good part that shall not be taken from you. Look beyond time; things here are but *moon-shine*; they have but childrens wit, who are delighted with shadows, and deluded with feathers flying in the air. Desire your children, in the morning of their life, to begin and seek the Lord, And remember their Creator in the days of their youth, (*Eccles. xii. 1.*) To cleanse their way, by taking heed thereto according to God's word (*Psal. cxix. 9.*) Youth is a glassie age, Satan finds a swept chamber (for the most part) in youth-hood, and a garnished lodging for himself and his train. Let the Lord have the flower of their age; the best sacrifice is due to him: instruct them in this, that they have a soul, and that this life is nothing in comparison of eternity; they will have much need of Gods conduct in this world, to guide them by those rocks, upon which most men split; but far more need, when it cometh to the hour of death, and their compearance before Christ. O that there were such an heart in them, to fear the Name of the great and dreadful God, who hath laid up great things for those that love and fear him! I pray that God may be their portion. Shew others of my parishioners, that I write to them my best wishes, and the blessings of their lawful Pastor; say to them from me, That I beseech them by the bowels of Christ, to keep in mind the doctrine of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which I taught them; that so they may lay hold on eternal life, striving together for the faith of the gospel, and making sure salvation to themselves. Walk in love, and do righteousness; seek peace, love one another, wait for the coming of our Master and Judge: Receive no doctrine contrary to that which I delivered to you; if ye fall away, and forget it, and that catechism which I taught you, and so forsake your own mercy, the Lord be Judge betwixt you and me, I take heaven and earth to witness, that such shall eternally perish; but if they serve the Lord, great will their reward be, when they and I shall stand before our Judge. Set forward up the mountain, to meet with God; climb up,

for your Saviour calleth on you. It may be, God will call you to your rest, when I am far from you; but ye have my love, and the desires of my heart, for your soul's welfare. He that is holy, keep you from falling, and establish you, till his own glorious appearance.

Aberd. 1637. Your affectionate and iamdul Pastor, S. R.

TO CARDONNESS Younger.

Much honoured Sir,

I Long to hear, whether or not your soul be hand-fast with Christ: Lose your time no longer; flee the follies of youth; *Gird up the loins of your mind, and make you ready for meeting the Lord.* I have often summoned you, and now I summon you again, to compare before your Judge, to make a reckoning of your life; while ye have time, *look upon your papers, and consider your ways: O that there were such an heart in you, as to think, what an ill conscience will be to you, when ye are upon the border of eternity, and your one foot out of time!* O then, ten thousand thousand floods of tears cannot extinguish these flames, or purchase to you one hour's release from that pain! O how sweet a day have ye had! But this is a *fair day* that runneth fast away; see how ye have spent it, and consider the *necessity of salvation*; and tell me (in the fear of God) if ye have made it sure: I am perswaded, ye have a conscience that will be speaking somewhat to you: Why will ye die and destroy your self? I charge you, in Christ's name, to rouse up your conscience, and begin to indent and contract with Christ, in time, while salvation is in your offer: *This is the accepted time, this is the the day of salvation:* Play the merchant, for ye cannot expect another *market-day* when this is done; therefore let me again beseech you, *To consider, in this your day, the things that belong to your peace, before they be hid from your eyes.* Dear brother, fulfil my joy, and begin to seek the Lord, while he may be found: Forake the follies of deceiving and vain youth; lay hold upon eternal life. Whoring, night-drinking, and mis-spending the Sabbath, and neglecting of prayer in your house, and refusing of an offered salvation, will burn up your soul with *the terrors of the Almighty*, when your awaked conscience shall flee in your face. Be kind and loving to your wife; make conscience of cherishing her, and not being rigidly austere. Sir, I have not a tongue to express the *glory* that is laid up
for

for you, in your rather's house, if ye reform *your doings*, and frame your heart to return to the Lord. Ye know, this world is but a shadow, a short-living creature, under the law of time; within less than *fifty years*, when ye look back to it, ye shall laugh at the evanishing *vanities* thereof, as feathers flying in the air, and as the houses of sand within the sea-mark, which the children of men are building. Give up with courting of this vain world: Seek not the baillard's moveables, but the Son's heritage in heaven. Take trial of Christ, look unto him, and his love shall so change you, that ye shall be taken with him, and never choose to go from him. I have experience of his *sweetness*, in this house of my pilgrimage here: My Witness, who is above, knoweth, I would not exchange my sighs and tears, with the laughing of the fourteen Prelates: There is nothing will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the *sweetness* of Christ; Come and see, will speak best to your soul. I would fain hope good of you: Be not discouraged at broken and spilt-resolutions; but to it, and to it again: Woo about Christ, till yet get your soul espoused as a chaste virgin to him; use the means of profiting with your conscience, pray in your family, and read the word; remember how our Lord's-day was spent, when I was among you: It will be a great challenge to you before God, if ye forget the good that was done within the walls of your house, on the Lord's-days, and if ye turn aside after the fashions of this world, and if ye go not in time to the Kirk, to wait on the publick worship of God, and if ye tarry not at it, till all the exercises of religion be ended, Give God some of your time both morning and evening, and afternoon; and in so doing, rejoice the heart of a poor oppressed prisoner. Rue upon your own soul, and from your heart fear the Lord. Now be that brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of his sheep, by the blood of the eternal Covenant, establish your heart with his grace, and present you before his presence with joy.

Aberd. 1637. Your affectionate and loving Pastor, S. R.

TO CARLETON.

Much honoured Sir,

I Will not impute your not writing to me, to forgetfulness: however, I have One above who forgetteth me not; may he groweth in his kindness: It hath pleased his holy Majesty,

to taste me from the pulpit, and teach me many things in my exile and prison, that were *mysteries* to me before; As, 1. I see his bottomless and boundless love and kindness, and my jealousies and ravings, which, at my first entry into this furnace, were so *foolish* and *bold*, as to say to *Christ* who is *Truth* itself, in his face, *Thou liest*. I had well nigh lost my grips: I wondered if it was *Christ* or not; for the mist and smoke of my perturbed heart, made me mistake my Master Jesus: My *faith* was *dim*, and *hope* frozen and cold; and my love, which caused jealousies, had some *warmness*, and *heat*, and *smoke*, but no *flame* at all; yet I was *looking* for some good of *Christ's* old claim to me. I thought, I had forfeited all my rights; but the tempter was too much upon my counsels, and was still *blowing the coal*: Alas! I knew not well before, how good shall my intercessor and Advocate, *Christ*, hath of *pleading*, and pardoning me such follies. Now he is returned to my soul with *healing* under his wings; and I am nothing behind with *Christ* now, for he hath over-paid me, by his presence, the pain I was put to by *on-waiting*, and any little loss I sustained by my *witnessing* against the wrongs done to him. I trow, it was a pain to my Lord to hide himself any longer; in a manner, he was challenging his own *unkindness*, and repented him of his *glooms*: And now, what want I on earth, that *Christ* can give to a *poor prisoner*? O how *sweet* and lovely is he now! Alas that I can get none to help me, to lift up my Lord Jesus upon his throne, above all the earth! 2. I am now brought to some measure of submission, and I resolve to wait till I see what my Lord Jesus will do with me: I dare not now *nick-name* or speak one word against the all-seeing and over-watching providence of my Lord. I see, providence runneth not on broken wheels; but I, like a fool, carved a providence for mine own ease, to die in my nest, and to sleep still, till my gray hairs; and to lie on the sunny side of the Mountain, in my ministry at *Anwoth*: but now, I have nothing to say against a borrowed fire-side, and another man's house, nor *Kedar's* tents, where I live, being removed far from my acquaintance, my lovers and my friends: I see, God hath the world on his wheels, and casteth it as a potter doth a vessel on the wheel. I dare not say, that there is any inordinate or irregular motion in providence; the Lord hath done it: I will not go to law with *Christ*, for I would gain nothing of that. 3. I have learned some greater mortification, and not to mourn after, or seek to suck the world's dry breasts: Nay, my

my Lord hath filled me with such dainties, that I am like to a full banqueter, who is not for common cheer. What have I to do to fall down upon my knees, and worship mankind's great idol, *the world*? I have a better God than any *day-god*; nay, at present, as I am now disposed, I care not much to give this *world* a discharge of my lierent of it, for bread and *mater*: I know, it is not my home, nor my Father's house; it is but his footstool, the *outer-closet* of his house, his *out-fields* and *muir-ground*: Let bastards take it; I hope, never to think my self in its *common*, for honour or riches: Nay now, I say to laughter, *Thou art madness*. 4. I find it most true, that the greatest temptation our of hell, is, to live without temptations; if *my waters* should stand, they would rot: Faith is the better of the free air, and of the sharp winter-storm in its face; Grace withereth without adversity: The devil is but God's master-fencer, to teach us to handle our *weapons*. 5. I never knew how weak I was, till now, when he hideth himself, and when I have him to seek seven times a *day*. I am a dry and withered branch, and a piece of a dead carcass, dry bones, and not able to step over a straw: The thoughts of my old sins are as the summons of death to me; and of late *my Brother's* case hath stricken me to the heart; when my wounds are closing, a little *rifle* causeth them to bleed afresh: So thin-skin'd is my soul, that I think, it is like a tender man's skin, that may touch nothing; ye see, how short I would shoor of the prize, if his grace were not sufficient for me. Wo's me for the *day* of *Scotland*, Wo, wo is me for my *Harlot-mother*; for the decree is gone forth: Women of this land shall call the childless and milcarrying wombs blessed. The anger of the Lord is gone forth, and shall not return, till he perform the purpose of his heart against *Scotland*: Yet he shall make *Scotland* a new sharp instrument having teeth, to thresh the mountains, and fan the hills as chaff. The prisoner's blessing be upon you.

Aberd. March 14. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady BUSBIE.

Mistress,

I know, ye are thinking sometimes what Christ is doing in *Zion*, and that the haters of *Zion* may get the bottom of our cup, and the burning coals of our furnace, that we have been tried in, these *many years bygone*. ☉ that this nation would

would be awakned; to cry mightily unto God, for the setting up of a new Tabernacle to *Christ* in *Scotland*. O if this kingdom knew how worthy *Christ* were of his room! His *worth* was ever above man's estimation of him. And for my self, I am pained at the heart, that I cannot find my self disposed to leave my self, and go wholly in to *Christ*: Alas that there should be one bit of me out of him; and that we leave too much liberty and latitude for our selves, and our own ease, and credit, and pleasures, and so little room for all love worthy *Christ*! O what pains and charges it costeth *Christ* ere he get us! and when all is done, we are not worth the having: It is a wonder, that he should seek the like of us, but love overlooketh blackness and fecklesness; for if it had not been so, *Christ* would never have made so fair and blessed a bargain with us, as the covenant of grace is. I find, that in all our sufferings, *Christ* is but *ridding marpas*, that every one of us may say, *Mine and Thine*; and that men may know by their crolles, how weak a bottom nature is to stand upon in a trial; that then, which our Lord intendeth, in all our sufferings, is, to bring grace in court and request amongst us: I would succumb and come short of heaven, if I had no more but my own strength to support me; and if *Christ* should say to me, *Either do or die*, it were easie to determine, what should become of me: The choice were easie, for I behoved to die, if *Christ* should pass by with straitned bowels; and who then would take us up in our straits? I know, we may say, that *Christ* is kindest in his love, when we are at our weakest; and that if *Christ* had not been to the fire, in our sad days, the waters had gone over our soul. His mercy hath a set period and appointed place, how far, and no further the sea of affliction shall flow, and where the waves thereof shall be stayed: He prescribeth how much pain and sorrow, both for weight and measure, we must have; Ye have then good cause to recal your love from all lovers, and give it to *Christ*: He who is afflicted in all your afflictions, looketh not on you in your sad hours, with an insensible heart or dry eyes. All the Lord's saints may see, that it is lost love, which is bestowed upon this perishing world: Death and judgment will make men lament, that ever their miscarrying hearts carried them to lay and lavish out their love upon false appearances and night-dreams. Alas! that *Christ* should fare the worse, because of his own goodness, in making Peace and the Gospel to ride together; and that we have never yet weighed the

worth of *Christ* in his ordinances; and that now we are like to be deprived of the *well*, ere we have tasted the *sweetness* of the *water*: It may be with *watry eyes*, and a *wet face*, and *wearied feet*, we seek *Christ*, and shall not find him. Oh that this land were humbled in time, and by *prayers*, *cries* and *humiliation*, would bring *Christ* in at the Church-door again, now when his back is turned towards us, and he is gone to the threshold, and his one foot (as it were) is out of the door. I am sure, his departure is our deserving, we have bought it with our iniquities; for even the Lord's own children are fallen asleep: And alas! Professors are made all of shews and fashions, and are not at pains to recover themselves again. Every one hath his set measure of Faith and Holiness, and contenteth himself with a stinted measure of *Goliness*, as if that were enough to bring them to heaven: We forget that as our gifts and light grow, so God's gain and the interest of his talents should grow also; and that we cannot pay God with the *old use and wont* (as we use to speak) which we gave him seven years ago; for this were to mock the Lord, and to make price with him as we list. O what difficulty is there in our christian journey! and how often come we short of many thousand things, that are *Christ's* due, and we consider not how far our dear Lord is behind with us! *Mistress*, I cannot render you thanks, as I would, for your kindness to my *Brother*, an oppressed stranger; but I remember you unto the Lord, as I am able: I entreat you, think upon me, his prisoner; and pray, that the Lord would be pleased to give me room to speak to his people in his name. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1636. Yours in his sweet Lord and Master, S. R.

To FULWOOD Younger.

Much honoured Sir,

G RACE, mercy and peace be to you: Upon the report of this worthy bearer concerning you, I thought good to speak a word to you: It is enough for acquaintance, that we are one in *Christ*. My earnest desire to you is, that ye would, in the fear of God, compare your inch and hand-breadth of time with vast eternity, and your thoughts of this now fair, blooming and green world, with the thoughts ye shall have of it, when *corruption* and *worms* shall make their houses in your *eye-holes*, and shall eat your flesh, and make that body dry

dry-bones : If ye so do, I know then, that your sight of this *world's vanity* shall be more clear, than now it is ; and I am perswaded, ye shall then think, that mens labours for this *clay-idol* are to laughed at. Therefore come near, and take a view of that transparent *beauty*, that is in Christ, which would buse the love of ten thousand millions of *worlds* and *angels*, and hold them all at *work* : Surely I am grieved, that men will not spend their whole love upon that royal and princely Welbeloved, that high and lofty One ; for it is cursed love that runneth another *way* than upon him. And for myself, if I had ten loves and ten souls, O how glad would I be, if he would break in upon me, and take possession of of them all ! *Wo, wo is me*, that he and I are so far asunder ! I hope, we shall be in one *country* and one *house* together. Truly pain of love-sickness for Jesus, maketh me to think it long, long, long to the *dawning* of that *day*. Oh that he would cut short *years* and *months* and *h'urs*, and over-leap time, that we might meet ! And for this truth, *Sir*, that ye profess, I avow before the *world* of *men* and *angels*, that it is the *way*, and *only way*, to our *country*, the rest are *by-ways* ; and that what I suffer for, is the apple of Christ's eye, even his honour as Law-giver and King of his Church. I think death too little ere I forsook it. Do not, *Sir*, I beseech you in the Lord, make Christ's court thinner by drawing back from him ; it is too thin already ; for I dare pledge my heaven upon it, he shall win this plea ; and the fools that plea against him shall lose the *wager*, which is their part of salvation, except they take better heed to their *ways*. *Sir*, free grace, that we give no hire for, is a jewel our Lord giveth to few. Stand fast in the hope ye are called unto : Our Master will rend the clouds, and will be upon us quickly, and clear our cause, and bring us all out in our *blacks* and *whites*. Clean, clean garments in the Bridegroom's eye, are of great *worth* : Step over this hand-breadth of *world's glory*, in to our Lord's new *world* of *grace*, and ye will laugh at the feathers, that children are chasing in the air. I verily judge, that this inns, men are building their nest in, is not worth a *drink* of cold *water*. It is a rainy and smoky house ; best we come out of it, lest we be choked with the smoke thereof. O that my adversaries knew how *sweet* my sighs for Christ are, and what it were for a sinner to lay his head between Christ's breasts, and to be over head and ears in Christ's love ! Alas, I cannot cause paper speak the height and breadth

and depth of it ! I have not a balance to weigh my Lord Jesus's worth : Heaven, ten heavens would not be the beam of a balance, to weigh him in. I must give over praising of him ; angels see but little of him : O if that fair One would take off the mask off his fair face, that I might see him : A kiss of him through his mask is half a heaven. O day, dawn ! O time, run fast ! O Bridegroom, post, post fast, that we may meet ! O heavens, cleave in two, that that bright face and head may set it self through the clouds ! O that the corn were ripe, and this world prepared for his book ! Sir, be pleased to remember a prisoner's bonds. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 10. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. HUGH MACKAILL.

My very dear Brother,

YE know, that men may take *their sweet fill* of the fowre law, in *grace's ground* ; and betwixt the Mediator's breasts and this, is sinners safest way ; for there is a bed for wearied sinners to rest them in, in the *new Covenant*, though no bed of Christ's making to sleep in. The law shall never be my *doomsier*, by Christ's grace, if I get no more good of it ; I shall find a sore enough doom in the Gospel, to humble and to cast me down : It is (I grant) a good rough friend, to follow a traitor to the bar, and to back him, till he come to Christ. We may blame our selves, who cause the law to crave well-paid debt, to scare us away from Jesus, and dispute about a *righteousness* of our own, a *world* in the moon, a *chimera*, and a night-dream, that pride is father and mother to : There cannot be a more humble soul than a believer ; it is no pride for a drowning man to catch hold of a rock. I rejoyce, that the wheels of this confused *world* are rolled and *cogged*, and driven, according as our Lord will. Out of whatever airth the *wind* blow, it will blow us on our Lord : No *wind* can blow our sails over-board ; because Christ's skill, and the honour of his *wisdom* are empawnd, and laid down at the stake, for the sea-passengers, that he shall put them safe off his hand on the shore, in his Father's known bounds, our native *home-ground*. My dear Brother, fear not at the cross of Christ : it is not seen yet, what Christ will do for you, when it cometh to the worst ; he will keep his grace, till ye be at a strait, and then bring forth the decreed birth for your *salvation*. Ye are an arrow of his own making, let him

sheet

shoot you against a wall of brass, your point shall keep whole. I cannot, for multitude of letters, and distraction of friends, prepare what I would for the times : I have not one hour of spare time, suppose the day were forty hours long. Remember me in prayer : Grace be with you.

Aberd. Sept. 3. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and dear Brother, Mr. David Dickson.

My Reverend and dear Brother,

I fear ye have never known me well : If ye saw my inside, it is possible ye would pity me ; but ye would hardly give me either love or respect : Men mistake me the whole length of the heavens ; my sins prevail over me, and the terrors of their guiltiness. I am put often to ask, if Christ and I did ever shake hands together in earnest ; I mean not, that my feast days are quite gone ; but I am made of extremities. I pray God, ye never have the woful and *driery* experience of a closed mouth ; for then ye shall judge the sparrows, that may sing in the Church of *Irving*, blessed birds : But my soul hath been refreshed and watered, when I hear of your courage and zeal for your never-enough-praised, praised Master, in that ye put the men of God, chased out of *Ireland*, to work : O if I could confirm you ! I dare say in God's presence, *That this shall never hasten your suffering, but shall be David Dickson's feast and speaking joy, that while he had time and leisure, he put many to work, to lift up Jesus, his sweet Master, high in the skies.* O man of God, go on, go on, be valiant for that Plant of renown, for that Chief among ten thousands, for that Prince of the kings of the earth. It is but little that I know of God ; yet this I dare write, *Christ shall be glorified in David Dickson, howbeit Scotland be not gathered.* I am pained, pained, that I have not more to give my sweet *Bridegroom* : His comforts to me are not dealt with a niggard's hand, but I would fain learn not to idolize comfort, sense, joy, and sweet felt presence ; all these are but creatures, and nothing but the kingly robe, the gold-ring, and the bracelets of the *Bridegroom* ; the *Bridegroom* himself is better than all the ornaments that are about him. Now, I would not so much have these, as God himself, and to be swallowed up of love to Christ. I see, in delighting in a communion with Christ, we may make no gods than one ; but however, all was but *bairns-play* between Christ and me,

till now. If one would have *sworn* unto me, I would not have believed, what may be found in Christ. I hope, ye pity my pain that much, in *my prison*, as to help me your self, and to cause others help me, a *dyvur*, a sinful wretched *dyvour*, to pay some of my debts of praise to my great King. Let my God be Judge and Witness, if my soul would not have sweet *ease* and *comfort*, to have many hearts confirmed in Christ, and enlarged with his love, and many tongues set on work to set on high my royal and princely *Welbeloved*. O that my sufferings could pay tribute to such a King! I have given over *wondring* at his love; for Christ hath manifested a piece of art upon me, that I never revealed to any living: He hath gotten fair and *rich* employment, and *sweet* sale, and a *goodly* market for his honourable calling of *showing* mercy on me, the chief of sinners. Every one knoweth not, so well as I do, my *wofully* often broken covenants; my sins against light, *working* in the very act of sinning, hath been met with admirable *mercy*: But alas! he will get nothing back again, but *wretched unthankfulness*. I am sure, if Christ *pity* any thing in me, next to my sin, it is pain of love for an arm-full and soul full of himself, in *faith*, *love*, and begun *frustration*: My *sorrow* is, that I cannot get Christ lifted off the dust in *Scotland*, and set on high, above all the skies, and heaven of heavens.

Aberd. May 1. 1637. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To his Reverend and dear Brother, Mr. John Livingstone.

My reverend and dear Brother,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you, and to be refreshed with the *comforts* of the *Bride* of our Lord Jesus in *Ireland*. I suffer with you in grief, for *the dash*, that your desires to be at *N. E.* have received of late; but if our Lord, who hath skill to bring up his children, had not seen it your best, it should not have befallen you. Hold your peace, *and stay your selves upon the holy One of Israel*: Harken what he saith in crossing of your desires, *he will speak peace to his people*. I am here removed from my flock, and silenced and *confined* in *Aberdeen*, for the *testimony* of Jesus; and I have been *confined* in spirit also with *desertions* and *challenges*: I gave in a bill of *quarrels*, and *complaints* of unkindness against Christ, who seemed to cast me over the *dike* of the *Vineyard*, as a *dry-tree*, and separa-
ted

ted me from the Lord's inheritance; But high, high and loud praises be to our royal crowned King in Zion, that he hath not burnt the *dry-branch*: I shall yet live, and see his glory. Your *Mother-church*, for her *whoredom*, is like to be cast off: The *bairns* may break their heart, to see such chiding betwixt the *Husband* and the *Wife*. Our Clergy is upon a *Reconciliation with the Lutherans*, and the *Doctors* are writing books, and drawing up a *common Confession* at the *Council's* command. Our *Service-book* is proclaimed with sound of trumpet: The night is fallen down upon the *Prophets*; *Scotland's day of visitation* is come; it is time for the *Bride* to weep, while Christ is a saying, *He will choose another Wife*: But our *sky* will clear again; the *dry-branch* of cut-down *Lebanon* will bud again, and be glorious, and they shall yet plant vines upon our mountains. Now, my dear brother, I write to you for this end, that ye may help me to praise, and seek help of others with you, that God may be glorified in my bonds. My Lord Jesus hath taken the *withered dry-stranger*, and his broken-in-heart prisoner, into his house of wine. O! O! If ye, and all *Scotland*, and all our brethren with you, knew how I am feasted! Christ's *hony-combs* drop comforts: He dineth with his prisoner, and the *King's spokenard* casteth a smell. The devil cannot get it denied, but we suffer for the *apple of Christ's eye*, his royal prerogatives, as *King and Law-giver*; let us not fear or faint. He will have his Gospel once again *rouped* in *Scotland*, and have the matter going to voices, to see who will say, *Let Christ be crowned King in Scotland*: It is true, *antichrist* stirreth his tail; but I love a *rumbling* and *raging* devil, in the *Kirk*, (since the Church militant cannot, or may not want a devil to trouble her) rather than a subtil or sleeping devil: Christ never yet got a *Bride* without stroke of sword; it is now nigh the *Bridegroom's* entring into his chamber, let us awake and go in with him: I bear your name to *Christ's door*; I pray you, dear brother, forget me not; let me hear from you by a letter, and I charge you, smother not *Christ's bounty* towards me: I write what I have found of him, in the house of my pilgrimage. Remember my love to all our brethren and sisters there. The Keeper of the Vineyard watch for his besieged City, and for you.

Aberd. Feb. 7.

1637.

Your Brother and Fellow-sufferer S. R.

To Mr. EPHRAIM MELVILL.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Received your letter, and am contented with all my heart, that our acquaintance in our Lord continue. I am wrestling, as I *do*, up the mount with Christ's cross; my Second is kind, and able to help. As for your questions, because of my manifold distractions, and letters to multitudes, I have not time to answer them: What shall be said in common for that, shall be imparted to you; for I am upon these questions: therefore spare me a little, for the Service-book would take a great time; but I think, *Sicut deosculatio religiosa imaginis, aut etiam elementorum, est in se idololatria externa, est intentio deosculandi tota, quanta in actu est, feratur in Deum aperiore;* ita geniculatio coram pane, quando, nempe, ex institutio totus homo externus & internus versari debeat circa elementaria signa, est adoratio relativa, & adoratio ipsius panis. Ratio: Intentio adorandi objectum materiale, non est de essentia externe adorationis, ut patet in deosculatione religiosa. Sic geniculatio coram imagine Babylonica est externa adoratio imaginis, etsi tres pueri mente intendissent adorare Jehovam. Sic qui ex metu solo, aut spe pretii aut inanis gloria, geniculatur coram aureo vitulo Jeroboami, (quod ab ipso rege, qui nulla religione indutus, sed libidine dominandi tantum, vitulum erexit, factitatum esse, textus satis luculenter clamat) adorat vitulum externa adoratione; esto quod putat et vitulum esse meram creaturam, & honore nullo dignum: quia geniculatio, siue nos volumus, siue volumus ex instituto Dei & nature, in actu religioso, est symbolum religiosa adorationis: Ergo, sicut panis significat Corpus Christi, etsi absit actus omnis nostre intentionis, sic religiosa geniculatio, sublata omni intentione humana, est externa adoratio panis, coram quo adoramus, ut coram signo vicario & representativo Dei. Thus recommending you to God's tender mercy, I desire that ye would remember me to God. Sanctification shall settle you most in the truth. Grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Your Brother in Christ Jesus, S. R.

To a Gentlewoman, upon the death of her husband.
Mistress,

Grace, mercy, and peace be to you: I cannot but rejoice, and withal be grieved, at your case: It hath pleased the Lord

Lord to remove your husband (my friend, and this Kirk's faithful professor) soon to his rest; but shall we be sorry, that our loss is his gain, seeing his Lord would want his company no longer? Think not much of short summons; for, seeing he walked with his Lord in his life, and desired that Christ should be magnified in him at his death, ye ought to be silent and satisfied. When Christ cometh for his own, he turneth fast: Mercy, mercy to the saints goeth not at leisure; love in our Redeemer is not slow, and withal he is homely with you, who cometh at his own hand to your house, and *intromitteth* as a friend, with any thing that is yours: I think, he would fain borrow and lend with you. Now he shall meet with the solacious company, the fair flock, and blessed *bairn-time* of the first-born, banqueting at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. It is a mercy, that the poor wandring sheep get a *dike-side*, in this stormy day, and a looking ship a safe harbour, and a sea-sick passenger a sound and soft bed ashore. Wrath, wrath from the Lord is coming upon this land, that he hath left behind him: Know therefore, that your Lord Jesus his wounds are the wounds of a lover, and that he will have compassion upon a sad-hearted servant; and that Christ hath said, he will have the husband's room in your heart: he loved you in your first husband's time; and he is but wooing you still; give him heart and chair, house and all: he will not be made companion with any other; love is full of jealousies, he will have all your love, and who should get it but He? I know, ye allow it upon him; there are comforts, both sweet and satisfying, laid up for you; wait on: *Frist* Christ, he is an honest Debtor. Now for mine own case, I think some poor body would be glad of a *dawted* prisoner's leavings. I have no scarcity of Christ's love: He hath wasted no comforts upon his poor banished servant, than would have refreshed many souls. My burden was once so heavy, that one ounce-weight would have casten the balance, and broken my back; but Christ said, *Hold, hold*, to my sorrow, and hath wiped a *blubbered* face, which was foul with weeping. I may joyfully go my Lord's errands, with wages in my hands; deferred hopes need not to make me *dead sinner* (as we use to say) my cross is both my cross and my reward. Oh that men would sound his high praises! I love Christ's worst reproaches, his glooms, his cross, better than all this world's plaistered glory; my heart is not longing to be back again from Christ's country, it is a sweet soil I am come to. I (if any in the world) have good cause

cause to speak much good of him. O! hell were a good cheap price to buy him at. Oh if all the three kingdoms were witnesses to my pained, pained soul, overcome and wounded with Christ's love! I thank you most kindly, my dear sister, for your love to, and tender care of my brother. I will think my self obliged to you, if ye continue his friend: he is more to me then a brother now, being engaged to suffer for so honourable a Master and cause. Pray for Christ's prisoner; and grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. March 7. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To his reverend and dear Brother, Mr. JOHN NEVAY.

My reverend and dear Brother,

G RACE, mercy, and peace be to you: I have exceeding many I write to, else I would be kinder in paper. I rejoice that my sweet Master hath any to back him: Thick, thick may my royal King's court be. O that his kingdom might grow! It were my joy to have his house full of guests. Except that I have some cloudy days, for the most part I have a king's life with Christ; he is all perfumed with the powders of the merchant: he hath a King's face and a King's smell; his Chariot, wherein he carrieth his poor prisoner, is of the wood of *Lebanon*, it is paved with love: Is not that soft ground to walk or lie on? I think better of Christ than ever I did; my thoughts of his love grow and swell on me: I never write to any of him so much as I have felt. Oh if I could write a book of *Christ* and of his love! Suppose I were made white ashes, and burnt for this same truth, that men count but as *knots of straws*, it were my gain, if my ashes could proclaim the worth, excellency, and love of my Lord Jesus: There is much telling of *Christ*; I give over the weighing of him, heaven would not be the beam of a balance to weigh him in. What eyes be on me, or what wind of tongues be on me, I care not: Let me stand in this stage in the fool's coat, and act a fool's part to the rest of this Nation; if I can set my Welbeloved on high, and witness fair for him, a fig for their *hosanna*: If I can roll my self in a lap of *Christ's* garment, I will lie there, and laugh at the thoughts of dying bits of clay. Brother, we have cause to weep for our Harlot-mother, her Husband is sending her to *Rome's* brothel-house, which is the gate she liketh well: Yet I perswade you, there shall be a fair after-growth for *Christ* in *Scotland*, and this Church

Church shall see the Bridegroom's *welcome-home* again to his own house: The worms shall eat them first, ere they cause *Christ take good-night at Scotland*. I am here assaulted with the *Doctors* gun; but I bless the Father of light, they draw not blood of truth. I find no lodging in the heart of natural men, who are cold friends to my Master: I pray you, remember my love to that Gentleman, *A. C.* My heart is knit to him, because he and I have one Master. Remember my bonds, and present my service to *my Lord and my Lady*: I wish *Christ* may be dearer to them, than to many of their place. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 5. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady BOYD.

Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. Few (I believe) know the pain and torment of *Christ's* fristed love: fristing of *Christ's* presence is a matter of torment. I know a poor soul that would lay all oars in the water, for a banquet or feast of *Christ's* love. I cannot think, but it must be up-taking and sweet, to see the white and red of *Christ's* fair face; for he is *white and ruddy, and the Chiefest among ten thousands, Cant. v. 10.* I am sure, that must be a well-made face of his, heaven must be in his visage; glory, glory for evermore must sit on his countenance. I dare not curse the mask and covering that is on his face; but O if there were a hole in it! O if God would tear the mask! Hy, fy upon us, we were never shamed till now, that we do not proclaim our pining and languishing for him. I am sure, never tongue spake of *Christ*, as he is. I am still of that mind, and still will be, that we wrong and undervalue that holy, holy One, in having such short and shallow thoughts of his weight and worth. O if I could have but leave to stand beside, and see the Father weigh *Christ* the Son, if it were possible! But how every one of them comprehendeth another, we, who have eyes of clay, cannot comprehend; but it is pity for evermore, and more than shame, that such an one as *Christ* should sit in heaven his alone for us; To go up thither *one's errand*, and on purpose to see, were no small glory. O that he would strike out windows, and fair and great lights, in this old house, this fallen-down soul, and then set the soul near-hand *Christ*, that the rays and beams of light, and the soul-delighting glances of the fair, fair God-head, might shine in at the windows, and fill the house! A fairer

tainer and more near and direct sight of *Christ* would make room for his love; for we are but pinched and straitned in his love. Alas, it were easie to measure and weigh all the love, that we have for *Christ*, by inches and ounces! Alas, that we should love by measure and weight, and not rather have floods and feasts of *Christ's* love! Oh that *Christ* would break down the old narrow vessels of these narrow and chaste souls; and make fair, deep, wide, and broad souls, to hold a sea and a full tide, flowing over all its banks, of *Christ's* love! Oh that the Almighty would give me my request! That I might see *Christ* come to his Temple again; (as he is *minting*, and 'tis like *minting* to do) and if the land were humbled: the judgments threatned are with this reservation, I know, *if we shall turn and repent*. O what a heaven should we have on earth, to see Scotland's moon, like the light of the sun, and Scotland's sun-light seven-fold, like the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wounds! *Isa. xxx. 26*. Alas! that we will not pull and draw *Christ* to his old tents again, to come and feed among the lilies, till the day break and the shadows flee away! O that the nobles would go on, in the strength and courage of the Lord, to bring our lawful King *Jesus* home again! I am perswaded he shall return again in glory to this land: but happy were they, who could help to convoy him to his sanctuary, and set him again up upon the mercy-seat betwixt the cherubims. O Sun, return to darkned Britain! O Fairest among all the sons of men, O most excellent One, come home again, come home, and win the praises and blessings of the mourners in Zion, the prisoners of hope, that wait for thee! I know, he can also triumph in suffering, and weep and reign, and die and triumph, and remain in prison, and yet subdue his enemies: but how happy were I, to see the coronation-day of *Christ*, to see his Mother, who bare him, put the crown upon his head again, and cry with shouting till the earth should ring, *Let Jesus our King live and reign for evermore*! Grace, grace be with your Ladyship.

Aberd. 1637. Your Ladyship's at all obedience in *Christ*, S. R.

To Mr. ALEXANDER COLVILL of Blair.

Much honoured Sir,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you. I would desire to know how my Lord took my letter I sent him, and how he is:

I desire nothing, but that he be fast and honest to my royal Master and King. I am well every way, all praise to him, in whole books I must stand for ever as his debtor: Only my silence paineth me. I had one joy out of heaven, next to *Christ* my Lord, and that was to preach him to this faithless generation; and they have taken that from me: It was to me as the poor man's one eye, and they have put out that eye. I know the violence done to me and his poor bereft Bride, is come up before the Lord: and suppose I see not the other side of my cross, or what my Lord will bring out of it; yet I believe the vision shall not tarry, and that *Christ* is on his journey for my deliverance; he goeth not slowly, but passeth over ten mountains at one stride: In the meantime, I am pained with his love, because I want real possession. When *Christ* cometh, he stayeth not long; but certainly the blowing of his breath upon a poor soul is heaven upon earth: and when the wind turneth into the North, and he goeth away, I die, till the wind change in the west, and he visit his prisoner: But he holdeth me not often at his door. I am richly repayed for suffering for him. O if all Scotland were as I am, except my bonds! O what pain I have, because I cannot get him praised by my sufferings! O that heaven, *within* and *without*, and the earth were paper, and all the rivers, fountains, and seas were ink, and I able to write all the paper *within* and *without*, full of his praises, and love, and excellency, to be read by man and angel! Nay, this is little; I owe my heaven for *Christ*, and to desire, howbeit I should never enter in at the gates of the *new Jerusalem*, to send my love and my praises over the wall to *Christ*. Alas that time and days lie betwixt him and me, and adjourn our meeting! it is my part to cry, *O when will the night be past, and the day dawn, that we shall see one another!* Be pleased to remember my service to my Lord, to whom I wrote; and shew him, that, for his affection to me, I cannot but pray for him; and earnestly desire that *Christ* miss him not out of the roll of those who are his *witnesses*, now, when his kingly honour is called in question; it is his honour to hold up *Christ's* royal train, and to be an instrument to hold the crown upon *Christ's* head. Shew him, because I love his true honour and standing, that this is my earnest desire for him. Now I bless you; and the prayers of *Christ's* prisoner come upon you; and his sweetest presence, whom ye serve in the spirit, accompany you.

Aberd. June 23,
1637.

Yours at all obliged obedience
in *Christ*, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN ROW.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Received yours. I bless his high and great Name, I like my sweet Master still the longer the better: A sight of his cross is more awsome than the weight of it. I think the worst things of Christ, even his reproaches and his cross, (when I look on these not with bleired eyes) far rather to be chosen, than the laughter and worm-eaten joys of my adversaries. O that they were as I am, except my bonds! My Witness is above, my Ministry, next to Christ, is dearest to me of any thing; but I lay it down at Christ's feet, for his glory and his honour as supreme Law-giver, which is dearer to me. My dear Brother, if ye will receive the testimony of a poor prisoner of Christ, who dare not now dissemble for the world, I believe certainly, and expect thanks from the Prince of the kings of the earth, for my poor hazards (such as they are) for his honourable cause, whom I can never enough extol, for his running-over love to my sad soul, since I came hither. O that I could get him set on high and praised! I seek no more, as the top and root of my desires, but that Christ may make glory to himself, and edification to the weaker, out of my sufferings. I desire ye would help me both to pray and praise. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 8. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady CULROSS.

Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am much refreshed with your letter, now at length come to me. I find my Lord Jesus cometh not in that precise way that I lay wait for him, he hath a gate of his own: O how high are his ways above my ways! I see but little of him; it is best not to offer to learn him a lesson, but to give him absolutely his own will, in coming, going, ebbing, flowing, and in the manner of his gracious working. I want nothing but a back-burden of Christ's love: I would go through hell, and the thick of the damned devils, to have a hearty feast of Christ's love; for he hath fettered me with his love, and run away, and left me a chained man. Wo is me, that I was so loose, rash, vain, and graceless, in my unbelieving thoughts of Christ's love: But what

what can a soul under a *non-entry* (when my *rights* were *wad-
set* and lost) do else, but make a false libel against Christ's
love? I know your self, *Madam*, and many mo, will be
*witnesse*s against me, if I repent not of my unbelief; for I
have been seeking the *Pope's wares*, some hire for grace with-
in my self. I have not learned, as I should do, to put my
stock, and all my treasure, in Christ's hand; but I would have
a stock of mine own: and ere I was *aware*, I was taking hire
to be the Law's advocate, to seek justification by *works*. I
forgot, that grace is the only garland that is worn in heaven,
upon the heads of the glorified. And now, I half rejoice,
that I have sickness for Christ to work upon; since I must have
wounds, well's my soul, I have a *day's work* for my Physi-
cian Christ: I hope to give Christ his own calling, it setteth
him full well to cure diseases. My ebbings are very low, and
the tide is far out, when my Beloved goeth away; and then
I cry, Oh cruelty! to put out the poor man's one eye; and
that that was my joy, next to Christ, to preach my Welbe-
loved: then I make a noise about Christ's house, looking un-
couth-like in at his *window*, and casting my love and my de-
sires over the wall, till God send better. I am often content,
my bill lie in heaven, till the day of my departure, provid-
ing I had assurance, that *mercy* shall be written on the back of
it. I would not care for on-waiting; but when I draw-in a
tired arm, and an empty hand withal, it is much to me, to
keep my thoughts in order: but I will not get a *gate* for
Christ's love, when I have done all I can. I would fain yield
to his stream, and row with Christ, and not against him. But
while I live, I see that Christ's kingdom in me will not be
peaceable, so many thoughts in me rise up against his
honour and kingly power. Surely, I have not expressed all
his *sweet* kindness to me: I spare to do it, lest I be deemed
to seek my self; but his breath hath smelled of the powder of
the merchants, and of the king's spikenard. I think, I con-
ceive new thoughts of heaven, because the *card* and the
mapp of heaven, that he letteth me now see, is so fair, and so
sweet; I am sure, we are niggards and sparing bodies in
seeking. I verily judge, we know not how much may be had
in this life; there is yet something beyond all we see, that
seeking would light upon. O that my love-sickness would
put me to a business, when all the world are found sleeping,
to cry and knock! But the truth is, since I came hither, I
have been wondring, that after my importunity to have my
fill

fill of Christ's love, I have not gotten a real sign, but have
 come from him, crying, *Hunger, hunger*. I think Christ
 leteth me see meat, in my extremity of hunger, and giveth
 me none of it: When I am near the apple, he draweth
 back his hand, and goeth away, to cause me follow; and
 again, when I am within an arm length of the apple, he
 maketh a new break to the gate, and I have him to seek of
 new: He seemeth not to pity my dwinning and my swooning
 for his love. I dare sometimes put my hunger over to him to
 be judged, if I would not buy him with a thousand years
 in the hottest furnace in hell, so being I might enjoy him.
 But my hunger is fed with want and abstinence; I hunger and I
 have not; but my comfort is, to lie and wait on, and to put
 my poor soul and my sufferings in Christ's hands: Let him
 make any thing out of me, so being he be glorified in my
 salvation; for I know I am made for him. O that my Lord
 may win his own gracious end in me! I will not be at ease,
 while I but stand so far aback: O if I were near him and with
 him, that this poor soul might be satisfied with himself! Your
 son in law, *W. G.* is now truly honoured for his Lord and
 Master's cause: When the Lord is fanning *Zion*, it is a good
 token that he is a true branch of the Vine, that the Lord be-
 ginneth first to dress him: He is strong in his Lord, as he hath
 written to me, and his wife is his encourager, which should
 make you rejoice. For your son, who is your grief, your
 Lord waited on you a while, till we were ripe, and brought
 us in. It is your part to pray, and wait upon him: When
 he is ripe, he will be spoken for. Who can command our
 Lord's wind to blow? I know it shall be your good in the
 latter end: That is one of your waters to heaven, ye could not
 go about it; there are the fewer behind. I remember you and
 him, and yours, as am able: But alas, I am believed to be
 something, and I am nothing but an empty reed: Wants are
 my best riches, because I have these supplied by Christ. Re-
 member my dearest love to your *Brother*: I know he plead-
 eth with his *Harlot-mother* for her apostasie. I know also, ye
 are kind to my worthy Lady *Kennure*, a woman beloved of
 the Lord, who hath been very mindful of my bonds: The
 Lord give her, and her child, to find mercy in the day of
 Christ. Great men are dry and cold in doing for me; the
 tickling of chains for Christ affrighteth them: But let my
 Lord break all my idols, I will yet bless him. I am obliged
 to my Lord *Lorn*: I wish him mercy. Remember my bonds
 with

with praises, and pray for me, that my Lord may leaven the
north by my hands and sufferings. Grace be with you.

Aberd. July 9. 1637. Yours in sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON of Knockgray.

Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: There is no question
but our *Mother-church* hath a Father, and that she shall
not die without an Heir, that her enemies shall not make
nunc *Zion* their heritage. We see, whithersoever *Zion's*
enemies go, suppose they dig many miles under the ground,
yet our Lord findeth them out, and he hath vengeance laid
up in store for them, and the poor and needy shall not always
be forgotten. Our hope was drooping and withering, and
man was saying, *What can God make out of the old dry bones*
of this buried Kirk? The Prelates and their followers were
grave above us: It is like our Lord is to open our graves,
and purposeth to cause his two slain *Witnesses* rise the third
day. O how long wait I, to hear our weeping Lord Jesus sing
again, and triumph, and rejoice, and divide the spoil! I find
a hard work to believe, when the course of providence goeth
cross-ways to our faith, and when misted souls in a dark night
cannot know *east* by *west*, and our sea-compass seemeth to
deceit us. Every man is a believer in day-light: A fair day
seemeth to be made all of faith and hope. What a trial of gold
is it, to smoke it a little above the fire? But to keep gold
perfect yellow-coloured amidst the flames, and to be turned
from vessel to vessel, and yet to cause our furnace sound,
and speak, and cry the praises of the Lord, is another mat-
ter. I know my Lord made me not for fire, howbeit he hath
tried me in some measure for the fire. I bless his high name,
that I was not paler, neither have I lost the colour of gold,
and that his fire hath made me somewhat thin, and that
my Lord may pour me in any vessel he pleaseth: For a small
pager, I may justly quit my part of this *world's* laughter,
and give up with time, and cast out with the pleasures of
this *world*. I know a man, who wondred to see any in this
life laugh and sport: Surely our Lord seeketh this of us, as
of any rejoicing in present perishing things. I see above all
things, and that we may sit down and fold legs and arms,
and stretch our selves upon Christ, and laugh at the feathers
of children are chasing here: For I think the men of this

Y

world,

world, like children in a dangerous storm in the sea, that play and make sport with the white foam of the *waves* thereof, coming in to sink and drown them; so are men making fool's sports with the white pleasures of a stormy *world*, that will sink them. But alas, what have we to do with their sports that they make! If *Solomon* said of laughter that it was madness, what may we say of this *world's* laughing and sporting themselves with gold and silver, and honours, and court, and broad large conquests, but that they are poor souls, in the height and rage of a fever gone mad? Then a straw, a fig for all created sports and rejoicing out of Christ: Nay, I think, that this *world* at its prime and perfection, when it is come to the top of its excellency, and to the bloom, might be bought with an half-peny; and that it would scarce weigh the worth of a drink of *water*: There is nothing better than to esteem it our crucified idol, that is dead and slain, as *Paul* did, *Gal. vi. 14*. Then let pleasures be crucified, and riches be crucified, and court and honour be crucified; and since the apostle saith, the *world* is crucified to him, we may put this *world* to the hang'd man's doom, and to the gallows; and who will give much for a hang'd man? And as little should we give for a hang'd and crucified *world*: Yet what a sweet smell hath this dead carrion, to many fools in the *world*? And how many *woors* and *suiters* findeth this hang'd carrion? Fools are pulling it off the gallows, and contending for it. O when shall we learn to be mortified men, and to have our fill of those things, that have but their short summer-quarter of this life! If we saw our Father's house, and that great and fair city, the *new Jerusalem*, which is up above sun and moon, we would cry to be over the *water*, and to be carried in Christ's arms out of this borrowed prison. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1636.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Laird of CARLETON.

Worthy Sir,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, and am heartily glad that our Lord hath begun to work for the apparent delivery of this poor oppressed Kirk: O that salvation would come for *Zion*! I am for the present hanging by hope, waiting what my Lord will do with me, and if it will please my sweet Master to send me amongst you again,

again, and keep out a hireling from my poor people and flock: It were my heaven, till I come home, even to spend this life in gathering in some to Christ. I have still great heaviness for my silence, and my forced standing idle in the market, when this land hath such a plentiful, thick harvest; but I know his judgments, who hath done it, pass finding out: I have no knowledge to take up the Lord, in all his strange ways and passages of deep and unsearchable providences; for the Lord is before me, and I am so benighted, that I cannot follow him: He is behind me, and following at the heels, and I am not aware of him: He is above me, but his glory so dazleth my twilight of short knowledge, that I cannot look up to him: He is upon my right-hand, and I see him not: He is upon my left-hand, and within me, and goeth and cometh, and his going and coming are a dream to me: He is round about me, and compasseth all my goings; and still I have him to seek: He is every way higher, and deeper, and broader, than the shallow and ebb hand-breadth of my short and dim light can take up; and therefore I would my heart could be silent, and sit down in the learnedly-ignorant wondring at that Lord, whom men and angels cannot comprehend. I know the noon-day-light of the highest angels, who see him face to face, see not the borders of his infiniteness: They apprehend God near-hand, but they cannot comprehend him. And therefore it is my happiness to look afar off, and to come near to the Lord's back parts, and to light my dark candle at his brightness, and to have leave to sit and content my self with a traveller's light, without the clear vision of an enjoyer. I would seek no more, till I were in my country, but a little watering and sprinkling of a withered soul, with some half-out-breakings and half-out-lookings of the beams, and small ravishing smiles of the fairest Face of a revealed and believed-on God-head: A little of God would make my soul bank-full. O that I had but Christ's *odd off-fallings*, that he would let but the meanest of his love-rays and love-beams fall from him, so as I might gather and carry them with me! I would not be ill to please with Christ, and veiled visions of Christ; neither would I be *dainty* in seeing and enjoying of him: A kiss of Christ blown over his shoulder, the *parings* and crumbs of glory that fall under his table in heaven, a shower like a thin *May-mist* of his love, would make me green, and sappy, and joyful; till the summer-sun of an eternal glory break up. O that I had any thing of

Christ! O that I had a *sip*, or half a drop, out of the hollow of Christ's hand, of the *sweetness* and *excellency* of that lovely One! O that my Lord Jesus would rue upon me, and give me but the meanest alms of felt and believed salvation! O how little were it for that infinite Sea, that infinite Fountain of love and joy, to fill as many thousand thousand little vessels the like of me, as there are minutes of hours since the creation of God! I find it true, that a poor soul finding half a smell of the God-head of Christ, hath desires paining and wounding the poor heart so, with longings to be up at him, that make it sometimes think, were it not better never to have felt any thing of Christ, than thus to lie dying twenty deaths, under these felt wounds, for the want of him? O *where is he?* O Fairest, *where dwellest thou?* O never enough admired God-head, *how can clay win up to thee?* How can creatures of yesterday be able to enjoy thee? O what pain is it, that time and sin should be as so many thousand miles betwixt a loved and longed-for Lord, and a dwinning and love-sick soul, who would rather than all the world have lodging with Christ! O let this bit love of ours, this inch and half-span length of heavenly longing, meet with thy infinite love! O if the little I have were swallowed up with the infiniteness of that *excellency* which is in Christ! O that we little ones were in at the greatest Lord Jesus! Our wants should soon be swallowed up with his fulness. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. May 10. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO ROBERT GORDON of Knockbrex.

Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter from *Edinburgh*. I would not wish to see another heaven, while I get mine own heaven, but a new moon like the light of the sun, and a new sun like the light of seven days, shining upon my poor self, and the Church of *Jews* and *Gentiles*, and upon my withered and sun-burnt Mother the Church of *Scotland*, and upon her sister-churches *England* and *Ireland*; and to have this done, to the setting on high our great King: It maketh not, howbeit I were separate from *Christ*, and had a sense of ten thousand years pain in hell, if this were. O blessed nobility, O glorious renowned gentry, O blessed were the tribes in this land, to wipe my

my Lord Jesus's weeping face, and to take the sackcloth off *Christ's* loins, and to put his kingly robes upon him! O if the Almighty would take no less *wager* of me, than my heaven, to have it done! But my fears are still for *wrath* once upon *Scotland*: But *I* know her day shall clear up, and *glory* shall be upon the top of the mountains, and *joy* at the noise of the married *wife*, once again: O that our Lord would make us to contend and plead, and wrestle by *prayers* and *tears*, for our Husband's restoring of his forfeited heritage in *Scotland*. Dear Brother, *I* am for the present in no small battle, betwixt felt guiltiness, and pining longings and high fevers for my *Welbeloved's* love. Alas! *I* think *Christ's* love playeth the niggard to me, and *I* know it is not for scarcity of love, there is enough in him: but my hunger prophesieth of in-holding and sparingness in *Christ*; for *I* have but little of him, and little of his *sweetness*: It is a dear summer with me; yet there is such *joy*, in the eagerness and working of hunger for *Christ*, that *I* am often at this, that if *I* had no other heaven, but a continual hunger for *Christ*, such a heaven of ever-working hunger, were still a heaven to me. *I* am sure, *Christ's* love cannot be cruel; it must be a ruing, a pitiful, a melting-hearted love: But suspension of that love *I* think it half a hell, and the *want* of it more than a whole hell. When *I* look to my guiltiness, *I* see my salvation one of our Saviour's greatest miracles, either in heaven or earth; *I* am sure, *I* may defy any man to shew me a greater wonder: But seeing *I* have no *wares*, no *hire*, no *money* for *Christ*, he must either take me with *want*, *misery*, *corruption*, or then *want* me. O if he would be pleased to be compassionate and pitiful-hearted to my pining fevers of longing for him; or then give me a real pawn to keep, out of his own hand, till God send a meeting betwixt him and me! But *I* find neither as yet: howbeit he who is absent be not cruel nor unkind, yet his absence is cruel and unkind: His love is like it self; his love is his love; but the covering and the cloud, the veil and the mask of his love, is more wise than kind, if *I* durst speak my apprehensions. *I* lead no process now against the suspension and delay of God's love: *I* would with all my heart *fast* till a day ten heavens, and the sweet manifestations of his love. Certainly *I* think, *I* could give *Christ* much on his word: But my whole pleading is about intimated and born-in assurance of his love. O! if he would persuade me of my heart's desire of his love at all, he should

I should have the term-day of payment at his own carving. But I know, raving unbelief speaketh its pleasure, while it looketh upon guiltiness and this body of corruption. O how lothsome and burdensome is it to carry about a dead corpse, this old carrion of corruption! O how steadable a thing is a Saviour, to make a sinner rid of his chains and fetters! I have now made a new question, whether Christ be more to be loved for giving sanctification, or for free justification? And I hold he is more and most to be loved for sanctification: it is in some respect greater love in him, to sanctify than to justify; for he maketh us most like himself, in his own essential pourtraiture and image, in sanctifying us: Justification doth but make us happy, which is to be like the angels only: Neither is it such a misery, to lie a condemned man, and under unforgiven guiltiness, as to serve sin, and work the works of the devil; and therefore, I think, sanctification cannot be bought, it is above price. God be thanked for ever, that Christ was a told-down price for sanctification: Let a sinner (if possible) lie in hell for ever, if he make him truly holy, and let him lie there burning in love to God, rejoicing in the holy Ghost, hanging upon Christ by faith and hope; that is heaven in the heart and bottom of hell. Alas! I find a very thin harvest here, and few to be saved. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. 1637.

Tours in his lovely and longed-for

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

I Perswade my self, notwithstanding of the greatness of this temptation, ye will not let Christ want a witness of you, to avow him before this evil generation. And if ye advise with God's truth, (the perfect testament of Christ, that forbiddeth all mens additions to his worship) and with the truly learned, and with all the sanctified in this land, and with that warner within you, (that will not fail to speak against you, in God's time, if ye be not now fast and fixed for Christ) I hope then, your *Lordship* will acquit your self, as a man of courage for Christ, and refuse to bow your knee superstitiously and idolatrously, to wood or stone, or any creature whatsoever. I perswade my self, when ye shall take good-night at this world, ye shall think it God's truth I now write. Some fear your *Lordship* have obliged your self to his *Majesty* by promise

to satisfie his desire: If it be so, *my dear and worthy Lord*, hear me for your soul's good. Think upon swimming ashore after this shipwreck, and be pleased to write your humble apology to his Majesty; it may be God give you favour in his eyes: however it be, far be it from you to think, a promise made out of weakness, and extorted by the terror of a king, should bind you to wrong your Lord Jesus. But for my self, I give no faith to that report, but I believe ye shall prove fast to Christ: To his grace I recommend you.

Aberd. July 8.

*Your Lordship's at all obedience
in Christ, S. R.*

1637.

To my Lord CRAIGHALL.

My Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I am not only content, but I exceedingly rejoice, that I find any of the rulers of this land, and especially your Lordship, so to affect Christ and his truth, as ye dare, for his Name, come to ye and say with monarchs in their rage. I hope, he who hath enabled you for that, will give more, if ye shew your self courageous, and (as his word speaketh) *a man in the streets* for the Lord: But I pray your Lordship, give me leave to be plain with you, as one who loveth both your honour and your soul. I verily believe, there was never idolatry at Rome, never idolatry condemned in God's word by the prophets, if religious kneeling before a consecrate creature, standing in room of Christ crucified, in that very act, and that for reverence of the elements (as our act cleareth) be not idolatry. Neither will your intention help, which is not of the essence of worship; for then Aaron, saying, *To morrow shall be a feast for Jehovah*, that is, for the golden calf, should not have been guilty of idolatry; for he intended only to decline the lash of the peoples fury, not to honour the calf: Your intention to honour Christ is nothing, seeing religious kneeling by God's institution doth necessarily import religious and divine adoration, suppose our intention were both dead and sleeping; otherwise kneeling before the image of God, directing prayer to God, were lawful, if our intention go right. My Lord, I cannot in this bounds dispute; but if Cambridge and Oxford, and the learning of Britain, will answer this argument, and the argument from *active scandal*, which your Lordship seemeth to stand upon, I will turn a formalist, and

call my self an *arrant fool*, by doing what I have done, in my suffering for this truth. I do much reverence Mr. L's learning: But, *my Lord*, I will answer what he writes in that, to pervert you from the truth; else repute me, beside an hypocrite, an *ass* also: I hope ye shall see something upon that subject, if the Lord permit, that no sophistry in *Britain* shall answer. Courtiers arguments, for the most part, are drawn from their own skin, and are not worth a straw for your conscience: A Marquis or a King's word, when ye stand before Christ's tribunal, shall be lighter than wind. The Lord knoweth, I love your true honour, and the standing of your house; but I would not, your honour or house were established upon sand, and hay and stubble. But let me, *my very dear and worthy Lord*, most humbly beseech you, by the mercies of God, by the consolations of his Spirit, by the dear blood and wounds of your lovely Redeemer, by the salvation of your soul, by your compearance before the awful face of a sin-revenging and dreadful Judge, not to set in comparison together your soul's peace, Christ's love and his kingly honour, now called in question, with your place, honour, house or ease, that an inch of time will make out of the way. I verily believe, Christ is now begging a testimony of you; and is saying, *And will ye also leave me?* It is possible, the wind shall not blow so fair for you all your life, for coming out and appearing before others, to back and countenance Christ, the Fairest among the sons of men, the Prince of the kings of the earth, *Isa. li. 7. Fear ye not the reproach of men; neither be afraid of their revilings.* Ver. 8. *For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool.* When the Lord shall begin, he shall make an end, and mow down his adversaries; and they shall lie before him like *withered hay*, and their bloom shaken off them. Consider how many thousands in this kingdom ye shall cause to fall and stumble, if ye go with them; and that ye shall be out of the prayers of many who do stand before the Lord for you and your house: And further, when the time of your accounts cometh, and your one foot shall be within the border of *eternity*, and the *eye-strings* shall break, and the face wax pale, and the poor soul shall look out at the windows of the *house of clay*, longing to be out, and ye shall find your self arraigned before the Judge of quick and dead, to answer for your putting to your hand with the rest, confederate against Christ, to the overturning of his Ark, and the loosing of the pins of Christ's

Tabernacle in this land, and shall certainly see your self mired in a course of *apostasy*; then, then a king's favour and your worm-eaten honour shall be miserable comforters to you. The Lord hath enlightned you with the knowledge of his will: and, as the Lord liveth, they lead you and others to a communion with great *Babel*, the mother of fornications; and God said of old, and continueth to say the same to you, *Come out of her, my people, lest ye be partakers of her plagues*: Will ye then go with them, and set your lip to the whore's golden cup, and drink of the wine of the wrath of God Almighty with them? O poor hungry honour! O cursed pleasure! and O damnable ease, bought with the loss of God! How many shall pray for you! What a sweet presence shall ye find of Christ under your sufferings, if ye shall lay down your honours and place at the feet of Christ! What a fair recompence of reward! I avouch before the Lord, that I am now shewing you a way, how the house of *Craigball* may stand on sure pillars: if ye will set it on rotten pillars, ye cruelly wrong your posterity; ye have the word of a King for an hundred-fold more in this life (if it be good for you) and for life everlasting also. Make not Christ a liar, in distrusting his promise. Kings of clay cannot back you when you stand before him: a straw for them and their hungry heaven, that standeth on this side of time; a fig for the days-smile of a worm. Consider who have gone before you to eternity, and would have given a world for a new occasion of avouching that truth: 'tis true, they call it not substantial, and we are made a scorn to those that are at ease, for suffering these things for it; but it is not time to judge of our losses by the morning; stay till the evening, and we shall count with the best of them. I have found by experience, since the time of my imprisonment (my Witness is above) Christ sealing this honourable cause with another and a nearer fellowship than ever I knew before; and let God weigh me in an even balance in this, if I would exchange the cross of Christ or his truth, with the fourteen Prelacies, or what else a King can give. My dear Lord, venture to take the wind on your face for Christ: I believe, if he should come from heaven in his own person, and seek the charters of *Craigball* from you, and a dimission of your place, and ye saw his face, ye would fall down at his feet, and say, Lord Jesus, it is too little for thee. If any man think it not a truth to die for, I am against him: I dare go to eternity with it, that this day the honour of our royal Langiver and King, in the Go-

vernment of his own free Kingdom (who should pay tribute to no *dying king*) is the true state of the question. *My Lord*, be ye upon Christ's side of it, and take the word of a poor prisoner, *nay* the Lord Jesus be *Surety* for it, ye have *incomparably* made the wisest choice: For my own part, I have been in this prison, that I would be half ashamed to seek more till I be up at the *Well-head*. Few know in this world the *sweetness* of Christ's breath, the *excellency* of his love, which hath neither brim nor bottom: the world hath raised a slander upon the cross of Christ, because they love to go to heaven by *dry-land*, and love not *sea-storms*: But I write it under my hand (and would say more, if possibly a reader would not deem it *hypocrisy*) my obligation to *Christ* for the smell of his garments, for his love-kisses, these thirty weeks, standeth so great, that I should, and I desire also to choose to suspend my salvation, to have many tongues loosed in my behalf to praise him; and suppose in person I never entred within the gates of the *new Jerusalem*, yet so being *Christ* may be set on high, and I had the *liberty* to cast my love and praises for ever over the wall to *Christ*, I would be silent and content. But O he is more than my narrow praises! O *time, time, flee swiftly, that our communion with Jesus may be perfected!* I with your *Lordship* would urge Mr. L. to give his mind in the *Ceremonies*, and be pleased to let me see it as *quickly* as can be, and it shall be answered. To his rich grace I recommend your *Lordship*, and shall remain

Aberd. July 8.

1637.

*Yours at all respective obedience
in Christ, S. R.*

To the Lady CULROSS.

Madam,

YOur Letter came in due time to me, now a prisoner of *Christ*, and in bonds for the Gospel. I am sentenced with deprivation, and confinement within the town of *Aberdeen*; but Oh my guiltiness, the *folies of my youth*, the *neglects in my calling*, and especially in not speaking more for the kingdom, crown and sceptre of my *royal and princely King Jesus*, do so stare me in the face, that I apprehend anger in that which is a crown of rejoicing to the dear saints of God! This, before my comparance (which was three several days) did trouble me, and burdeneth me more now; howbeit *Christ*, and in him, God reconciled, met me with open arms, and

exulted

trysted me, precisely at the entry of the door of the Chancellor's hall, and assisted me to answer so, as the advantage that is, is not theirs, but *Christ's*. Alas! that is no cause of wondering, that I am thus born down with challenges; for the world hath mistaken me, and no man knoweth what guiltiness is in me, so well as these two (who keep my eyes now *waking* and my heart *heavy*) I mean, my heart and conscience, and my Lord, who is greater than my heart. Shew your brother, that I desire him, while he is on the *watch-tower*, to plead with his *Mother*; and to plead with this Land, and spare not to cry, for my sweet Lord Jesus his *fair crown*, that the *interdicted* and *forbidden* Lords are plucking off his *royal head*. If I were free of challenges and a *high Commission* within my soul, I would not give a *straw* to go to my Father's house, through ten deaths, for the truth and cause of my *lovely, lovely One, Jesus*: But I walk in heaviness now. If ye love me, and Christ in me, my dear Lady, pray, pray for this only, that *bygones* betwixt my Lord and me may be *bygones*; and that he would pass from the *summons of his high Commission*, and seek nothing from me, but what he will *do for me and work in me*. If your *Ladiship* knew me, as I do my self, ye would say, *Poor soul, no marvel*. It is not my apprehension, that createth this cross to me; it is too real, and hath sad and certain grounds. But I will not believe that God will take this advantage of me, when *my back is at the wall*: He who forbiddeth to add affliction to affliction, will he do it himself? Why should he pursue a *dry leaf* and *stubble*? Desire him to *spare me now*. Also the *memory* of the fair *feast-days* that Christ and I had in his *banqueting-house of wine*, and the scattered flock, once committed to me, and now taken off my hand by himself, because I was not so faithful in the *end*, as I was in the *first two years of my entry*, when sleep departed from my eyes, because my soul was taken up with a care for Christ's lambs, even these *add sorrow to my sorrow*. Now my Lord hath only given me this to say, and I write it under mine own hand, (be ye the Lord's servant's witness) *Welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet cross of Christ: Welcome, fair, fair, lovely, royal King with thine own cross: Let us all three go to heaven together*. Neither care I much to go from the *South of Scotland* to the *North*; and to be Christ's prisoner amongst uncouth faces; a place of this kingdom, which I have little reason to be in love with. I know, Christ shall make *Aberdeen* my garden of delights. I am fully persuaded, that

Scot.

368 Mr. Rutherfoord's Epist. 211, 212.

Scotland shall eat Ezekiel's book, that is written within and without, Lamentation, and mourning, and wo, Ezek. ii. 10. but the saints shall get a drink of the well, that goeth through the streets of the new Jerusalem, to put it down. Thus, hoping ye will think upon the poor prisoner of Christ, I pray, Grace, grace be with you.

Edinb. July 30.

1636.

Your Ladiship's in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ALEXANDER GORDON of Earlstoun.

Much honoured Sir,

I Find small hopes of *Q's* business. I intend after the Countess-day to go on to Aberdeen: The Lord is with me, I care not what man can do. I burden no man, and I want nothing; no king is better provided than I am: Sweet, sweet and easy is the cross of my Lord; all men I look in the face (of whatsoever rank, nobles and poor, acquaintance and strangers) are friendly to me. My Welbeloved is some kinder and and more warmly than ordinary, and cometh and visiteth my soul: My chains are over-gilded with gold. Only the remembrance of my fair days with Christ in Auwath, and of my dear flock (whose case is my heart's sorrow) is vinegar to my sugar'd wine; yet both sweet and sower feed my soul: No pen, no words, no engine can express to you the loveliness of my only, only Lord Jesus. Thus in haste, making for my palace at Aberdeen, I bless you, your wife, your eldest son and other Children. Grace, grace be with you.

Edinb. Sept. 5.

1636.

Tours in his only, only
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To ROBERT GORDON of Knockbren.

My dearest Brother,

I See Christ thinketh shame (if I may speak so) to be in such a poor man's common as mine. I burden no man; I want nothing; no face hath gloomed upon me since I left you: God's sun and fair weather conveyeth me to my time-paradise in Aberdeen; Christ hath so handsomly fitted for my shoulders this rough tree of the cross, as that it hurteth me no ways. My treasure is up in Christ's coffers; my comforts are greater than ye can believe; my pen shall lie for penury of words to write of them. God knoweth, I am filled with the joy of the Holy

Hly Ghost. Only the memory of you, *my dearest in the Lord,* my flock and others, keepeth me under, and from being exalted above measure: *Christ's sweet sauce* hath this *some* mix'd with it; but O such a sweet and pleasant taste! I find small hopes of *L's* matter. Thus in haste. Remember me to your wife, and to *William Gordon.* Grace be with you.
Edinb. Sept. 5. 1636. Yours in his only, only Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lord LOWDOWN.

Right honourable and my very worthy Lord,

CRace, mercy and peace be to you: Hearing of your *Lordship's* zeal and courage for Christ our Lord, in owning his honourable cause, I am bold (and I plead pardon for it) to speak in paper by a line or two to your *Lordship,* (since I have not access any other way) beseeching your *Lordship,* by the mercies of God, and by the everlasting peace of your soul, and by the tears and prayers of our *Mother-church,* to go on as ye have *worthily* begun, in purging of the Lord's house in this land, and plucking down the sticks of *Antichrist's* filthy nest, this wretched *Prelacy,* and that black kingdom, whose wicked aims have ever been, and still are, to make this fat *world* the only compass, they would have *Christ* and religion to sail by; and to mount up the *man of sin,* their god father the *Pope of Rome,* upon the highest stair of *Christ's* throne, and to make a *Velvet-church,* (in regard of parliament grandeur and worldly pomp, whereof always their stinking breath smelleth) and put *Christ* and truth in sackcloth and prison. and to eat the bread of adversity, and drink the water of affliction: Half an eye of any, not misted with the darkness of *Antichristian* smoke, may see it thus in this land; and now our Lord hath begun to awaken the nobles and others, to plead for born-down *Christ,* and his weeping gospel. *My dear and noble Lord,* the eye of *Christ* is upon you; the eyes of many noble, many holy, many learned and worthy ones, in our neighbour Churches about are upon you, this poor Church, your *Mother* and *Christ's* Spouse, is holding up her hands and heart to God for you, and doth beseech you with tears, to plead for her Husband, his kingly sceptre, and for the liberties that her Lord and King hath given to her, as to a free Kingdom, that oweth spiritual tribute to none on earth, as being the free-born Princess and Daughter to the King of kings. This is a cause that before
 God,

God, his angels, the world, before sun and moon, needeth not to blush. O what glory and true honour is it, to lend Christ your hand and service, and to be amongst the repairers of the breaches of Zion's walls, and to help to build the old waste places, and stretch forth the curtains, and strengthen the stakes of Christ's Tent in this land! O blessed are they, who, when Christ is driven away, will bring him back again, and lend him lodging! And blessed are ye of the Lord, your name and honour shall never rot or wither in heaven (at least) if ye deliver the Lord's sheep, that have been scattered in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of strange lords and hirelings, who with rigour and cruelty, have caused them to eat the pastures troden upon with their foul feet, and to drink muddy water, and who have spun out such a world of yards of indifferencies in God's worship, to make and weave a web for the Antichrist (that shall not keep any from the cold) as they mind nothing else; but that by the bringing in of the Pope's foul tail first upon us, (their wretched and beggarly ceremonies) that they may thrust in after them the Antichrist's legs and thighs, and his belly, head and shoulders; and then cry down Christ and the gospel, and up the merchandice and wares of the great whore. Fear not, my worthy Lord, to give your self, and all ye have, out for Christ and his gospel: No man dare say, whoever did thus hazard for Christ, that Christ paid him not his hundred-fold in this life, duly, and in the life to come, life everlasting. This is his own truth ye now plead for; for God and man cannot but commend you, to beg justice from a just prince for oppressed Christ; and to plead that Christ, who is the king's Lord, may be heard in a free court to speak for himself, when the standing and established Laws of our Nation can strongly plead for Christ's crown in the pulpits, and his chair, as Law-giver in the free government of his own House: but Christ shall never be content and pleased with this land, neither shall his hot fiery indignation be turned away, so long as the Prelate (the man that lay in Antichrist's foul womb, and the Antichrist's Lord Bailiff) shall sit Lord-carver, in the Lord Jesus his courts: The Prelate is both the egg and the nest to cleck and bring forth Popery: Plead therefore in Christ's behalf, for the plucking down of the nest, and crushing of the egg; and let Christ's kingly office suffer no more unworthy indignities. Be valiant for your royal King Jesus; contend for him: Your adversaries shall be moth-eaten worms, and

and shall die as men. Christ and his honour now lieth upon your shoulders, let him not fall to the ground: Cast your eye upon him, who is quickly coming to decide all the controversies in *Zion*; and remember, the sand in your *night-glass* will run out: Time with *wings* will *flies away*, *eternity* is hard upon you; and what will Christ's love-smiles, and the light of his lovely and soul-delighting countenance be to you in that day, when God shall take up in his right-hand this little *ledge* of heaven, (like as a shepherd listeth up his little tent) and fold together the two leaves of this tent, and put the earth and all the plenishing of it into a fire, and turn this *clay-idol*, the god of *Adam's* sons, into smoke and white ashes! O! what hire, and how many *worlds* would many then give, to have a favourable decree of the Judge? Or what *Moneys* would they not give, to buy a mountain, to be a grave above both soul and body, to hide them from the aw-ful looks of an angry Lord and Judge? I hope, your *Lordship* thinketh upon this, and that ye mind loyalty to Christ, and to the king both. Now the very God of peace, the only wife God, establish and strengthen you upon the Rock laid in *Zion*.

Aberd. Jan. 4.
1638.

Your Lordship's at all obedience
in Christ, S. R.

To a Christian Gentlewoman.

Mistress,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. Though not acquainted, yet at the desire of a *Christian Brother*, I thought good to write a line unto you, intreating you in the Lord *Jesus*, under your trials, to keep an ear open to Christ, who can speak for himself, howbeit your visitations, and your own sense, should dream hard things of his love and favour. Our Lord never getteth so kind a look of us, nor our love in such a degree, nor our faith in such a measure of steadfastness, as he getteth out of the furnace of our tempting fears and sharp trials. I verily believe (and too sad proofs in me say no less) that if our Lord would grind our whorish lust in powder, the very old ashes of our corruption should take life again, and live, and hold us under so much bondage, that may humble us, and make us sad, till we be in that country, where we shall need no physick at all. O what violent means doth our Lord use to gain us to him, as if indeed we were a prize

prize worthy his fighting for! And be sure, if *leading* would do the turn, he would not use *pulling of hair and drawing*. But the best of us will bide a strong pull of our Lord's right-arm, ere we follow him. Yet I say not this, as if our Lord always measured afflictions by so many ounce-weights, answerable to the grain-weights of our guiltiness: I know he doth in many (and possibly in you) seek nothing so much as faith; that can endure *summer and winter* in their extremity. O how precious to the Lord is faith and love, that when threshed, beaten, and chased away, and boasted (as it were) by God himself, doth yet look warm-like, love-like, kind-like, and life-like home over to Christ, and would be in at him, *ill and well as it may be*! Think not much, that your husband, or the dearest to you in the *world*, proveth to have the bowels and mercy of the *Ostrich*, hard and rigorous and cruel; for *Psal. xxvii. 10.* the Lord taketh up such *fallen ones* as these. I could not wish a more sweet life, nor more satisfying expressions of kindness, till I be up at that Prince of kindness, than the Lord's saints find, when the Lord taketh up men's refuse, and lodgeth this world's *outlaws*, whom no man seeketh after. His breath is never so hot, his love *casteth* never such a flame, as when this *world*, and those who should be the helpers of our joy, cast *water* on our *coal*. It is a sweet thing to see them cast out, and God take in; and to see them throw us away, as the refuse of men, and God take us up as his jewels and his treasure. Often he maketh gold of dross, as once he made the *cast-away Stone*, the *Stone rejected by the builders*, the *Head of the Corner*. The prizes of this *world* would not have our Lord Jesus a pinning in the *wall*, or to have any *place* in the *building*; but the Lord made him the *Master-stone* of *Power* and *Place*. God be thanked, that this *world* hath not *power* to cry us down so many pounds, as rulers cry down light gold, or light silver; we shall stand for as much as our *Master-coiner Christ*, whose coin, arms, and stamp we bear, will have us: *Christ* hath no miscarrying balance. Thank your Lord, who chaseth your love through two kingdoms, and followeth you and it over sea, to have you for himself, as he speaketh, *Hos. iii.* For God layeth up his saints, as the *wall* and the *choice* of all the *world*, for himself; and this is like *Christ* and his love. O what, in heaven or out of heaven, is comparable to the smell of *Christ's* garments! Nay, suppose our Lord would manifest his art, and make ten thousand heavens of good and glorious things;

things, and of new joys, devised out of the deep of infinite Wisdom, he could not make the like of *Christ*; for *Christ* is God, and God cannot be made; and therefore let us hold us with *Christ*, howbeit we might have our *will* and *will* of an host of lovers, as many as three heavens could contain: O that he and we were together! O! when *Christ* and ye shall meet about the outmost march and borders of time, and the entry into eternity, ye shall see heaven in his face at the first look, and *salvation* and *glory* sitting in his countenance, and betwixt his eyes. Faint not, the miles to heaven are but few and short; he is making a green bed (as the word speaketh, Cant. i.) of love, for himself and you: There are many heads lying in *Christ*'s bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest: And therefore go on, and let hope go before you. Sin not in your trials, and the victory is yours. Pray, wrestle and believe, and ye shall overcome and prevail with God, as *Jacob* did: No windlestraws, no bits of clay, no temptations, which are of no longer life than an hour, will then be able to withstand you, when once ye have prevailed with God. Help me with your prayers, that it would please the Lord to give me *House-room* again, to speak of his righteousness in the great Congregation, if it may seem good in his sight. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. July 6. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord *Jesus*, S. R.



The SECOND PART, CONTAINING

Some Letters of the same Author, from *Anwoth*, before his Confinement at *Aberdeen*; And others from *St. Andrews*, *London*, &c. after his Enlargement.

To the Viscountess of KENMURE.

Madam,

ALL dutiful obedience in the Lord remembered: I have heard of your *Ladyship*'s infirmity and sickness, with grief; yet I trust ye have learned to say, *It is the Lord, let him do whatsoever seemeth good in his eyes.* It is now

now many years since the apostate angels made a question, whether their will or the will of their Creator should be done; and since that time, froward mankind hath always in that same suit of law compeared, to plead with them against God, in daily repining against his will: but the Lord, being both Party and Judge, hath obtained a decree, and saith, *Isa. xlv. 10. My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.* It is then best for us, in the obedience of faith, and in an holy submission, to give that to God, which the law of his almighty and just power will have of us. Therefore, *Madam*, your Lord willeth you, in all states of life, to say, *Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven*: and herein shall ye have comfort, that he, who seeth perfectly through all your evils, and knoweth the frame and constitution of your nature, and what is most healthful for your soul, holdeth every cup of affliction to your head, with his own gracious hand. Never believe, that your tender-hearted Saviour, who knoweth the strength of your stomach, will mix that cup with one drachm-weight of poison. Drink then with the patience of the saints; and the God of patience bless your physick. I have heard your *Ladyship* complain of deadness, and want of the bestirring power of the life of God; but courage, he who walked in the garden, and made a noise, that made *Adam* hear his voice, will also at some times walk in your soul, and make you hear a more sweet word: Yet ye will not always hear the noise and the din of his feet, when he walketh. Ye are at such a time like *Jacob* mourning at the supposed death of *Joseph*, when *Joseph* was living. The new creature, the image of the *second Adam*, is living in you; and yet ye are mourning at the supposed death of the life of Christ in you. *Ephraim* is bemoaning and mourning, *Jer. xxxi. 18.* when he thinketh, God is far off and heareth not; and yet God is like the Bridegroom, *Cant. ii.* standing only behind a thin wall, and laying to his ear; for he saith himself, *ver. 18. I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself.* I have good confidence, *Madam*, that Christ Jesus, whom your soul through forests and mountains is seeking, is within you: And yet I speak not this, to lay a pillow under your head; or to dissuade you from an holy fear of the loss of your Christ, or of provoking and stirring up the Beloved before he please, by sin. I know, in spiritual confidence, the devil will come in, as in all other good works, and cry, *Half mine*; and so endeavour to bring you under a fearful sleep, till he whom your soul loveth be departed from the door, and

have left off knocking; and therefore, here the Spirit of God must hold your soul's feet in the *golden mid-lane*, betwixt confident resting in the arms of *Christ*, and presumptuous and drowsie sleeping in the bed of fleshly security. Therefore, *worthy Lady*, so count little of your self, because of your own wretchedness and sinful drowsiness, that ye count not also little of God in the course of his unchangeable mercy: For there be many christians, most like unto young sailors, who think the shore and the whole land doth move, when the ship and they themselves are moved; just so, not a few do imagine, that God moveth and saileth and changeth places, because their giddy souls are under sail, and subject to alteration, to ebbing and flowing; but *the foundation of the Lord abideth sure*. God knoweth, that ye are his own. Wrestle; fight, go forward, watch, fear believe, pray; and then ye have all the infallible symptoms of one of the elect of *Christ* within you. Ye have now, *Madam*, a sickness before you; and also after that, a death: gather then now food for the journey. God give you eyes to see through sickness and death, and to see something beyond death. I doubt not, but if hell were betwixt you and *Christ*, as a river which ye behoved to cross, ere ye could come at him, but ye would willingly put in your foot, and make through, to be at him, upon hope that he would come in himself in the deepest of the river, and lend you his hand. Now I believe, your hell is dried up, and ye have only these two shallow brooks, *sickness* and *death*, to pass through; and ye have also a promise, that *Christ* shall do more then meet you, even that he shall come himself and go with you *foot for foot*, yea, and bear you in his arms. O then! O then, for the joy that is set before you, for the love of the *Man* (who is also *God over all, blessed for ever*) that is standing upon the shore to welcome you, run your race with patience. The Lord go with you. Your Lord will not have you; nor any of his servants, to exchange for the worse. *Death* in it self includeth both the death of the soul, and the death of the body; but to God's children the bounds and the limits of death are abridged, and drawn into a more narrow compass; So that when ye die, a piece of death shall only seize upon you, or the least part of you shall die, and that is the dissolution of the body; for in *Christ* ye are delivered from the second death: and therefore, as one born of God, commit not Sin, (although ye cannot live and not sin) and that serpent shall but eat your earthly part. As for your soul, it is above

the law of death: But it is fearful and dangerous, to be a debtor and servant to sin; for the count of sin ye will not be able to make good before God, except *Christ* both count and pay for you. I trust also, *Madam*, that ye will be careful to present to the Lord the present estate of this decaying Kirk; for, what shall be concluded in parliament anent her, the Lord knoweth: Sure I am, the decree of a most fearful parliament in heaven, is at the very point of coming forth, because of the sins of the land; For, *We have cast away the Law of the Lord, and despised the words of the holy one of Israel, Isa. v. 24. Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; Truth is fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter, Isa. lix. 14.* Lo, the Prophet, as if he had seen us and our Kirk, resemblanceth justice to be handled as an enemy, holden out at the ports of our city, so is she banished; and truth to a person sickly and diseased, fallen down in a deadly swooning fit, in the streets, before he can come to an house. *The priests have caused many to stumble at the law, and have corrupted the covenant of Levi, Mal. ii. 8. But what will they do in the end? Jer. v. 31.* Therefore give the Lord no rest for Zion. Stir up your Husband, your Brother, and all with whom ye are in favour and credit, to stand upon the Lord's side, against Babel. I have good hope, your husband loveth the peace and prosperity of Zion: The peace of God be upon him, for his intended courses, anent the establishment of a powerful ministry in this land. Thus, not willing to weary your Ladyship farther, I commend you, now and always, to the grace and mercy of that God, who is able to keep you, that ye fall not. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth, July 27. Your Ladyship's Servant at all dutifull
1628. obedience in Christ, S. R.

To the Parishoners of KILMACOLME.

Worthy and welbeloved in Christ Jesus our Lord,
Race, mercy and peace be to you: Your letters could not come to my hand in a greater throng of business, than I am now pressed with at this time, when our Kirk requireth the publick help of us all; yet I cannot but answer the heads of both your letters, with provision that ye chuse, after this, a fitter time for writing. I would not have you pitch upon me, as the man able by letters to answer doubts
of

of this kind, while there are in your bounds, men of such great parts, most able for this work. *I* know the best are unable; yet it pleaseth that Spirit of Jesus, to blow his sweet wind through a *piece dry stick*, that the empty reed may keep no glory to it self; but a minister can make no such wind as this to blow, he is scarce able to lend it a passage to blow through him. 2. Know that the wind of this Spirit hath a time, when it bloweth sharp, and pierceth so strongly, that it would blow through an iron door; and this is commonly rather under suffering for Christ, than at any other time. Sick children get of Christ's pleasant things, to play them withal, because Jesus is most tender of the sufferer, for he was a Sufferer himself. O if *I* had but the *leavings* and the *drawing* of the *by-board* of a sufferer's table! But I leave this to answer yours. First, Ye write, That God's vows are lying on you, and security strong, and sib to nature, stealing on you who are weak. *I answer*, 1. Till we be in heaven, the best have heavy heads, as is evident, *Cant. v. 1. Psal. xxx. 6. Job xxix. 18. Matth. xxvi. 33.* Nature is a sluggard, and loveth not the labour of Religion; therefore rest should not be taken, till we know the disease be over, and in the way of turning, and that it is like a fever past the *cool*: And the quietness, and the calms of the faith of victory over corruption, would be entertained in the place of security; so that if *I* sleep, *I* would desire to sleep faith's sleep, in Christ's bosom. 2. Know also, none that sleep sound can seriously complain of sleepiness; sorrow for a slumbring soul, is a token of some watchfulness of spirit: But this is soon turned into wantonness, (as grace in us too often is abused) therefore our waking must be watched over, else sleep will even grow out of watching; and there is as much need to watch over grace, as to watch over sin: full men will soon sleep, and sooner than hungry men. 3. For your weakness to keep off security, that like a thief stealeth upon you, *I* would say two things. (1) To want complaints of weakness, is for heaven, and angels that never sinned, not for Christians in Christ's camp on earth: *I* think our weakness maketh us the Church of the redeemed ones, and Christ's field that the Mediator should labour in. If there were no diseases on earth, there needed no physicians on earth. If Christ had had cried down weakness, he might have cried down his own calling; but weakness is our Mediator's world: Sin is Christ's only, only fair and market. No man should rejoice at weakness and diseases; but *I* think, we may have a sort of gladness

at boils and sores, because without them, *Christ's* fingers, as a slain Lord, should never have touched our skin. I dare not thank my self, but I dare thank God's depth of wise providence, that I have an errand in me, while I live, for *Christ* to come and visit me, and bring with him his drugs and his balm. O how sweet is it; for a sinner to put his weakness in *Christ's* strengthening hand, and to father a sick soul upon such a Physician, and to lay weakness before him, to weep upon him, and to plead and pray! Weakness can speak and cry, when we have not a tongue, *Ezek. xvi. 6. And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live.* The Kirk could not speak one word to *Christ* then; but blood and guiltiness out of measure spake, and drew out of *Christ* pity, and a word of life and love. (2) For weakness, we have it, that we may employ *Christ's* strength because of our weakness: Weakness is to make us the strongest things; that is, when having no strength of our own, we are carried upon *Christ's* shoulders, and walk (as it were) upon his legs: If our sinful weakness swell up to the clouds, *Christ's* strength will swell up to the sun, and far above the heaven of heavens. 2dly, Ye tell me, That there is need of counsel for strengthening of new beginners. I can say little to that, who am not well begun my self; but I know, honest beginnings are nourished by him, even by lovely *Jesus*, who never yet put out a poor man's dim candle, who is wrestling betwixt light and darkness. I am sure, if new beginners would urge themselves upon *Christ*, and press their souls upon him, and importune him for a draught of his sweet love, they could not come wrong to *Christ*: Come once in upon the right nick and step of his lovely love, and I defy you to get free of him again: if any beginners fall off *Christ* again, and miss him, they never lighted upon *Christ* as *Christ*; it was but an idol, like *Jesus*, they took for him. 3dly, Whereas ye complain of a dead ministry in your bounds: Ye are to remember, that the Bible among you is the contract of marriage; and the manner of *Christ's* conveying his love to your heart, is not so absolutely dependent upon even lively preaching, as that there is no conversion at all, no life of God, but that that is tyed to a man's lips: The daughters of *Jerusalem* have done often that, which the watchmen could not do. Make *Christ* your Minister, he can woo a soul at a dyke-side in the field; he needeth not us, howbeit the flock be obliged to seek him in the shepherds tents. Hunger of *Christ's* mak-

ing may thrive, even under stewards, who mind not the feeding of the flock. O blessed soul, that can leap over a man, and look above a pulpit up to Christ, who can preach home to the heart, howbeit we were all dead and rotten! *4thly*, So to complain of your self, as to justifie God, is right; providing ye justifie his Spirit in your self; for men seldom *advocate* against Satan's work and sin in themselves, but against God's work in themselves: some of the people of God slander God's grace in their souls, as some wretches use to do, who complain and murmur of want; *I* have nothing, (say they) all is gone, the ground yieldeth but weeds and *windlestraws*; when as their fat harvest, and their money on bank maketh them liars. But for my self, alas! *I* think it is not my sin, *I* have scarce wit to sin this sin: But *I* advise you to speak good of Christ for his beauty and sweetness, and speak good of him for his grace to your selves. *5thly*, Light remaineth, ye say, but ye cannot attain to painfulness. See if this complaint be not booked in the *New Testament*: And the place, *Rom. vii. 18.* is like this, *To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I know not.* But every one hath not *Paul's* spirit in complaining: For often in us, complaining is but an humble backbiting and traducing of Christ's new work in the soul. But for the matter of the complaint, *I* would say, The light of glory is perfectly obeyed in loving, and praising and rejoicing, and resting in a seen and known Lord: but that light is not hereaway in any clay-body; for, while we are here, light is in the most part broader and longer than our narrow and feckle's obedience: But if there be light, with a fair train and a great back, *I* mean, armies of challenging thoughts, and sorrow for coming short of performance, in what we know and see ought to be performed, then that sorrow for not doing is accepted of our Lord for doing: our honest sorrow and sincere aims, together with Christ's intercession, pleading that God would welcome that which we have, and forgive what we have not, must be our life, till we be over the *bound-road*, and in the other country, where the law will get a perfect soul. *6thly*, In Christ's absence, there is (as ye write) a willingness to use means, but heaviness after the use of them, because of the formal and slight performance. In Christ's absence, *I* confess, the *work* lieth behind; but if ye mean absence of comfort, and absence of sense of his sweet presence, *I* think that absence is Christ's trying of us, not simply our sin against him: Therefore, howbeit our obedience then be

not sugared and sweetned with joy; (which is the sweet-meat *bairns* would still be at) yet the less sense, and the more willingness in obeying, the less formality in our obedience, howbeit we think not so; for I believe, many think obedience formal and lifeless, except the *wind* be fair in the *west*, and sails filled with joy and *sense*, till souls; like a ship fair before the *wind*, can spread no more sail; but I am not of their mind, who think so. But if ye mean, by absence of Christ, the withdrawing of his working grace, I see not how willingness to use means can be at all under such an absence: Therefore, be humbled for heaviness in that obedience, and thankful for willingness: For the *Bridegroom* is busking his Spouse oftentimes, while she is half sleeping; and your Lord is working and helping more than ye see. Also I recommend to you heaviness for formality, and for lifeless deadness in obedience: Be casten down, as much as ye will or can, for deadness; and challenge that slow and dull carcase of sin, that will neither lead nor drive, in your spiritual obedience. O how sweet to lovely Jesus are bills and grievances, given in against corruption and the body of sin! I would have Christ, in such a case, *fashed* (if I may speak so) and *deaved* with our cries, as ye see the Apostle doth, *Rom. vii. 24. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* Protestations against the *law of sin* in you, are *law-grounds*, why sin can have no *law* against you: Seek to have your protestation discussed and judged, and then shall ye find Christ on your side of it. 7thly, Ye hold, That Christ must either have hearty service, or no service at all. If ye mean, he will not half a heart, or have feigned service, such as the hypocrites give him, I grant you that; Christ must have honesty or nothing: But if ye mean, he will have no service at all, where the heart draweth back in any measure; I would not that were true, for my part of heaven, and all that I am worth in the *world*. If ye mind to walk to heaven, without a *cramp* or a *crook*, I fear ye must go your alone: he knoweth our dross and defects; and sweet Jesus pitieth us, when *weakness* and *deadness* in our obedience is our cross, and not our darling. 8thly, The liar (as ye write) challengeth the *work* as formal; yet ye bless your *Cautioner* for the *ground-work* he hath laid, and dare not say, but ye have assurance in some measure. To this I say, 1. It shall be no fault, to save Satan's labour, and challenge it your self, or at least examine and censure; but beware of Satan's ends in challenging, for

he mindeth to put Christ and you at odds. 2. *Welcome home* faith in Jesus, who washeth still, when we have defiled our souls, and made our selves lothsom; and seek still the *blood* of atonement for faults *little or meikle*. Know the *gate* to the *well*, and lie about it. 3. Make *meikle* of assurance, for it keepeth your anchor fixed. 4thly, Out-breakings (ye say) discourage you, so that ye know not, if ever ye shall win again to such overjoying consolations of the Spirit in this life, as formerly ye had; and therefore a question may be, *If, after assurance, and mortification, the children of God be ordinarily fed with sense and joy?* I answer, I see no inconvenience to think, it is enough, in a race, to see the gold at the starting-place; howbeit the runners never get a view of it, till they come to the *rink's* end; and that our wise Lord thinketh it fittest, we should not always be *fingering* and playing with *Christ's* apples. Our *Welbeloved*, I know, will sport and play with his *Bride*, as much as he thinketh will allure her to the *rink's* end: Yet I judge it not unlawful to seek renewed consolations, providing, 1. The heart be submissive, and content, to leave the measure and timing of them to him. 2. Providing they be sought, to excite us to praise, and strengthen our assurance, and sharpen our desires after himself. 3. Let them be sought, not for our humours or swelling of nature, but as the earnest of heaven: And I think, many do attain to greater consolations after mortification, than ever they had formerly. But I know, our Lord walketh here, still by a sovereign latitude, and keepeth not the same way, as to one hair-breadth without a miss, towards all his children. As for the Lord's people with you, I am not the man fit to speak to them. I rejoyce exceedingly, that Christ is engaging souls amongst you: But I know, in conversion all the *winning is in the first buying*; (as we use to say) for many lay false and bastard foundations, and take up conversion at their foot, and get *Christ* for as good as half-nothing, and had never a sick night for sin, and this maketh *loose work*: I pray you dig deep; *Christ's palace-work*, and his *new-dwelling*, laid upon hell felt and teared, is most firm: And heaven, grounded and laid upon such a hell, is surest work, and will not wash away with *winter-storms*. It were good that professors were not like young heirs, that come to their rich estate, long ere they come to their *wit*; and so is seen on it, the tavern, and the cards, and the harlots steal their ridges from them, ere ever they be aware what they are doing. I know, a *Christ* bought with

with strokes is sweetest. (2.) I recommend to you conference and prayer at private meetings: For warrant whereof, see *Isa.* ii. 3. *Jer.* i. 4, 5. *Hos.* ii. 1, 2. *Ezek.* viii. 20, 21, 22, 23. *Mal.* iii. 16. *Luke* xxiv. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. *John* xx. 19. *Acts* xiii. v. 12. *Col.* iii. 16. and iv. 6. *Ephes.* iv. 29. *1 Pet.* iv. 10. *1 Thes.* v. 14. *Heb.* iii. 13. and x. 25. Many coals make a good fire, and that is a part of the communion of saints: I must entreat you, and your christian acquaintances in the parish, to remember me to God in your prayers, and my flock and ministry, and my transportation and removal from this place, which I fear, at this assembly: And be earnest with God for our Mother-kirk. For want of time, I have put you all in one letter. The rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Annoth, Aug. 5. 1639. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To a Christian Gentlewoman.

Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembered to you: I was indeed sorrowful at my departure from you, especially since ye were in such heaviness after your daughter's death; yet I do perswade my self, ye know, that the weightiest end of the cross of Christ, that is laid upon you, lieth upon your strong Saviour: For *Isaiah* saith, *Chap.* ixiii. 9. *In all your afflictions he is afflicted*: O blessed *Second*, who suffereth with you! and glad may your souls be, even to walk in the fiery furnace, with one like unto the Son of man, who is also the Son of God. Courage, up your heart; when ye do tire, he will bear both you and your burden, *Psal.* lv. 22. Yet a little while, and ye shall see the salvation of God. Remember of what age your daughter was, as long was your lease of her; if he was 18, 19, or 20 years old, I know not, sure I am, seeing her term was come, and your lease run out, ye can no more justly quarrel your great Superior for taking his own, at his just *term-day*, than a poor farmer can complain, that his master taketh a portion of his own land to himself, when his lease is expired. Good *Mistress*, if ye would not be content that Christ would hold from you the heavenly inheritance, which is made yours by his death; shall not that same Christ think hardly of you, if ye refuse to give him your daughter willingly, who is a part of his inheritance and conquest? I pray the Lord, to give you all your own, and to grace you
with

with patience, to give God his also: He is an ill debtor, who payeth that which he hath borrowed, with a grudge: Indeed that long loan of such a good daughter, an heir of grace, a member of Christ (as I believe) deserveth more thanks at your Creditor's hand, than that ye should *gloom* and *murmer*, when he craveth but his own: I believe ye would judge them to be but thankless neighbours, who would pay you a sum of *money* after this manner. But what? do ye think her lost, when she is but sleeping in the bosom of the Almighty? Think her not absent, who is in such a Friend's house. Is she lost to you, who is found to Christ? If she were with a dear friend, although ye should never see her again, your care for her would be but small: Oh now, is she not with a dear Friend, and gone higher, upon a certain hope that ye shall in the resurrection see her again, when (be ye sure) she shall neither be heckt nor consumed in body! Ye would be sorry either to be, or be esteemed an *Atheist*; and yet not I, but the Apostle, 1 *Thef.* iv. 13. thinketh those to be hopeles *Atheists*, who mourn excessively for the dead: But this is not a *challenge* on my part; I do speak this, only fearing your *weakness*: for your daughter was a part of your self; and therefore *nature* in you, being as it were cut and halved, will indeed be grieved: but ye have to rejoice, that when a part of you is on earth, a great part of you is glorified in heaven. Follow her, but envy her not; for indeed it is self-love in us, that maketh us mourn for them that die in the Lord: Why? because for them we cannot mourn, since they are never happy till they be dead; therefore we mourn for our own private respect: take heed then, that in shewing your affection in mourning for your daughter, ye be not, out of of self-affection, mourning for your self. Consider what the Lord is doing in it; your daughter is plucked out of the fire, and she resteth from her labours; and your Lord in that is trying you, and casting you in the fire: Go through all fires to your rest: and now remember, that the eye of God is upon the burning Bush and not consumed; and he is gladly content, that such a weak woman as ye, should send Satan away, frustrate of his design: Now honour God, and shame the strong roaring lion, when ye seem weakest. Should such an one as ye faint, in the day of adversity? Call to mind the days of old: the Lord yet liveth; trust in him, although he should slay you. Faith is exceeding charitable, and believ-

eth no evil of God. Now is the Lord laying in the one *scale* of the *balance*, your making conscience of *submission* to his *gracious will*; and in the other, your *affection* and *love* to your *daughter*: which of the *two* will ye then choose to *satisfie*? Be wise then, and, as I trust ye love Christ better than a *sinful woman*; pass by your *daughter*, and kiss the Lord's rod. Men do lop the branches off their trees round about, to the end they may grow up high and tall: The Lord hath this *may* lopped your branch, in taking from you many children, to the end ye should grow upward, like one of the Lord's cedars, setting your heart above, where Christ is at the right-hand of the Father: What is next, but that your Lord cut down the stock, after he hath cutted the branches? Prepare your self; ye are nearer your daughter this day, than you were yesterday: While ye prodigally spend time in mourning for her, ye are speedily posting after her. Run your race with patience: let God have his own, and ask of him, in stead of your daughter, which he hath taken from you, the *daughter of faith*, which is *patience*; and in *patience* possess your soul. Lift up your head: ye do not know, how near your redemption doth draw. Thus, recommending you to the Lord, who is able to establish you, I rest

Anno 1628. April 23.

Your loving and affectionate Friend
in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Elect and Noble Lady, my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

Saluting your *Ladyship*, with grace and mercy from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ; I was sorry at my departure, leaving your *Ladyship* in grief, and would still be grieved at it, if I were not assured, that ye have One with you in the furnace, whose visage is like unto the Son of God. I am glad, that ye have been acquainted from your youth with the *wrestlings* of God; and that ye get scarce liberty to swallow down your spittle, being casten from furnace to furnace, knowing if ye were not dear to God, and if your health did not require so much of him, he would not spend so much physick upon you. All the brethren and sisters of Christ must be conform to his image and copy, in suffering, *Rom. viii.* And some do more vividly resemble the copy than others. Think, *Madam*, that it is a part of your glory, to be enrolled among those, whom one of the Elders, *Rev. vii. 14.*

pointed

pointeth out to *John*, *These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* Behold your Fore-runner going out of the world, all in a lake of blood; and it is not ill to die as he did: Fulfil with joy the remnant of the grounds and remainders of the afflictions of Christ, in your *body*. Ye have lost a child: Nay, she is not lost you, who is found to Christ; she is not sent away, but only sent before, like unto a star, which, going out of our sight, doth not die and vanish, but shineth in another Hemisphere: ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wanteth of time, that she hath gotten of eternity: and ye have to rejoyce, that ye have now some *plenishing* up in heaven. Build your nest upon no tree here: for ye see God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree, whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the Rock. What ye love besides Jesus your Husband, is an adulterous lover: Now it is God's special blessing to *Judab*, that he will not let her find her paths in following her strange lovers, *Hos. ii. 6. Therefore behold, I will hedge up her way with thorns, and make a wall, that she shall not find her paths. v. 7. And she shall follow after her lovers, but she shall not overtake them.* O thrice happy *Judab*, when God buildeth a double stone-wall betwixt her and the fire of hell! The world and the things of the world, *Madam*, is the lover ye naturally affect, beside your own Husband Christ: The hedge of thorns, and the wall which God buildeth in your way, to hinder you from this lover, is the thorny hedge of daily grief, loss of children, weakness of body, iniquity of the time, uncertainty of estate, lack of worldly comfort, fear of God's anger for old unrepented-of sins: What lose ye, if God twist and plot the hedge daily thicker? God be blessed, the Lord will not let you find your paths: Return to your first Husband: Do not weary, neither think that death walketh towards you with a slow pace; ye must be riper ere be shaken: your days are no longer than *Job's*, that were swifter than a post, and passed away as the ships of desire, and as the eagle that hasteth for the prey, *Job ix. 25, 26.* There is less sand in your glass now, than there was yesternight; this span-length of ever-posting time, will soon be ended: But the greater is the mercy of God, the more years ye get to advise upon what terms, and upon what conditions, ye cast your soul in the huge

huge gulf of never-ending eternity. The Lord hath told you, what ye should be doing till he come, *wait and hasten* (saith Peter) *for the coming of our Lord*: All is night that is here, in respect of ignorance and daily ensuing troubles, one always making way to another, as the *ninth wave* of the sea to the *tenth*; therefore sigh and long for the *dawning* of that *morning*, and the breaking of that *day* of the coming of the *Son of man*, when the shadows shall flee away. Perswade your self, the King is coming: Read his letter sent before him, Rev. iii. 11. *Behold, I come quickly*: Wait with the wearied *night-watch* for the breaking of the eastern sky, and think that ye have not a *morrow*; As the wise father said, who, being invited against to *morrow* to dine with his Friends, answered, *Those many days I had no morrow at all*. I am loth to weary you: Shew your self, a Christian, by suffering without *mur-muring*, for which *sin*, fourteen thousand and seven hundred were slain, Numb. xvi. 49. In patience possess your soul: they lose nothing, who gain Christ. Thus, remembering my *Brother's* and my *Wife's* humble service to your *Ladyship*; I commend you to the mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus, assuring you, that your *day* is coming, and that God's mercy is abiding you. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth Jan. 15.
1629.

Tours in the Lord Jesus at all dutiful obedience, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

Saluting you in Jesus Christ, to my grief I must bid you (it may be) for ever farewell in paper, having small assurance ever to see your face again, till the last general assembly, where the whole Church universal shall meet: Yet promising, by his grace, to present your *Ladyship*, and your burdens to him, who is able to save you, and give you an inheritance with the saints, after a more special manner than ever I have done before. Ye are going to a country, where the Sun of righteousness in the Gospel shineth not so clearly, as in this Kingdom; but if ye would know where he, whom your soul loveth, doth rest, and where feedeth at the *noontide* of the *day*, wherever ye be, get you forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed your self beside the Shepherd's tents, Cant. i. 7. that is, ask for some of the *watchmen* of the Lord's city, who will tell you truly, and will not lie, where ye shall find him, whom your soul loveth; I trust ye are so betroth-

ed in marriage to the true Christ, that ye will not give your love to any false *christ*: Ye know not how soon your *marriage-day* will come; nay, is not *eternity* hard upon you? It were time then, that ye had your *wedding-garment* in readiness: Be not sleeping at your Lord's coming; I pray God, ye may be upon your feet standing, when he knocketh. Be not discouraged to go from this *country* to another part of the Lord's earth; *The earth is his, and the fulness thereof*, Psal. xxiv. 1. This is the Lord's lower house; while we are lodged here, we have no assurance to lie ever in one chamber, but must be content to remove from one corner of our Lord's nether-house to another, resting in hope, that, when we come up the Lord's upper-city, *Jerusalem that is above*, we shall remove no more; because then we shall be at home. And, go wheresoever ye will, if your Lord go with you, ye are at home: and your lodging is ever taken before night, so long as he, who is *Israel's Dwelling-house*, is your Home, Psal. xc. 1. Believe me, *Madam*, my mind is, that ye are well lodged, and that in your house there are fair *chambers* and pleasant lights, if ye can in faith lean down your head upon the breast of Jesus Christ; and till this be, ye shall never get a sound sleep. Jesus, Jesus be your *shadow* and your *covering*: It is a *sweet* soul-sleep to lie in the arms of Christ, for his breath is very *sweet*. Pray for poor friendless *Zion*; Alas! no man will speak for her now, although at home in her own *country* she hath good Friends, her Husband Christ, and his Father, her Father-in-law: Beseech your *Husband* to be a friend to *Zion*, and pray for her, I have received many and divers *dashes* and heavy strokes, since the Lord called me to the *Ministry*; but indeed I esteem your departure from us amongst the weightiest: but I perceive, God will have us to be deprived of whatsoever we idolize, that he may have his own room. I see exceeding small fruit of my *Ministry*, and would be glad to know of one soul, to be my *crown* and rejoicing in the *day* of Christ. Though I spend my strength in vain, yet my labour is with my God, *Isa.* xlix. 4. I wish and pray, that the Lord would harden my face against all, and make me to learn to go with my face against a storm. Again I commend you, *body* and *spirit*, to him, who hath loved us, and washed us from our sin in his own blood. Grace, grace, grace for ever be with you. Pray, pray continually.

Anno 1629.
Sept. 14.

Your Ladyship's at all dutiful obedience in Christ, S. R. To

TO JOHN KENNEDY.

My loving and most affectionate Brother in Christ,

I Salute you with grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord, Jesus Christ. I promised to write to you, and although late enough, yet now I make it good. I heard with grief, of your great danger of perishing by the sea, but of your merciful deliverance with joy. Sure I am, Brother, Satan will leave no stone unrolled (as the proverb is) to roll you off your Rock, or, at least, to shake and unsettle you: For at the same time, the mouths of wicked men were opened in hard speeches against you, by land; and the prince of the power of the air was *angry* with you, by sea. See then how much ye are obliged to that malicious murderer, who would beat you with *two* rods at one time; but, blessed be God, his arm is short: If the sea and winds would have obeyed him, ye had never come to land. Thank your God, who saith, *Rev. i. 11. I have the keys of hell and of death. Deut. xxxii. 39. I kill and make alive. 1 Sam. ii. 6. The Lord bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up.* If Satan were jaylor, and had the keys of death and of the grave, they should be stored with more prisoners. Ye were knocking at these black gates, and ye found the doors shut; and we do all welcome you back again. I trust, ye know it is not for nothing, that ye are sent to us again: The Lord knew, ye had forgotten something that was necessary for your journey; that your armour was not as yet thick enough against the stroke of death. Now, in the strength of Jesus, dispatch your business; that debt is not forgiven, but *fristed*: Death hath not bidden you *farewel*, but hath only left you for a short season. End your journey, ere the night come upon you; have all in readiness against the time, that ye must fall through that black and impetuous *Jordan*; and Jesus, Jesus, who knoweth both these depths, and the rock, and all the coasts, be your Pilot; the last tide will not wait for you one moment: If ye forget any thing, when your sea is full, and your foot in that ship, there is no returning again to fetch it. What ye do amiss in your life to *day*, ye may amend it to *tomorrow*: for as many *sunns* as God maketh to arise upon you, ye have as many new lives: but ye can die but once; and if ye mar or spill that business, ye cannot come back to mend that piece of work again: no man sinneth *twice* in *dying* ill;

ill, as we die but once, so we die but ill or well once. Ye see how the number of your months is written in God's book; and as one of the Lord's hirelings, ye must *work* till the shadow of the evening come upon you, and ye shall run out your glais even to the last pickie of sand: fulfil your courle with joy; for we take nothing to the grave with us, but a good or evil conscience. And although the sky clear after this storm, yet clouds will engender another. Ye contracted with Christ, I hope, when first ye began to follow him, that ye would bear his cross; fulfil your part of the contract with patience, and break not to Jesus Christ: Be honest, *Brother*, in your bargaining with him; for who knoweth better how to bring up children than our God? For (to lay aside his *knowledge*, of the which, there is no searching out) he hath been practised in bringing up his Heirs these *five thousand years*, and his *bairns* are all well brought up, and many of them are honest men now at home, up in their own house in heaven, and are entered heirs to their Father's inheritance. Now, the form of his bringing-up was by chastisements, scourging, correcting, nurturing: See if he maketh exception of any of his *bairns*, *Rev. iii. 19. Heb. xii. 7, 8.* No: His eldest Son and his Heir, *Jesus*, is not excepted, *Heb. ii. 10.* Suffer we must: ere we were born, God decreed it; and it is easier to complain of his decree, than to change it. It is true, terrors of conscience cast us down; and yet without terrors of conscience we cannot be raised up again: fears and doubtings shake us; and yet without fears and doubtings we would soon sleep, and lose our grips of Christ: Tribulation and temptations will almost loose us at the root; and yet without tribulations and temptations we can now no more grow, than herbs or corn without rain. Sin and Satan, and the *world* will say, and cry in our ear, that we have a hard reckoning to make in judgment; and yet none of these three, except they lie, dare say in our face, that our sin can change the tenor of the new covenant. Forward then, *dear Brother*, and lose not your grips; hold fast the truth, for the *world* sell not one drachm-weight of God's truth, especially now when most men measure truth by time, like young seamen setting their compass by a cloud: for now time is father and mother to truth, in the thoughts and practices of our evil time. The God of truth establish us; for alas! now there are none to comfort the prisoners of hope, and the mourners in *Zion*: We can do little, except *pray* and *mourn* for *Joseph* in the stocks: And let their tongue cleave

to the roof of their mouth, who forget *Jerusalem* now in her day : And the Lord remember *Edom*, and render to him as he hath done to us. Now, Brother, I will not weary you ; but I intreat you, remember my dearest love to Mr. *David Dickson*, with whom I have small acquaintance ; yet I bless the Lord, I know, he both prayeth and doth for our dying Kirk. Remember my dearest love to *John Stewart*, whom I love in Christ ; and shew him from me, I do always remember him, and hope for a meeting : The Lord Jesus establish him more and more, though he be already a strong man in Christ. Remember my heartiest affection in Christ to *William Rodger*, whom I also remember to God : I wish the first news I hear of him, and you, and all that love our common Saviour, in those bounds, may be, that ye are so knit and linked, and kindly fastned in love with the Son of God, that ye may say, Now, if we would never so fain escape out of Christ's hands, yet love hath so bound us, that we cannot get our hands free again ; he hath so ravished our hearts, that there is no loosing of his grips ; the chains of his soul-ravishing love are so strong, that the grave nor death will not break them. I hope, Brother, yea, I doubt not of it, but ye lay me, and my first entry to the Lord's Vineyard, and my flock before him, who hath put me in his work ; as the Lord knoweth, since first I saw you, I have been mindful of you. *Marion Macknaught* doth remember most heartily her love to you, and to *John Stewart* : Blessed be the Lord, that in God's mercy I found in this country such a woman, to whom Jesus is dearer than her own heart, when there be so many that cast Christ over their shoulder. Good Brother, call to mind the memory of your worthy father, now asleep in Christ ; and, as his custom was, pray continually, and wrestle for the life of a dying breathless Kirk : and desire *John Stewart* not to forget poor *Zion* ; she hath few friends, and few to speak one good word for her. Now I commend you, your whole soul and body and spirit, to Jesus Christ and his keeping, hoping ye will die and live, stand and fall, with the cause of our Master, Jesus : The Lord Jesus himself be with your spirit.

Anwoth, Feb. 2.
1632.

Your loving Brother in our Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Have longed exceedingly to hear of your life and health; and growth in the grace of God. I lacked the opportunity of a bearer, in respect I did not understand of the *hasty departure* of the last, by whom I might have saluted your *Ladyship*; and therefore I could not write before this time. I intreat you, *Madam*, let me have two lines from you, concerning your present condition: I know ye are in grief and heaviness, and if it were not so, ye might be afraid, because then your way should not be so like the way that our Lord faith, leadeth to the *New Jerusalem*. Sure I am, if ye knew what were before you, or if ye saw but some glances of it, ye would with gladness swim through the present floods of sorrow, spreading forth your arms out of desire to be at land. If God have given you the earnest of the Spirit, as part of payment of God's principal sum, ye have to rejoice; for our Lord will not lose his earnest, neither will he go back or repent him of the bargain. If ye find at some time a longing to see God, joy in the assurance of that sight (howbeit that feast be but like the *Passover*, that cometh about only once a year) peace of conscience, liberty of prayer, the doors of God's treasure casten up to the soul; and a clear sight of himself looking out, and saying with a smiling countenance, *Welcome to me, afflicted soul*: this is the earnest that he giveth sometimes; and which maketh glad the heart, and is an evidence that the bargain will hold. But to the end ye may get this earnest, it were good to come oft in terms of speech with God, both in prayer and hearing of the word: For this is the house of *wine*, where ye meet with your Welbeloved; here it is where he kisseth you with the kisses of his mouth, and where ye feel the smell of his garments, and they have indeed a most fragrant and glorious smell: Ye must, I say, wait upon him, and be often communing with him, whose lips are as lilies, dropping sweet smelling Myrrhe, and by the moving thereof he will assuage your grief; for the Christ that saveth you, is a speaking Christ; the Church knoweth him, *Sant. ii.* by his voice, and can discern his tongue amongst a thousand: I say this, to the end ye should not love those dumb masks of *Antichristian* ceremonies, that the Church, where ye are for a time, hath casten over the Christ, whom your soul

soul loveth: This is to set before you a dumb *christ*. But when our Lord cometh, he speaketh to the heart in the *simplicity* of the Gospel. I have neither tongue nor pen, to express to you the happiness of such as are in Christ: When ye have sold all that ye have, and bought the field wherein this Pearl is, ye will think it no bad *market*; for if ye be in him, all his is yours, and ye are in him: therefore *because he liveth, ye shall live also*, John xiv. 19. And what is that else, but as if the Son had said, *I will not leave you, except my redeemed ones be with me; they and I cannot live asunder; Abide in me, and I in you*, John xv. 5. O sweet communion, when Christ and we are through other, and are no longer two! *Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, to behold my glory that thou hast given me*, John xvii. 24. Amen; dear Jesus, let it be according to that word. I wonder that ever your heart should be casten down, if ye believe this truth; and they are not worthy of Jesus Christ, who will not suffer *forty years* trouble for him, since they have such glorious promises: but we fools believe those promises, as the man that read *Plato's* writings, concerning the *immortality* of the soul; so long as the book was in his hand, he believed all was true, and that the soul could not die; but so soon as he laid by the book, presently he began to imagine, that the soul is but a smoke or airy vapour, that perisheth with the expiring of the breath: So we at *starts* do assent to the sweet and precious promises; but laying aside God's book, we begin to call in question. It is faith indeed to believe without a pledge, and to hold the heart constant at this work; and when we doubt, to run to the *law* and to the *testimony*, and stay there: *Madam*, hold you here; here is your Father's testament, read it, in it he hath left to you *remission of sins and life everlasting*. If all that ye have here be crosses and troubles, down-castings, frequent desertions, and departure of the Lord, who is suiting you in marriage, Courage; he who is *Woer* and *Suiter*, should not be an household-man with you, till ye and he come up to his Father's house together: He purposeth to do you good at your latter end, *Deut.* viii. 16. and to give you rest from the *days of adversity*, *Psal.* xciv. 13. *It is good to bear the yoke of God in your youth*, *Lam.* iii. 27. Turn in to your strong hold as a prisoner of hope, *Zech.* ix. 12. *For the vision is for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry*, *Hab.* ii. 3. Hear him-

till saying, *Iſa. xxvi. 20. Come my people* (rejoice, he calleth on you) *enter thou into thy chambers, and ſhut thy doors about thee; hide thy ſelf, as it were for a little moment, till the indignation be paſt.* Believe then, believe and be ſaved: think not hard, if ye get not your will, nor your delights in this life; God will have you to rejoice in nothing but himſelf. God forbid that ye ſhould rejoice in any thing but in the croſs of Chriſt, *Gal. iv. 16.* Our Church, *Madam*, is decaying; ſhe is like *Ephraim's* cake, and gray hairs are here and there upon her, and ſhe knoweth it not, *Hof. vii. 9.* She is old and gray-haired, near the grave, and no man taketh it to heart: Her wine is ſowre and is corrupted. Now, if *Phineas's* wife did live, ſhe might travail in birth and die, to ſee the ark of God taken, and the glory departing from our *Iſrael*: The power and life of Religion is away: *We be to us, for the day goeth away, for the ſhadows of the evening are ſtretched out, Jer. vi. 4.* *Madam*, *Zion* is the ſhip wherein ye are carried to *Canaan*; if ſhe ſuffer ſhipwreck, ye will be caſten over-board, upon death and life, to ſwim to land upon broken boards: It were time for us, by prayer, to putt upon our Maſter-pilot *Jeſus*, and to cry, *Maſter, ſave us, we periſh.* Grace, grace be with you. We would think it a bleſſing to our Kirk, to ſee you here; but our ſins withhold good things from us. The great Meſſenger of the Covenant preſerve you in body and ſpirit.

Anwoth Feb. 1. 1630.

Tours in the Lord, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

G Race, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you: I received your *Ladyſhip's* Letter, in the which I perceive, your caſe in this world ſmelleth of worſhip and communion with the Son of God, in his ſufferings. Ye cannot, ye muſt not have a more pleaſant or more eaſie condition here, than he had, who *through afflictions was made perfect, Heb. ii. 10.* We may indeed think, cannot God bring us to heaven with eaſe and proſperity? Who doubteth but he can? But his infinite wiſdom thinketh, and decreeth the contrary; and we cannot ſee a reaſon of it, yet he hath a moſt juſt reaſon. We never with our eyes ſaw our own ſoul, yet we have a ſoul; we ſee many rivers, but we know not their firſt ſpring and original fountain, yet they have a beginning. *Madam*, when

ye are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters, and to your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom; ye shall then be forced to say, *If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this Crown of Glory.* It is your part now to believe, and suffer, and hope, and wait on: For I protest in the presence of that all-discerning Eye, who knoweth what I write, and what I think, that I would not want the sweet experience of the consolations of God, for all the bitterness of affliction: nay, whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown, if he come himself with it, it is well; welcome, welcome Jesus, what way soever thou come, if we can get a sight of thee. And sure I am, it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bed-side, and draw by the curtains, and say, *Courage, I am thy salvation,* than to enjoy health, being lusty and strong, and never to be visited of God. *Worthy and dear Lady,* in the strength of Christ, fight and overcome: Ye are now your alone, but ye may have, for the seeking, three always in your company, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; I trust they are near you. Ye are now deprived of the comfort of a lively ministry, so was Israel in their captivity; yet hear God's promise to them, *Ezek. xi. 16. Therefore say, Thus saith the Lord God, Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary, in the countries where they shall come:* Behold a Sanctuary, for a Sanctuary, God himself in the place and room of the temple of Jerusalem: I trust in God, carrying this temple about with you, ye shall see *Jehovah's* beauty in his house. We are in great fears of a great and fearful trial to come upon the Kirk of God; for these, who would build their houses and nests upon the ashes of mourning Jerusalem, have drawn our king upon hard and dangerous conclusions, against such as are termed *Puritans*; for the rooting of them out. Our *Prelates* (the Lord take the keys of his house from these *bastard-porters*) assure us; that for such as will not conform, there is nothing but imprisonment and deprivation. The Spouse of Jesus will ever be in the fire; but I trust in my God, she shall not consume, because of the good-will of him who dwelleth in the Bush, for he dwelleth in it with good-will. All sorts of crying sins without controulment abound in

our land; the glory of the Lord is departing from *Israel*, and the Lord is looking back over his shoulder, to see if any will stay, *Lord tarry*, and no man requesteth him to stay. Corrupt and false doctrine is openly preached by the idol-shepherds of the land. For my self, I have daily griefs, through the disobedience unto, and contempt of the word of God. I was summoned before the *high Commission* by a profligate person in this parish, convicted of incest: in the business, Mr. *Alexander Colvill* (for respect to your *Ladyship*) was my great friend, and wrote a most kind Letter to me: *The Lord give him mercy in that day*. Upon the day of my compareance, the sea and winds refused to give passage to the bishop of *St. Andrews*. I intreat your *Ladyship*, thank Mr. *Alexander Colvill* with two lines of a letter. My wife now, after a long disease and torment, for the space of a year and month, is departed this life: the Lord hath done it, blessed be his Name. I have been diseased of a *fever tertian* for the space of thirteen weeks, and am yet in that sickness, so that I preach but once on the sabbath with great difficulty: I am not able either to visit or examine the Congregation. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anweth, June 26.
1630.

Your *Ladyship's* at all obedience, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

HAVING saluted you in the Lord Jesus, I thought it my duty, having the occasion of this bearer, to write again unto your *Ladyship*, though I have no new purpose, but what I wrote of before: Yet ye cannot be too often awakened to go forward towards your City, since your way is long, and (for any thing ye know) your day is short; and your Lord requireth of you, as ye advance in years, and steal forward insensibly towards eternity, that your faith may grow and ripen for the Lord's harvest; for the great Husbandman giveth a season to his fruits, that they may come to maturity; and having gotten their fill of the tree, they may be then shaken and gathered in for his use: whereas the wicked rot upon the tree, and their branch shall not be green, *Job xv. 32, 33. He shall shake off his unripe grapes as the vine, and shall cast off his flower as the olive.* It is God's mercy to you, Madam, that he giveth you your fill, even to lothing, of

this bitter world, that ye may willingly leave it, and, like a full and satisfied banqueter, long for the drawing of the table: And at last, having trampled under your feet, all the rotten pleasures, that are under sun and moon; and having rejoiced as tho' ye rejoiced not, and having bought as though ye possessed not, 1 Cor. vii. 30. Ye may, like an old crazie ship, arrive at your Lord's harbour, and be made welcome, as one of those, who have ever had one foot loose from this earth, longing for that place, where your soul shall feast and banquet for ever and ever, upon a glorious sight of the incomprehensible Trinity, and where ye shall see the fair face of the Man Christ, even the beautiful face, that was once, for your cause, more marred than any of the visages of the sons of men, Isa. v. 2, 14. and was all covered with spitting and blood. Be content to wade through the waters betwixt you and glory with him, holding his hand fast; for he knoweth all the foords: Howbeit ye may be *duckt*, yet ye cannot drown, being in his company; and ye may, all the way to glory, see the way bedewed with his blood, who is the Fore-runner: be not afraid therefore, when ye come even to the black and swelling river of death, to put in your foot and wade after him; the current, how strong soever, cannot carry you down the water to hell: the Son of God, his death and resurrection are *stepping-stones* and a stay to you; set down your feet by faith upon these stones, and go through as on dry land. If ye knew what he is preparing for you, ye would be too glad; he will not (it may be) give you a full draught till ye come up to the well-head, and drink, yea drink abundantly of the pure river of the water of life, that proceedeth out from the throne of God, and from the Lamb, Rev. xxii. 1. *Madam, tire not, weary not; I dare find you the Son of God caution, when ye are got up thither, and have casten your eyes to view the golden city, and the fair and never-withering tree of life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, ye shall then say; Four and twenty hours abode in that place is worth threescore and ten years sorrow upon earth. If ye can but say, ye long earnestly to be carried up thither (as I hope, you cannot for shame decey him the honour of having wrought that desire in your soul) then hath your Lord given you an earnest: And, Madam, do ye believe that our Lord will lose his earnest, and rue of the bargain, and change his mind, as if he were a man that can lie, or the son of man that can repent? Nay, he is unchangeable, and the same this year that he was the former year; And his*
Son

Son Jesus, who upon earth eat and drank with publicans and sinners, and spake and conferred with whores and harlots, and put out his holy hand, and touched the lepers filthy skin, and came evermore nigh sinners, even now in glory, is yet the same Lord: his honour and his great court in heaven hath not made him forget his poor friends on earth: In him, honours change not manners, and he doth yet desire your company. Take him for the old Christ, and claim still kindness to him, and say, *Oh it is so, he is not changed, but I am changed*: Nay, it is a part of his unchangeable love, and an article of the new covenant, to keep you that ye cannot *dispose him*, nor sell him: He hath not *played fast and loose* with us, in the covenant of grace; so that we may run from him at our pleasure: His love hath made the bargain surer than so; for Jesus as the Cautioner is bound for us, *Heb. vii. v. 22*. And it cannot stand with his honour, to *die in the burrows* (as we use to say) and lose thee, whom he must render again to the Father, when he shall give up the kingdom to him. Consent and say *Amen* to the promises, and ye have sealed that God is true, and Christ is yours: This is an easie market; Ye but look on with faith; for Christ suffered all, and paid all. *Madam*, fearing I be tedious to your *Ladyship*, I must stop here, desiring always to hear that your *Ladyship* is well, and that ye have still your face up the mountain. Pray for us, *Madam*, and for *Zion*, whereof ye are a part: We expect a trial; God's wheat in this land must go through Satan's sieve, but their faith shall not fail. I am still wrestling in our Lord's work, and have been tried and tempted with brethren, who look awry to the gospel. Now he that is able to keep you until that day, preserve your soul, body and spirit, and present you before his face with his own Bride, spotless and blameless.

Anwoth, Nov. 26. Your Ladyship's to be commanded always in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

1631.

ways in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

Madam,

I Am grieved exceedingly that your *Ladyship* should think, or have cause to think, that such as love you in God, in this country, are forgetful of you: For my self, *Madam*, I owe to your *Ladyship* all evidences of my high respect (in the sight of my Lord, whose truth I preach, I am bold to say it) for his rich grace in you. My *Communion* put off till the end of

of a longsom and *rainy harvest*, and the *presbyterial exercise* (as the bearer can inform your *Ladyship*) hindred me to see you: And for my people's sake (finding them like hot iron, that cooleth being out of the fire, and that is pliable to no *work*) I do not stir abroad, neither have I left them at all, since your *Ladyship* was in the *country*, save at one time only, about *two years* ago; yet I dare not say but it is a *fault*, howbeit no defect in my *affection*; and I trust to make it up again, so soon as possibly I am able to wait upon you. *Madam*, I have no *new purpose* to write unto you, but of that which I think, nay, which our Lord thinketh needful, *that one thing*, Mary's *good part*, which ye have chosen, *Luke x. 42. Madam*, all that God hath, both himself and the creatures, he is dealing and parting amongst the sons of *Adam*; there are none so *poor*, as that they can say in his face, *He hath given them nothing*; but there is no small *odds* betwixt the gifts given to *lawful bairns*, and to *bastards*: And the more *greedy* ye are in suiting, the more willing he is to give, delighting to be called *open-handed*; I hope your *Ladyship* laboureth to get *assurance* of the surest *patrimony*, even *God himself*. Ye will find in *Christianity*, that God aimeth, in all his dealings with his children, to bring them to a high *contempt* of, and deadly *feud* with the *world*; and to set an high price upon Christ, and to think him, One who cannot be bought for gold, and well-worthy the fighting for: And for no other cause, *Madam*, doth the Lord withdraw from you the childish *toys* and the earthly *delights*, that he giveth unto others; but that he may have you wholly to himself: Think therefore of the Lord, as of one who cometh to *woo* you in marriage, when ye are in the *furnace*; he seeketh his answer of you in *affliction*, to see if ye will say, *Even so I take him. Madam*, give him this answer presently, and in your mind do not secretly grudge nor murmur. When he is striking you in *love*, beware to strike again, that is dangerous; for those who strike again, shall get the last *blow*. If I hit not upon the right string, it is because I am not acquainted with your *Ladyship's* present condition; but I believe your *Ladyship* goeth on foot, laughing, and putting on a good countenance before the *world*, and yet ye carry heaviness about with you. Ye do well, *Madam*, not to make them *witnesses* of your grief, who cannot be *curers* of it: But be exceeding charitable of your dear Lord. As there be some friends *worldly*, of whom ye will not entertain an *ill-thought*; far more ought ye to believe

lieve good evermore of your dear Friend, that lovely fair Person, *Jesus Christ*. The *thorn* is one of the most curied and angry and crabbed weeds, that the earth yieldeth, and yet out of it springeth the *rose*, one of the sweetest smelled flowers, and most delightful to the eye, that the earth hath: Your Lord shall make joy and gladness out of your afflictions; for all his roses have a fragrant smell. Wait for the time, when his own holy hand shall hold them to your nose: and if ye would have present comfort under the cross, be much in prayer; for at that time your faith kisseth Christ, and he kisseth the soul. And O if the breath of his holy mouth be sweet! I dare be caution, out of some small experience, that ye shall not be beguiled; for the world (yea, not a few number of God's children) know not well what that is, which they call a *God-head*. But, *Madam*, come near to the *God-head*, and look down to the bottom of the well; there is much in him, and sweet were that death to drown in such a well: Your grief taketh liberty to work upon your mind, when ye are not busied in the meditation of the ever-delighting and all-blessed *God-head*. If ye would lay the price ye give out (which is but some few years pain and trouble) beside the commodities ye are to receive, ye would see they are not worthy to be laid in the balance together; but it is nature that maketh you look what ye give out, and weakness of faith that hindreth you to see what ye shall take in. Amend your hope, and first your faithful Lord a while; he maketh himself your debtor in the new Covenant; he is honest, take his word, *Nabum* i. 9. *Affliction shall not spring up the second time.* Rev. xxi. 7. *He that overcometh shall inherit all things.* Of all things then which ye want in this life, *Madam*, I am able to lay nothing, if that be not believed, which ye have, Rev. ii. 7. and Rev. iii. 5. *The overcomer shall be clothed in white raiment, &c.* and ver. 28. *To the overcomer I will give to sit with me in my throne, as I overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne.* Consider, *Madam*, if ye are not high up now, and far ben in the palace of our Lord, when ye are upon a throne in white raiment, at lovely Christ's elbow. O thrice fools are we, who, like new-born princes weeping in the cradle, know not that there is a kingdom before them! Then let our Lord's sweet hand square us and hammer us, and strike off the knots of pride, self-love, and world-worship, and infidelity, that he may make us stones and pillars in his Father's house, Rev. iii. 12. *Madam*, what

think ye to take binding with the fair Corner-stone, *Jesus*? The Lord give you wisdom to believe and hope, your day is coming. I hope to be witness of your joy, as I have been a bearer and beholder of your grief. Think ye much to follow the Heir of the Crown, who had experience of sorrows, and was acquainted with grief, *Isa. liii.* It were pride to aim to be above the King's Son; it is more than we deserve, that we are equals in glory, in a manner. Now, commending you to the dearest grace and mercy of God, I rest

Amwoth, Jan. 4.

1632.

Your Ladyship's at all obedience
in Christ, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

UNDERstanding, a little after the writing of my last letter, of the going of this bearer, I would not omit the opportunity of remembring your Ladyship, still harping upon that string, which in our whole lifetime is never too often touched upon, nor is our lesson well enough learned, that there is a necessity of advancing in the way to the Kingdom of God, of the contempt of the world, of denying our self, and bearing of our Lord's cross; which is no less needful for us, than daily food; and among many marks that we are on this journey, and under sail toward heaven, this is one, when the love of God so filleth our hearts, that we forget to love, and care too much for the having or wanting of other things; as one extreme heat burneth out another. By this, *Madam*, ye know, ye have betrothed your soul in marriage to Christ, when ye do make but small reckoning of all other suiters or wooers, and when ye can (having little in hand, but much in hope) live as a young heir, during the time of his non-age and minority, being content to be as hardly handled, and under as precise a reckoning, as servants; because his hope is upon the inheritance: For this cause, God's bairns take well with spoiling of their goods, *Heb. x. 34.* knowing in themselves, that they have in heaven a better, and an enduring substance. That day that the earth and the works therein shall be burned with fire, *2 Pet. iii. 10.* your hidden hope and your hidden life shall appear: and therefore since ye have not now many years of your endless eternity, and know not how soon the skie above your head will rive, and the Son of man will be seen in the clouds of heaven; what better

better and wiser course can ye take, than to think that your one foot is here, and your other foot in the life to come, and to leave off loving, desiring, or grieving for the wants, that shall be made up, when your Lord and ye shall meet, and when ye shall give in your bill that *day* of all your wants here? If your losses be not made up, ye have place to challenge the Almighty; but it shall not be so, *Ye shall then rejoyce with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and your joy shall none take from you, John xvi. 22.* It is enough, that the Lord hath promised you great things, only let the time of bestowing them be in his own carving. It is not for us to set an hour-glass to the Creator of time, since he and we differ only in the *term of payment*: since he hath promised *payment*, and we believe it, it is no great matter; we will put that in his own will, as the *frank buyer*, who cometh near to what the *seller* seeketh, useth at last to refer the *difference* to his will, and so cutteth off the course of mutual priggging. Madam, do not prigg with your *frank-hearted* and gracious Lord, about the time of the fulfilling of your joys: It will be, God hath said it; *bide* his harvest, wait on upon his *whitsunday*: His *day* is better than your *day*; he putteth not the *hook* in the *corn*, till it be ripe and full-eared. The great Angel of the Covenant bear you company till the trumpet shall sound, and the voice of the arch-angel awaken the dead. Ye shall find it your only happiness, under whatever thing disturbeth and croseth the peace of your mind in this life, to love nothing for it self, but only God for himself: It is the crooked love of some *barlots*, that they love bracelets, ear-rings, and rings, better than the lover that sendeth them: God will not be so loved; for that were to behave as harlots, and not as the chaste Spouse, to abate from our love when these things are pulled away. Our love to him should begin on earth, as it shall be in heaven: for the *Bride* taketh not by a thousand degrees so much delight in her *wedding-garment*, as she doth in her *Bridegroom*; so we, in the life to come, howbeit clothed with *glory* as with a *robe*, shall not be so much affected with the *glory* that goeth about us, as with the *Bridegroom's* joyful face and presence. Madam, if ye can win to this here, the field is won; and your mind, for any thing ye want, or for any thing your Lord can take from you, shall soon be calmed and quieted: get himself as a *pawn*, and keep him, till your dear Lord come and loose the *pawn*, and rue upon you, and give you all again, that he took from you, even a thousand talents for one penny.

It is not ill to lend God willingly, who otherwise both will and may take from you against your will: It is good to play the usurer with, and take in, instead of ten of the hundred, an hundred of ten, often an hundred of one. *Madam*, fearing to be tedious to you, I break off here, commending you, (as I trust to do, while I live) your person, ways, burdens, and all that concerneth you, to that *Almighty*, who is able to bear you and your burdens: I still remember you to him, who will cause you one day to laugh. I expect that, whatever ye can do by word or deed, for the Lord's friendless *Zion*, ye will do it: she is your *Mother*; forget her not, for the Lord intendeth to melt and try this land, and it is high time we were all upon our feet, and falling about to try what claim we have to Christ. It is like the *Bridegroom* will be taken from us, and then we shall mourn. *Dear Jesus, remove not, else take us with thee!* Grace, grace be with you for ever.

Anwoth, Jan. 14.

Your Ladyship's at all dutiful
obedience, S. R.

1632.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

Your Ladyship will not (I know) weary nor offend, tho' I trouble you with many letters; the memory of what obligations I am under to your Ladyship is the cause of it. I am possibly impertinent in what I write, because of my ignorance of your present estate: But for all that is said, I have learned of Mr. W. D. that ye have not changed upon, nor wearied of your sweet Master, *Christ*, and his service; neither were it your part to change upon him, who resteth in his love. Ye are among honourable company, and such as affect grandeur and court. But, *Madam*, thinking upon your estate, I think I see an improvident wooer coming too late to seek a *Bride*, because she is contracted already, and promised away to another; and so the wooer's basking and bravery (who cometh to you, as who but he) is in vain: the outward pomp of this busie wooer, a beguiling world, is now coming in to suite your soul too late, when ye have promised away your soul to Christ many years ago. And I know, *Madam*, what answer ye may now justly make to the late suiter, even this, Ye are too long of coming: my soul, the bride, is away already, and the contract with Christ subscribed; and I cannot choose, but I must be honest and faithful to him. Honourable Lady, keep
your

your first love, and hold the first match with that soul-delighting lovely Bridegroom, our *sweet, sweet Jesus*, fairer than all the children of men, the *Rose of Sharon*, and the fairest and sweetest smelled Rose in all his Father's garden; there is none like him: *I* would not exchange one smile of his lovely face with kingdoms. *Madam*, let others take their *silly* feckless heaven in this life, envy them not; but let your soul, like a *tarrowing* and mislearned child, take the darts (as we use to speak) or cast at all things and disdain them, except *One only*; either Christ or nothing: Your Welbeloved Jesus will be content, that ye be here *devoutly proud*, and ill to please, as one that contemneth all husbands but himself: Either the King's Son or no husband at all; this is *humble* and *worthy ambition*. What have ye to do to *dally* with a *whorish and foolish world*? Your jealous Husband will not be content that ye look by him to another; he will be jealous indeed and offend, if ye kiss another but himself. What *weights* do burden you, *Madam*, *I* know not; but think it *great mercy*, that your Lord from your youth hath been hedging in your *outstraying affections*, that they may not go *a-whoring* from himself: if ye were his *bastard*, he would not nurture you so; if ye were for the *slaughter*, ye would be fatted: But be content, ye are his *wheat* growing in our Lord's field, *Matth. xiii. 25, 38*. And if *wheat*, ye must go under our Lord's threshing instrument, in his barn-floor, and through his sieve, *Amos ix. 9*, and through his mill to be bruised, as the Prince of your salvation, *Jesus*, was, *Isa. liii. 9*. that ye may be found good bread in your Lord's house. *Lord Jesus*, *bless the spiritual husbandry*, and *separate you from the chaff*, that *dow not hide the wind*. *I* am perswaded, your glass is spending it self by little and little; and if ye knew who is before you, ye would *rejoice in your tribulations*. Think ye it a small honour to stand before the throne of God and the Lamb, and to be clothed in white, and to be called to the *marriage-supper of the Lamb*, and to be led to the *Fountain of living waters*, and to come to the *Well-head*, even God himself, and get your fill of the clear, cold, sweet, refreshing *Water of life*, the King's own Well, and to put up your own sinful Hand to the *Tree of life*, and take down and eat the sweetest Apple in all God's *heavenly paradise*, *Jesus Christ*, your Life and your Lord? *Up your heart*; shout for joy, your King is coming to fetch you to his Father's house. *Madam*, *I* am in exceeding great heaviness, God thinking it best for my own soul thus to exercise

me,

me, thereby (it may be) to fit me to be his mouth to others. I see and hear, at home and abroad, nothing but matter of grief and discouragement, which indeed maketh my life bitter; and I hope in God never to get my will in this world: And I expect ere long a fiery trial upon the Church; for as many men almost in *England* and *Scotland*, as many false friends to Christ, and as many pulling and drawing to pull the crown off his holy Head: and for fear that our Beloved stay amongst us (as if his room were more desirable than himself) men are bidding him go seek his lodging. Madam, if ye have a part in *filthy* friendless *Zion*, (as I know ye have) I speak a word on her behalf to God and man: if ye can do nothing else, speak for Jesus, and ye shall thereby be a witness against this declining age. Now from my very soul, laying and leaving you on the Lord, and desiring a part in your prayers (as my Lord knoweth, I remember you) I deliver over your body, spirit, and all your necessities to the hands of our Lord, and remain for ever

Anwoth, Feb. 13.

1632.

Your Ladiship's in your sweet Lord
Jesus and mine, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

THE cause of my not writing to your Ladiship, is not my forgetfulness of you, but the want of the opportunity of a convenient bearer; for I am under more than a simple obligation to be kind (in paper, at least) to your Ladiship. I bless our Lord through Christ, who hath brought you home again to your country, from that place, where ye have seen with your eyes that which our Lord's truth taught you before, to wit, that worldly glory is nothing but a vapour, a shadow, the foam of the water, or something less and lighter, even nothing; and that our Lord hath not without cause said in his word, 1 Cor. vii. 31. The countenance or fashion of this world passeth away. In which place, our Lord compareth it to an image in a looking-glass, for it is the looking-glass of Adam's sons: Some come to the glass, and see in it the picture of Honour, and but a picture indeed; for true honour is to be great in the sight of God: And others see in it the shadow of Riches, and but a shadow indeed; for durable riches stand as one of the maids of Wisdom upon her left-hand, Prov. iii. 16. And a third sort see in it the face of painted Pleasures, and the be-
holders

holders will not believe, but the image they see in this glass is a living man, till the Lord come and break the glass in pieces, and remove the face; and then, like *Pharaoh* awakned, they say, *And behold it was a dream.* I know your *Ladiship* thinketh your self *little in the common* of this world, for the favourable aspect of any of these three painted faces; and blessed be our Lord that it is so; the better for you: *Madam*, they are not *worthy* to be wooers to suit in marriage your soul, that looks to an higher Match than to be married upon *painted clay*. Know therefore, *Madam*, the place whither our Lord *Jesus* cometh to woo a Bride, it is even in the furnace: for if ye be one of *Zion's* daughters (which I ever put beyond all question, since I first had occasion to see in your *Ladiship* such pregnant evidences of the grace of God) the Lord, who hath his fire in *Zion*, and his furnace in *Jerusalem*, *Isa. xxxi. 9.* is purifying you in the furnace: And therefore be content to live in it, and every day to be adding and sewing to a palment to your wedding-garment, that ye may be at last decored and trimmed as a Bride for Christ, a Bride of his own busking, beautified in the hidden man of the heart, forgetting your father's house, so shall the King greatly desire your beauty, *Psal. xlv. 11.* If your *Ladiship* be not changed (as I hope ye are not) I believe ye esteem your self to be of those, whom God hath tried these many years, and refined as silver. But, *Madam*, I will shew your *Ladiship* a privilege that others want, and ye have in this case: Such as are in *prosperity*, and are satiated with *earthly joys*, and increased with children and friends, tho' the word of God is indeed written to such for their instruction; yet to you who are in *trouble*, (spare me, *Madam*, to say this) from whom the Lord hath taken many children, and whom he hath exercised otherwise, there are some chapters, some particular promises in the word of God made, in a most special manner, which should never have been yours, so as they now are, if ye had your portion in this life, as others: and therefore all the comforts, promises and mercies, God offereth to the afflicted, they are as many love-letters written to you; take them to you, *Madam*, and claim your right, and be not robbed. It is no small comfort, that God hath written some scriptures to you, which he hath not written to others: Ye seem rather in this to be envied than pitied; and ye are indeed in this like people of another world, and those that are above the ordinary rank of mankind, whom our King and Lord, our Bridegroom *Jesus*, in his love-letter

to his welbelov'd Spouse, hath nam'd, beside all the rest, and hath written *comforts* and his *heartly commendations*, in the 56th of *Isaiah*, ver. 4, 5. *Psal.* cxlvii. 2, 3. to you: Read these and the like, and think your God is like a Friend, that sendeth a letter to a whole *house* and *family*; but speaketh in his letter to *some* by name, that are dearest to him in the house: Ye are then, *Madam*, of the dearest friends of the Bridegroon; if it were lawful, I would *envy* you, that God honoured you so above *many* of his dear children. Therefore, *Madam*, your part is, in this case (seeing God taketh nothing from you, but that which he is to *supply* with his own presence) to desire your Lord to know his own room, and to take it even upon him to come in, in the room of dead children: *Jebovab*, *know thy own place, and take it to thee*, is all you have to say. *Madam*, I perswade my self, that this world is to you an uncouth inn; and that ye are like a traveller, who hath his *bundle* upon his back, and his staff in his hand, and his feet upon the door-threshold: Go forward, *honourable and elect Lady*, in the strength of your Lord (let the world bide at home and keep the house) with your face toward him, who longeth more for a sight of you, than ye can do for him: ere it be long he will see us. I hope to see you *laugh* as *cheerfully* after-noon, as ye have *mourn'd* before-noon: The hand of the Lord, the hand of the Lord be with you in your *journey*. What have ye to do here? This is not your mountain of rest; arise then and set your foot up the mountain; go up out of the *wilderness* leaning upon the shoulder of your Belov'd, *Cant.* viii. 5. If ye knew the *welcome* that abideth you when ye come home, ye would hasten your pace; for ye shall see your Lord put up his own *holy hand* to your face, and *wipe all tears from your eyes*: and I trow, then ye shall have some joy of heart. *Madam*, paper willeth me to end before affection. Remember the estate of *Zion*; pray that *Jerusalem* may be as *Zechariah* prophesied, *Chap.* xii. 3. *A burdensom Stone for all*, that whosoever boweth down to roll the stone out of the *way*, may hurt and break the joints of their back, and strain their arms, and disjoint their shoulder-blades; and pray *Jebovab*, that the stone may lie still in its own place, *keep bond* with the Corner-stone: I hope it shall be so; he is a skilled Master-builder who laid it. I would, *Madam*, under great heaviness be refresh'd with two lines from your *Ladiship*, which I refer to your own wisdom. *Madam*, I would seem undutiful not to shew you, that great solicitation is made by the town of *Kirkcudbright*.

bright, for to have the use of my poor labours amongst them. If the Lord shall call and his people cry, who am I to resist? But without his seen calling, and till the flock, whom I now oversee, be planted with one, to whom I dare intrust Christ's Spouse; gold nor silver, nor favour of men, I hope, shall not loose me. I leave your *Ladiship*, praying more earnestly, for grace and mercy to be with you, and multiplied upon you; here and hereafter, than my pen can express. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Kirkcudbright.

*Your Ladiship's at all obedience
in the Lord, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

HAVING saluted you, with grace and mercy from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, I long to see your *Ladiship*, and to hear how it goeth with you. I do remember you, and present you and your necessities to him, *who is able to keep you, and present you blameless before his face with joy*: and my prayer to our Lord, is, That ye may be sick of love for him, who died of love for you; I mean, your Saviour Jesus: and O sweet were that sickness, to be soul-sick for him! and a living death it were, to die in the fire of the love of that Soul-lover, *Jesus*! And, *Madam*, if ye love him, ye will keep his commandments; and this is not one of the least, to lay your neck cheerfully and willingly under the yoke of Jesus Christ: For, I trust, your *Ladiship* did first contract and bargain with the Son of God, to follow him upon these terms, that by his grace, ye should endure hardship, and suffer affliction as the soldier of Christ: They are not *worthy* of Jesus, who will not take a blow for their Master's sake. For our glorious Peace-maker, when he came to make up the friendship betwixt God and us, God *bruised him*, and *stroke him*; the sinful world also did beat him, and crucifie him; yet he took buffets of both the parties: and, honour to our Lord Jesus, he would not leave the field for all that, till he had made peace betwixt the parties. I perswade my self, your sufferings are but like your Saviour's (yea, incomparably less and lighter) which are called but a *bruising of his heel*, *Gen. iii. 15.* a wound far from the heart. *Your life is bid with Christ in God, Col. iii. 3.* And therefore ye cannot be robbed of it. Our Lord handleth us, as fathers

to his welbeloved Spouse, hath named, beside all the rest, and hath written *comforts* and his *heartly commendations*, in the 56th of *Isaiah*, ver. 4, 5. *Psal.* cxlvii. 2, 3. to you: Read these and the like, and think your God is like a Friend, that sendeth a letter to a whole *house* and *family*; but speaketh in his letter to *some* by name, that are dearest to him in the house: Ye are then, *Madam*, of the dearest friends of the Bridegroom; if it were lawful, I would *envy* you, that God honoured you so above *many* of his dear children. Therefore, *Madam*, your part is, in this case (seeing God taketh nothing from you, but that which he is to *supply* with his own presence) to desire your Lord to know his own room, and to take it even upon him to come in, in the room of dead children: *Jehovah*, *know thy own place, and take it to thee*, is all you have to say. *Madam*, I perswade my self, that this world is to you an uncouth inn; and that ye are like a traveller, who hath his *bundle* upon his back, and his staff in his hand, and his feet upon the door-threshold: Go forward, *honourable and elect Lady*, in the strength of your Lord (let the world bide at home and keep the house) with your face toward him, who longeth more for a sight of you, than ye can do for him: ere it be long he will see us. I hope to see you *laugh* as *cheerfully* after-noon, as ye have *mourned* before-noon: The hand of the Lord, the hand of the Lord be with you in your *journey*. What have ye to do here? This is not your mountain of rest; arise then and set your foot up the mountain; go *up out of the wilderness* leaning upon the shoulder of your Beloved, *Cant.* viii. 5. If ye knew the *welcome* that abideth you when ye come home, ye would hasten your pace; for ye shall see your Lord put up his own *holy hand* to your face, and *wipe all tears from your eyes*: and I trow, then ye shall have some joy of heart. *Madam*, paper willeth me to end before affection. Remember the estate of *Zion*; pray that *Jerusalem* may be as *Zechariah* prophesied, *Chap.* xii. 3. *A burdensom stone for all*, that whosoever boweth down to roll the stone out of the *way*, may hurt and break the joints of their back, and strain their arms, and disjoint their shoulder-blades; and pray *Jehovah*, that the stone may lie still in its own place, *keep bond* with the Corner-stone: I hope it shall be so; he is a skilled Master-builder who laid it. I would, *Madam*, under great heaviness be refreshed with two lines from your *Ladiship*, which I refer to your own wisdom. *Madam*, I would seem undutiful not to shew you, that great solicitation is made by the town of *Kirkcudbright*.

bright, for to have the use of my poor labours amongst them. If the Lord shall call and his people cry, who am I to resist? But without his seen calling, and till the flock, whom I now oversee, be planted with one, to whom I dare intrust Christ's Spouse; gold nor silver, nor favour of men, I hope, shall not loose me. I leave your *Ladiship*, praying more earnestly, for grace and mercy to be with you, and multiplied upon you, here and hereafter, than my pen can express. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Kirkcudbright.

*Your Ladiship's at all obedience
in the Lord, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

HAVING saluted you, with grace and mercy from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, I long to see your *Ladiship*, and to hear how it goeth with you. I do remember you, and present you and your necessities to him, *who is able to keep you, and present you blameless before his face with joy*: and my prayer to our Lord, is, That ye may be sick of love for him, who died of love for you; I mean, your Saviour Jesus: and O sweet were that sickness, to be soul-sick for him! and a living death it were, to die in the fire of the love of that Soul-lover, *Jesus*! And, *Madam*, if ye love him, ye will keep his commandments; and this is not one of the least, to lay your neck cheerfully and willingly under the yoke of Jesus Christ: For, I trust, your *Ladiship* did first contract and bargain with the Son of God, to follow him upon these terms, that by his grace, ye should endure hardship, and suffer affliction as the soldier of Christ: They are not *worthy* of Jesus, who will not take a blow for their Master's sake. For our glorious Peace-maker, when he came to make up the friendship betwixt God and us, God *bruised him*, and *stroke him*; the sinful world also did beat him, and crucifie him; yet he took buffets of both the parties: and, honour to our Lord Jesus, he would not leave the field for all that, till he had made peace betwixt the parties. I perswade my self, your sufferings are but like your Saviour's (yea, incomparably less and lighter) which are called but a *bruising of his heel*, *Gen. iii. 15.* a wound far from the heart. *Your life is bid with Christ in God, Col. iii. 3.* And therefore ye cannot be robbed of it. Our Lord handleth us, as fathers

do their *young children*; they lay up jewels in a place, above the reach of the short arm of *bairns*, else *bairns* would put up their hands, and take them down, and lose them soon: so hath our Lord done with our spiritual life; Jesus Christ is the high coffer, in the which our Lord hath hid our life; we children are not able to reach up our arm so high, as to take down that life and lose it; it is in our Christ's hand: O, long, long may Jesus be Lord-keeper of our life! and happy are they that can, with the Apostle, *2 Tim. i.* lay their soul in pawn in the hand of Jesus; *for he is able to keep that, which is committed in pawn to him, against that day.* Then, *Madam*, so long as this life is not hurt, all other troubles are but *touches in the heel*: I trust ye will soon be cured. Ye know, *Madam*, kings have some servants in their courts, that receive not present wages in their hand, but live upon their hopes: The King of kings also hath servants in his court, that for the present get little or nothing, but the heavy cross of Christ, *troubles without and terrors within*; but they live upon hope: when it cometh to the parting of the inheritance, they remain in the house as heirs: it is better to be so, than to get present payment, and a portion in this life, an inheritance in this world; [God forgive me, that I should honour it with the name of an inheritance, it is rather a *farm-room*] and then in the end to be casten out of God's house, with this word, *Ye have received your consolation, ye will get no more.* Alas! what get they? The rich glutton's heaven. O but our Lord, *Luke xvi.* maketh it a silly heaven! *He fared well* (saith our Lord) *and delicately every day*: Oh! no more? a silly heaven! Truly no more, except that he was clothed in purple, and that is all. I perswade my self, *Madam*, ye have joy, when ye think that your Lord hath dealt more graciously with your soul. Ye have gotten little in this life; it is true indeed: Ye have then the more to crave; yea, ye have all to crave: For, except some tastings of the first-fruits, and some kisses of his mouth, whom your soul loveth, ye get no more. But I cannot tell you what is to come; yet I may speak as our Lord doth of it: The foundation of the city is pure gold, clear as crystal; the twelve ports are set with precious stones: if orchards and rivers commend a soil upon earth, there is a paradise there, wherein groweth the *Tree of life*, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, which is seven-score and four harvests in the year; and there is there, a pure river of *Water of life*, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb:

Lamb: and the city hath no need of the light of the sun or moon, or of a candle; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb is the light thereof. *Madam*, believe and hope for this, till ye see and enjoy. Jesus is saying in the Gospel, *Come and see*; and he is come down in the chariot of truth, wherein he rideth through the world, to conquer mens souls, *Psal. xlv.* 4. and is now in the world saying, *Who will go with me? Will ye go? My Father will make you welcome, and give you house-room; for in my Father's house are many dwelling-places.* *Madam*, consent to go with him. Thus I rest, commending you to God's dearest mercy,

Answr.

Tours in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Am afraid now (as many others are) that at the sitting down of our parliament, our Lord Jesus his Spouse shall be roughly handled: And it must be so, since false and declining *Scotland*, whom our Lord took off the dunghill and out of hell, and made a fair *Bride* to himself, hath broken her faith to her sweet Husband, and hath put on the forehead of a *whore*; and therefore he saith, he will remove: would to God we could stir up our selves to lay hold upon him, who, being highly provoked with the handling he hath met with, is ready to depart. Alas, we do not importune him by prayer and supplication, to abide amongst us! If we could but weep upon him, and in the holy pertinacy of faith wrestle with him, and say, *We will not let thee go*; it may be that then he, who is easie to be entreated, would yet, notwithstanding of our high provocations, condescend to stay, and feed among the lilies, till that fair and desirable day break, and the shadows flee away. Ah! what cause of mourning is there, when our gold is become dim, and the visage of our Nazarites, sometimes whiter than snow, is now become blacker than a coal; and *Levi's house*, once comparable to fine gold, is now changed, and become like vessels, in whom he hath no pleasure? *Madam*, think upon this, that when our Lord, who hath his handkerchief to wipe the face of the mourners in *Zion*, shall come to wipe away all tears from their eyes, he may wipe yours also, in passing amongst others. I am confident, *Madam*, that our Lord will yet build a new house to himself, of our rejected and scattered stones; for our *Bride-*

groom cannot want a *Wife*: Can he live a *Widow*? Nay, he will embrace both us the *little young Sister*, and the *elder Sister, the Church of the Jews*; and there will yet be a day of it; and therefore we have cause to rejoice, yea to sing and shout for joy. The Church hath been, since the world began, ever hanging by a small threed, and all the hands of hell and of the *wicked* have been drawing at the threed: but, God be thanked, they only break their arms by pulling, but the threed is not broken; for the *sweet fingers* of Christ our Lord have spun and twisted it: *Lord, hold the threed whole. Madam*, stir up your husband, to lay hold upon the Covenant, and to do good. What hath he to do with the world? It is not his inheritance: desire him to *make home over*, and put to his hand to lay one stone or two upon the wall of God's house, before he go hence. I have heard also, *Madam*, that your child is removed; but to have or want is best, as he pleaseth. Whether she be with you, or in God's keeping, think it all one; nay, think it the better of the two by far, that she is with him. I trust in our Lord, that there is something laid up and kept for you; for our kind Lord, who hath wounded you, will not be so cruel, as not to allay the pain of your *green wound*; and therefore claim Christ still as your own, and own him as your *One thing*. So resting, I recommend your *Ladyship*, your soul and spirit, in pawn to him, who keepeth his Father's *pawns*, and will make an account of them faithfully, even to that Fairest amongst the sons of men, our *sweet Lord Jesus*, the *fairest*, the *sweetest*, the most *delicious Rose* of all his Father's great field: The smell that *Rose* perfume your soul.

Amwoth, April 1.

1633.

Your Ladyship's in his sweetest
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam

I Determined, and was desirous also to have seen your *Ladyship*, but because of a pain in my arm I could not. I know ye will not impute it to any unsuitable forgetfulness of your *Ladyship*, from whom, at my first entry to my calling in this country, and since also, I received such comfort in my affliction, as, I trust in God, never to forget it, and shall labour by his grace to recompence it, the only way possible to me, and that is, by presenting your soul, person, house, and all your

necessities, in prayer to him, (whose I hope ye are, and) who is able to keep you till that *day* of appearance, and to present you before his face with *joy*. I am confident your *Ladyship* is going forward, in the begun *journey* to your Lord, and Father's Home and Kingdom; howbeit ye *want* not temptations *within* and *without*: And who among the saints hath ever taken that Castle without stroke of sword? The Chief of the House, our elder Brother, our Lord *Jesus*, not being excepted, who *won* his own house at home, due to him by birth, with much *blood* and many *blows*. Your *Ladyship* hath the more need to look to your self, because our Lord hath placed you higher than the rest, and your *way* to heaven lieth through a more *wild* and *waste wilderness*, than the way of many of your fellow-travellers; not only through the midst of this *wood* of *thorns*, the *cumbersome world*, but also through these dangerous paths, the *vain-glory* of it: The consideration whereof hath often moved me to pity your soul, and the soul of your *worthy* and *noble husband*. And it is more to you to *win* heaven, being ships of greater burden, and in the main-sea, than for little vessels, that are not so much in the mercy and reverence of the storms; because they may come quietly to their port by launching alongst the coast: For the which cause ye do much, it in the midst of such a tumult of business, and crowd of temptations, ye shall give Christ *Jesus* his own court, and his own due place in your soul. I know and am perswaded, that that lovely One, *Jesus*, is dearer to you than many kingdoms; and that ye esteem him your Welbeloved, and the *Standard-bearer among ten thousand*, Cant. v. 10. And it becometh him full well to take the place, and the *board-head* in your soul, before all the *world*: I knew and saw him with you in the furnace of affliction; for there he *wooed* you to himself, and *chose* you to be his; and now he craveth no other hire of you but your love, and that he get no cause to be jealous of you. And therefore, *Dear and worthy Lady*, be like to the fresh river, that keepeth its own fresh taste in the salt-sea. This *world* is not worthy of your soul: give it not a *good-day*, when Christ cometh in competition with it. Be like one of another *country*: Home and stay not; for the sun is fallen low, and nigh the tops of the mountains, and the *shadows* are stretched out in great length. Linger not by the *way*: The *world* and *sin* would train you on, and make you turn aside: Leave not the *way* for them, and the Lord *Jesus* be at the voyage! *Madam*, many eyes

are upon you, and many would be glad your *Ladyship* should spill a christian, and mar a good professor. *Lord Jesus, mar their godless desires, and keep the conscience whole without a crack!* If there be a hole in it, so that it take in water at a leak, it will with difficulty mend again. It is a dainty delicate creature, and a rare piece of the workmanship of your Maker; and therefore deal gently with it, and keep it entire, that, amidst this world's glory, your *Ladyship* may learn to entertain Christ; and whatsoever creature your *Ladyship* findeth not to smell of him, it may have no better relish to you than the *white* of an egg. *Madam*, it is a part of the truth of your profession, to drop words in the ears of your noble husband continually, of eternity, judgment, death, hell, heaven, the honourable profession, the sins of his father's house; he must reckon with God for his father's debt: Forgetting of accounts payeth not debt; nay, the interest of a forgotten bond runneth up with God, to interest upon interest. I know, he looketh homeward and loveth the truth; but I pity him with my soul, because of his many temptations: Satan layeth upon men a burden of cares above a load, and maketh a pack-horse of mens souls, when they are wholly fet upon this *world*. We ow the devil no such service; it were wisdom to throw off that load into a mire, and cast all our cares over upon God. *Madam*, think ye have no child; subscribe a bond to your Lord, that she shall be his, if he take her; and thanks and praise and glory to his holy Name, shall be the interest for a year's loan of her. Look for crosses, and while it is fair weather, mend the sails of the ship. Now, hoping your *Ladyship* will pardon my tediousness, I recommend your soul and person to the grace and mercy of our sweet Lord Jesus, in whom I am

Anwoth, Nov. 15.

1633.

Your *Ladyship's* at all dutiful
obedience in Christ, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

HAVING received a letter from some of the worthiest of the ministry in this kingdom, the contents whereof I am desired to communicate to such professors in these parts, as I know love the beauty of Zion, and are afflicted to see the Lord's Vineyard troden under foot by the *wild boars* out of the *wood*, who lay it waste; I could not but also desire your
Ladi-

Ladiship's help, to join with the rest, desiring you to impart it to my Lord your husband; and, if ye think it needful, I shall write to his *Lordskip*, as Mr. G. G. shall advertise me. Know therefore, that the best affected of the ministry have thought it convenient and necessary, at such a time as this, that all who love the truth should join their prayers together, and cry to God with humiliation and fasting: The times which are agreed upon, are, the two first Sabbaths of *February* next, and the six days intervening betwixt these Sabbaths, as they may conveniently be had, and the first Sabbath of every quarter: And the causes, as they are written to me, are these, 1. Besides the distresses of the reformed Churches abroad, the many reigning sins of uncleanness, ungodliness, and unrighteousness in this land; the present judgments on the land, and many mo hanging over us, whereof few are sensible, or yet know the right and true cause of them. 2. The lamentable and pitiful estate of a glorious Church (in so short a time, against so many bonds) in Doctrine, Sacrament and Discipline, so sore persecuted, in the persons of faithful pastors and professors, and the *door* of God's *house* kept so strait, by bastard-porters, in so much that worthy instruments, able for the *work*, are held at the *door*; the rulers having turned over religion into policy, and the multitude ready to receive any religion that shall be enjoined by authority. 3. In our humiliation, besides that we are under a necessity of deprecating God's *wrath*, and vowing to God sincerely new obedience, the weakness, coldness, silence and lukewarmness of some of the best of the ministry, and the deadness of professors, who have suffered the truth both secretly to be stolen away, and openly to be plucked from us, would be confessed. 4. Atheism, idolatry, profanity, and vanity would be confessed; our king's heart recommended to God; and God entreated, that he would stir up the nobles and the people to turn from their evil ways. Thus, *Madam*, hoping that your Ladiship will join with others, that such a work be not slighted at such a necessary time, when our Kirk is at the overturning, I will promise to my self your help, as the Lord in secrecy and prudence shall enable you, that your Ladiship may rejoice with the Lord's people, when deliverance shall come: For true and sincere humiliation come always speed with God; And when Authority, King, Court, and Church-men oppose the truth, what other armour have we but prayer and faith? whereby if we

wrestle

wrestle with him, there is ground to hope, that those who would remove the burdensome stone out of its place, shall but hurt their back, and the stone shall not be moved, at least not removed, *Zech. xii. 3.* Grace, grace be with you, from him who hath called you to the inheritance of the saints in light.

Annotb, Jan. 23.

1634.

Your Ladyship's at all submissive obedience in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

ALL submissive and dutiful obedience in our Lord Jesus remembred, I trust I need not much intreat your *Ladyship* to look to him, who hath stricken you at this time; but my duty, in the memory of that comfort I found in your *Ladyship's* kindness, when I was no less heavy, in a case not unlike that, speaketh to me, to say something now; and I wish I could ease your *Ladyship* at least with words: I am persuaded, your Physician will not slay you, but purge you; And seeing he calleth himself the Chirurgeon, who maketh the wound and bindeth it up again (for to lance a wound, is not to kill, but to cure the patient) *Deut. xxxii. 30.* *1 Sam. ii. 6.* *Job vi. v. 18.* *Hos. vi. 1.* I believe, faith will teach you to kiss a striking Lord, and so acknowledge the sovereignty of God (in the death of a child) to be above the power of us mortal men, who may pluck up a flower in the bud, and not be blamed for it: if our dear Lord pluck up one of his roses, and pull down sowre and green fruit before harvest, who can challenge him? For he sendeth us to his world, as men to a market, wherein some stay many hours, and eat and drink, and buy and sell, and pass through the fair, till they be weary; and such are those who live long, and get a hearty fill of this life: And others again come *slipping-in* to the morning-market, and do neither sit nor stand, nor buy nor sell, but look about them a little, and pass presently home again; and these are infants and young ones, who end their short market in the morning, and get but a short view of the fair. Our Lord, who hath numbred man's months, and set him bounds that he cannot pass, *Job xiv. 5.* hath written the length of our market; and it is easier to complain of the decree, than to change it. I verily believe, when I write this, your Lord hath taught your *Ladyship* to lay your hand on your mouth: but I shall be far from desiring your

Lady-

Ladyship or any others to cast by a cross, like an old useless bill, that is only for the fire; but rather would wish, each cross were looked in the face seven times, and were read over and over again. It is the messenger of the Lord, and speaks something; and the man of understanding will hear the rod and him that hath appointed it: *Try what is the taste of the Lord's cup, and drink with God's blessing, that ye may grow thereby.* I trust in God, whatever speech it utter to your soul, this is one word in it, *Job v. 17. Behold, blessed is the man whom God correcteth*: And that it saith to you, *Ye are from home while here; ye are not of this world, as your Redeemer, Christ, was not of this world.* There is something keeping for you, which is worth the having: All that is here is condemned to die, to pass away like a snow-ball before a summer-tun; and since death took first possession of something of yours, it hath been and daily is creeping nearer and nearer to your self, howbeit with no noise of feet. Your Husbandman and Lord hath lopped off some branches already, the tree it self is to be transplanted to the high garden; in a good time be it, our Lord ripen your *Ladyship*. All these crosses (and indeed when I remember them, they are heavy and many: Peace, peace be the end of them) are to make you white and ripe for the Lord's *harvest-book*. I have seen the Lord weaning you from the breasts of this world: it was never his mind, it should be your patrimony, and God be thanked for that; ye look the liker one of the heirs: Let the moveables go, why not? They are not yours: fasten your grips upon the heritage; and our Lord Jesus make the Charters sure, and give your *Ladyship* to grow as a palm-tree on God's Mount-Zion; howbeit shaken with winds, yet the root is fast. This is all I can do, to recommend your case to your Lord, who hath you written upon the palms of his hand. If I were able to do more, your *Ladyship* may believe me, that gladly I would. I trust shortly to see your *Ladyship*: Now he who hath called you, confirm and stablish your heart in grace unto the day of the liberty of the sons of God.

Ardwel, April 29. Your Ladyship's at all submissive obedience in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.
1634.

To my Lady KENMURE.

My very noble and worthy Lady,

SO oft as I call to mind the comforts, that I my self, a poor friendless stranger, received from your *Ladyship* here in a strange

a strange part of the country, when my Lord took from me the delight of mine eyes, as the word speaketh, *Ezek. xxiv. 16.* (which wound is not yet fully healed and cured.) I trust your Lord shall remember that, and give you comfort now, at such a time as this, wherein your dearest Lord hath made you a widow, that ye may be a free woman for Christ, who is now suiting for marriage-love of you; and therefore, since you lie alone in your bed, let Christ be as a bundle of myrrhe, to sleep and lie all the night betwixt your breasts, *Cant. i. 13.* and then your bed is better filled than before: And seeing, among all crosses spoken of in our Lord's word, this giveth you a particular right to make God your Husband (which was not so yours, while your husband was alive) read God's mercy out of this visitation: And albeit I must out of some experience say, the mourning for the husband of your youth, be by God's own mouth the heaviest worldly sorrow, *Joel i. 8.* and though this be the weightiest burden that ever lay upon your back; yet ye know (when the fields are emptied, and your husband now asleep in the Lord) if ye shall wait upon him, who hideth his face for a while; that it lieth upon God's honour and truth, to fill the field, and to be a Husband to the widow: See and consider then what ye have lost, and how little it is. Therefore, *Madam*, let me intreat you in the bowels of Christ Jesus, and by the comforts of his Spirit, and your appearance before him, let God and men, and angels now see what is in you: The Lord hath pierced the vessel; it will be known whether there be in it wine or water; let your faith and patience be seen, that it may be known, your only Beloved first and last hath been Christ: And therefore now, were your whole love upon him, he alone is a suitable Object for your love and all the affections of your soul. God hath dried up one channel of your love, by the removal of your husband: let now that speat run upon Christ: Your Lord and Lover hath graciously taken out your husband's name, and your name, out of the summons, that are raised, at the instance of the terrible sin-revenging Judge of the world, against the house of *Kenmure*. And I dare say, that God's hammering of you from your youth, is only to make you a fair carved stone, in the high upper Temple of the new *Jerusalem*. Your Lord never thought this world's vain painted glory a gift worthy of you; and therefore would not bestow it on you, because he is to *propine* you with a better portion: Let the movables go, the inheritance is yours. Ye are a child

of the house, and joy is laid up for you; it is long in coming, but not the worse for that. I am now expecting to see, and that with joy and comfort, that which I hoped of you, since I knew you fully; even that ye have laid such strength upon the holy One of *Israel*, that ye defy troubles; and that your soul is a castle that may be besieged, but cannot be taken. What have ye to do here? This world never look'd like a friend upon you; ye ow it little love, it looked ever sowre like upon you: Howbeit ye should woo it, it will not match with you; and therefore never seek warm fire under cold ice. This is not a field where your happiness groweth; it is up above, where, *Rev. vii. 9.* there are *a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands:* What ye could never get here, ye shall find there. And withal consider, how in all these trials, (and truly they have been many) your Lord hath been loosing you at the root from perishing things, and hunting after you, to grip your soul. *Madam*, for the Son of God's sake, let him not miss his grip, but stay and abide in the love of God, as *Jude* saith, *v. 21.* Now, *Madam*, I hope your *Ladyship* will take these lines in good part; and wherein I have fallen short and failed to your *Ladyship*, in not evidencing what I was obliged to your more than undeserved love and respect, I request for a full pardon for it. Again, *my dear and noble Lady*, let me beseech you to lift up your head, for the day of your redemption draweth near: and remember, that star that shined in *Galloway* is now shining in another world. Now I pray that God may answer his own stile to your soul; and that he may be to you *the God of all consolations.* Thus I remain

Anwoth, Sept. 14.

1634.

Your *Ladyship's* at all dutiful obedience in the Lord, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

ALL dutiful obedience in our Lord remembred; I know ye are now near one of those straits, in which ye have been before: But because your outward comforts are fewer, I pray him, whose ye are, to supply what ye want, another way: for howbeit we cannot win to the bottom of his wise providence, who ruleth all; yet it is certain, this is not only

ly good, which the Almighty hath done, but it is best: and he hath reckoned all your steps to heaven; and if your *Ladyship* were through this water, there are the fewer behind; and if this were the last, I hope your *Ladyship* hath learned by on-waiting to make your acquaintance with death, which being, to the Lord, the woman's Seed, Jesus, only a bloody heel, and not a broken head, *Gen. iii. 15.* cannot be ill to his friends, who get far less of death than himself: Therefore, *Madam*, seeing ye know not but the journey is ended, and ye are come to the water-side, in God's wisdom, look all your papers and your counts, and whether ye be ready to receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, in whom there is little haughtiness and much humility. I would be far from discouraging your *Ladyship*; but there is an absolute necessity, that, near eternity, we look ere we leap, seeing no man winneth back again to mend his leap. I am confident your *Ladyship* thinketh often upon it, and that your old Guide shall go before you and take your hand: His love to you will not grow fowre, nor wear out of date, as the love Men, which groweth old and gray-hair'd, often before themselves. Ye have so much the more reason to love a better life than this, because this world hath been to you a cold fire, with little heat to the body, and as little light, and much smoke to hurt the eyes. But, *Madam*, your Lord would have you thinking it but dry breasts, full of wind, and empty of food. In this late visitation, that hath befallen your *Ladyship*, ye have seen God's love and care, in such a measure, that I thought, our Lord brake the sharp point off the cross, and made us and your *Ladyship* see Christ take possession, and inestment upon earth of him, who is now reigning and triumphing with *the hundred forty and four thousand*, who stand with the Lamb on mount Zion. I know, the sweetest of it is bitter to you; but your Lord will not give you painted crosses: He paireth not all the bitterness from the cross, neither taketh he the sharp edge quite from it; then it should be of your wailing, and not of his, which should have as little reason in it, as it should have profit for us. Only, *Madam*, God commandeth you now to believe, and cast anchor in the dark night, and climb up the mountain: He who hath called you, establish you and confirm you to the end. I had a purpose to have visited your *Ladyship*; but when I thought better upon it, the truth is, I cannot see what my company could profit you: and this hath broken off my pur-

purpose, and no other thing. I know many honourable friends and worthy professors will see your *Ladyship*; and that the Son of God is with you, to whose love and mercy, from my soul, I recommend your *Ladyship*, and remain

*Anwoth Nov. 29. Your Ladiship at all dutiful obedience
in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.
1634.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

MY humble obedience in the Lord remembered. Know, it hath pleased the Lord, to let me see, by all appearance, my labours in God's house here are at an end; and I must now learn to suffer, in the which I am a dull scholar. By a strange providence, some of my papers, anent the corruptions of this time, are come to our King's hand: I know, by the wise and well-affected, I shall be censured, as not wise nor circumspect enough; but it is ordinary, that that should be a part of the cross of those who suffer for him: Yet I love and pardon the instrument: I would commit my life to him, howbeit by him this hath befallen me; but I look higher than to him. I make no question of your *Ladyship's* love and care to do what ye can for my help; and am perswaded that in my adversities your *Ladyship* will wish me well. I seek no other thing, but that my Lord may be honoured by me, in giving a testimony. I was willing to do him more service; but seeing he will have no more of my labours, and this land will thrust me out, I pray for grace to learn to be acquaint with misery, if I may give so rough a name to such a mark of those, who shall be crowned with Christ: And howbeit I will possibly prove a faint-hearted unwise man in that, yet I dare say, I intend otherwise: And I desire not to go on the lee-side or sunny-side of religion, to put truth betwixt me and a storm; my Saviour did not so for me, who in his suffering took the windy-side of the hill. No further, but the Son of God be with you.

Anwoth, Dec. 5. 1634. Your Ladiship's in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Received your *Ladiship's* letter from J. G. I thank our Lord, ye are as well, at least, as one may be, who is not

not come home: It is a mercy, in this stormy sea, to get a second wind; for none of the saints get a first, but they must take the winds, as the Lord of the seas causeth them to blow; and the inn, as the Lord and Master of the inns hath ordered it: if contentment were here, heaven were not heaven. Who ever seek the *world* to be their bed, shall at best find it short and ill made, and a stone under their side to hold them waking; rather than a soft pillow to sleep upon. Ye ought to bless your Lord, that it is not worse: We live in a sea, where many have suffered shipwrack, and have need that Christ sit at the helm of the ship. It is a *mercy* to win to heaven, though with much hard toil and heavy labour, and to take it by violence, *ill and well as it may be*: better go swimming and wet through our waters, than drown by the *way*; especially now when truth suffereth, and great men bid Christ sit lower, and contract himself in less bounds, as if he took too much room. I expect our new *Prelate* shall *try* my sitting. I hang by a threed, but it is (if I may speak so) of Christ's spinning: there is no quarrel more bonest or honourable, than to suffer for truth; but the worst is, that this Kirk is like to sick, and all her lovers and friends stand afar off, none mourn with her, and none mourn for her. But the Lord Jesus will not be put out of his conquest so soon, in *Scotland*: It will be seen, the Kirk and truth will rise again within three *days*, and Christ again shall ride upon his white horse; howbeit his horse seem now to stumble, yet he cannot fall: the fulness of Christ's harvest in the end of the earth is not yet come in. I speak not this, because I would have it so, but upon better grounds than my naked liking: But enough of this sad subject. I long to be fully assured of your *Ladieship's* welfare, and that your soul prospereth, especially now in your solitary life, when your comforts outward are few, and when Christ hath you for the very uptaking. I know, his love to you is still running over, and his love hath not so bad a *memory* as to forget you and your dear child, who hath two Fathers in heaven, the one *the Ancient of days*. I trust in his *mercy*, he hath something laid up for him above, however it may go with him here. I know, it is long since your *Ladieship* saw this *world* turned your *step-mother*, and did forsake you. *Madam*, ye have reason to take in good part a lean dinner and spare diet, in this life, seeing your large supper of the Lamb preparing will recompense all: Let it go, which was never your's, but only in *sight*, not in *property*: The time of your

lean will wear shorter and shorter, and *time* is measured to you by ounce-weights : and then I know, your *hope* shall be a full ear of corn, and not blasted with *wind* : it may be your *joy*, that your anchor is up within the vail, and that the ground it is cast upon, is not false, but firm. God hath done his part : I hope ye will not deny to fish and fetch home all your love to himself ; and it is but too narrow and short for him, if it were more : if ye were before pouring all your love (if it had been many gallons more) in upon your Lord, if drops fell by in the in-pouring, he forgiveth you : He hath done now all that can be done, to win beyond it all, and hath left little to woo your love from himself, except one only child : what is his purpose herein, he knoweth best, who hath taken your soul in tutoring : Your faith may be boldly charitable of Christ, that, however matters go, the worst shall be a *tired traveller*, and a *joyful and sweet welcome-home*. The back of your winter-night is broken : Look to the east, the *day* *shy* is breaking ; think not that Christ loseth time, or lingereth unsuitably. O fair, fair, and sweet morning ! We are but as sea-passengers ; if we look right, we are upon our country-coast ; our Redeemer is fast coming, to take this old *worm-eaten world*, like an old *moth-eaten garment*, in his two hands, and to roll it up, and lay it by him. These are the last *days*, and an oath is given, Rev. x. by God himself, That *time shall be more* : and when *time* it self is old and gray-haired, it were good we were away. Thus, *Madam*, ye see I am, as my custom is, tedious in my lines ; your *Ladiship* will pardon it. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Amoth, Jan. 18.

1635.

*Your Ladiship's at all obedience
in Christ, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

Right honourable,

I Cannot find a time for writing some things I intended on *Feb*, I have been so taken up with the broils, that we are incumbered with in our calling : for *Prelates* will have us either to swallow our light over, and digest it, contrary to our stomachs, howbeit we should vomit out conscience and all, in this troublefom conformity ; or then he will try, if deprivation can convert us to the *ceremonial faith*. I write to your *Ladiship*, *Madam*, not as distrusting your affection, or willingness to help me, as your *Ladiship* is able by your

self or others, but to advertise you, that I hang by a small thread: For our learned *Prelate*, because we cannot see with his eyes, so far in a mill-stone, as his light doth, will not follow his Master, meek Jesus, who waited upon the wearied and short-breathed in the way to heaven: and where all see not alike, and some are weaker, he carrieth the lambs in his bosom, and leadeth gently those that are with young. But we must either see all the evil of *ceremonies* to be but as indifferent straws, or suffer no less than to be casten out of the Lord's inheritance. *Madam*, if I had time, I would write more at length; but your *Ladiship* will pardon me, till a better occasion. Grace be with you and your child, and bear you company to your best home.

Anwoth, June 8.
1626.

Your *Ladiship's* in his sweet
Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO EARLSTOUN Elder.

Much honoured Sir,

I Have heard of the mind and malice of your adversaries against you: It is like they will extend the law they have, in length and breadth, answerable to their heat of mind; but it is a great part of your glory, that the cause is not yours, but your Lord's whom ye serve: and I doubt not, but Christ will count it his honour, to back his weak servant; and it were a shame for him (with reverence to his holy Name) that he should suffer himself to be in the *common* of such a poor man as ye are, and that ye should give out for him, and not get in again: Write up your depurlements for your Master Christ, and keep the count what ye give out, whether *name*, *credit*, *goods* or *life*, and suspend your reckoning till the evening; and remember that a poor weak servant of Christ wrote it to you, *ye shall have Christ, a King, caution for your incomes and all your losses*. Reckon not from the forenoon: Take the word of God for your warrant, and for Christ's *act of cautionry*, howbeit body, life and goods go for Christ your Lord, and though ye should lose the head for him; yet, *Luke xxi. 18. There shall not one hair of your head perish. v. 19. In patience therefore possess your soul*. And because ye are the first man in *Galloway* called out, and questioned for the name of Jesus, his eye hath been upon you, as upon one whom he designed to be among his witnesses. Christ hath said, *Alexander Gordon shall lead the ring, in witnessing a*
good

good confession; and therefore he hath put the garland of suffering for himself, first upon your head: think your self so much the more obliged to him, and fear not; for he layeth his right hand on your head: He who was dead and is alive, will plead your cause, and will look attentively upon the process from the beginning to the end; and the Spirit of Glory shall rest upon you, Rev. ii. 10. *Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer: behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee the crown of life.* This lovely One Jesus, who also became the Son of man, that he might take strokes for you, write the cross-sweetening and soul-supporting sense of these words in your heart. These rumbling wheels of Scotland's ten days tribulation are under his look, who hath seven eyes. Take an house on your head, and slip your self by faith under Christ's wings, till the storm be over: And remember, when they have drunk us down, *Jerusalem* will be a cup of trembling and of poison, Zech. xii. 2. They shall be fain to vomit out the saints; for *Judah*, v. 6. shall be a hearth of fire in a sheaf, and they shall devour all the people round about, on the right hand, and on the left. Wo to Zion's enemies, they have the worst of it; for we have writ for the victory. Sir, ye were never honourable till now: this is your glory, that Christ hath put you in the roll with himself, and the rest of the witnesses, who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Be not cast down, for what the servants of *Antichrist* cast in your teeth, *That ye are a head to, and favourer of the Puritans, and leader to that sect:* If your conscience say, *Alas, here is much din and little done* (as the proverb is) because ye have not done so much service to Christ that way, as ye might and should; Take courage from that same temptation; for your Lord Christ looketh upon that very challenge, as an hungry desire in you to have done more than ye did; and that filleth up the blank, and he will accept of what ye have done in that kind. If great men be kind to you, I pray you overlook them; if they smile on you, Christ but borroweth their face, to smile through them upon his afflicted servant: know the *Well-head*; and for all that, learn the way to the *Well* it self. Thank God that Christ came to your house in your absence, and took with him some of your children: He presumeth

that much on your love, that ye would not offend; and howbeit he should take the rest, he cannot come upon your *wrong side*: I question not, if they were children of gold, but ye think them well-betowed upon him. Expound well two rods on you, one in your house at home, another on your own person abroad: Love thinketh no evil; if ye were not Christ's *wheat*, appointed to be bread in his house, he would not grind you. But keep the middle line, neither despise nor faint, Heb. xii. 6. Ye see your Father is homely with you: Strokes of a father evidence kindness and care; take them so. I hope your Lord hath manifested himself to you, and suggested these or more choice thoughts about his dealing with you: We are using our weak moyen and credit for you, up at our own court; as we *do*, we pray the King to hear us, and the Son of man to go *side for side* with you, and *hand in hand*, in the fiery oven, and to quicken and encourage your unbelieving heart, when ye droop and despond. *Sir*, to the honour of Christ be it said, my faith goeth with my pen now: I am presently believing Christ shall bring you out. Truth in Scotland shall keep the crown of the cause yet; the saints shall see religion go naked at noon-day, free from shame and fear of men: We shall divide *Sechem*, and ride upon the high places of *Jacob*. Remember my obliged respects and love to my Lady Kenmure and her sweet child.

Anwoth, July 6.
1636.

Yours ever in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Viscountess of KENMURE.

Madam,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I know ye are near many comforters, and that the promised Comforter is near-hand also; yet, because I found your *Ladship* comfortable to my self, in my sad days, that are not yet over my head, it is my part, and more in many respects (howbeit I can do little, God knoweth, in that kind) to speak to you in your wilderness-lot. I know, *Dear and noble Lady*, this loss of your dear child came upon you, one piece and part of it after another; and that ye was looking for it, and that now the Almighty hath brought on you that which ye feared; and that your Lord gave you lawful warning: And I hope, for his sake, who brewed and masked this cup in heaven, ye will gladly drink and salute, and welcome the cross. I am sure, it

is not your Lord's mind to feed you with *judgment* and *wormwood*, and to give you *waters of gall* to drink, *Ezek. xxxiv. 16. Jer. ix. 15.* I know, your cup is sugared with *mercy*; and that the withering of the *bloom*, the *flower*, even the *white* and *red* of *worldly joys*, is for no other end, but to *buy out at the ground* the *reversion* of your heart and love. *Madam*, subscribe to the Almighty's *will*; put your hand to the pen, and let the cross of your Lord Jesus have your *submissive* and *resolute AMEN*. If ye ask and try whose this cross is? I dare say, it is not all your own, the best half of it is Christ's; then your cross is no born bastard, but lawfully begotten, *It sprang not out of the dust, Job v. 6.* If Christ and ye be halvers of this suffering, and he say, *Half mine*, what should all you? And I am here right upon the stile of the word of God, *Phil. iii. 10. The fellowship of Christ's sufferings, Col. i. 29. The remnant of the afflictions of Christ, Heb. xi. 28. reproach of Christ.* It were but to shift the comforts of God, to say, Christ had never a cross as mine, he had never a dead child, and so this is not his cross, neither can he in that meaning be the *Owner* of this cross: but I hope, Christ, when he married you, married you and all the crosses, and woes, hearts that follow you; and the word maketh no exception, *Isa. lxxiii. 9. In all their Afflictions he was afflicted:* Then Christ bore the first stroke of this cross, it rebounded off him on upon you, and ye got it at the second hand, and ye and he are halvers in it: And I shall believe for my part, he mindeth to distill heaven out of this loss, and all others the like; for *wisdom* devised it, and *love* laid it on, and *Christ* owneth it as his *own*, and putteth your shoulder only beneath a piece of it. Take it with *joy* as no bastard cross, but as a visitation of God well-born; and spend the rest of your appointed time, till your change come, in the *work* of believing; and let faith, that never yet made a life to you, speak for God's part of it, *He will not, he doth not make you a sea or a whale-fish, that he keepeth you in ward, Job vii. 12.* It may be, ye think not many of the children of God in such a hard case as your self; but what would ye think of some, who would exchange afflictions, and give you *the best*? but I know, *yours* must be your *own* alone, and Christ's together. I confess it seemed strange to me, that your Lord should have done that, which seemeth to ding out the bottom of your comforts *worldly*: but we see not to the ground of the Almighty's sovereignty; *he goeth by on our right-hand,*

and on our left hand, and we see him not : We see but pieces of the broken links of the chains of his providence, and he he *coggeth* the *wheels* of his own providence, that we see not. O let the *Former* work his own *clay*, in what frame he pleaseth ! Shall any teach the *Almighty knowledge* ? If he pursue dry stubble, who dare say, *What dost thou* ? Do not wonder, to see the Judge of the world weave in one web, your mercies and the judgments of the house of *Kenmare* : He can make one web of contraries. But my weak advice, with reverence and correction, were for you, *dear and worthy Lady*, to see how far mortification goeth on, and what scum the Lord's fire casteth out of you. I know, ye see your knottiness, since our Lord *whyteth* and heweth and plaineth you ; and the glancing of the furnace is to let you see what scum or refuse ye must want, and what froth is in nature, that must be boiled out, and taken off in the fire of your trials. I do not say, heavier afflictions prophesie heavier guiltiness ; a cross is often but a false prophet in this kind : but I am sure, our Lord would have the tin, and the bastard mettall in you, removed ; lest the Lord say, *The bellows are burst, the lead is consumed in the fire, the founder melted in vain*, Jer. vi. 29. And I shall hope, that grief shall not so far smother your light, as not to practise this so necessary a duty, to concur with him in this blessed design : I would gladly plead for the Comforter's part of it, not against you, *Madam*, (for I am sure ye are not his party) but against your grief, which will have its own violent incursions in your soul ; and I think it be not in your power to help it : But I must say, there are comforts allowed upon you ; and therefore want them not. When ye have gotten a running over soul joy now, that joy will never be missed out of the infinite Ocean of delight, which is not diminished by drinking at it, or drawing out of it. It is a Christian art, to comfort your self in the Lord ; to say, *I was obliged to render back again this child to the Giver* ; and if I have had four years loan of him, and Christ eternity's possession of him, the Lord hath kept condition with me : If my Lord would not have him and me to tryt both in one hour, at death's door-threshold together, it is his wisdom so to do, I am satisfied : my tryt is suspended, not broken off, nor given up. *Madam*, I would I could divide sorrow with you, for your ease ; but I am but a beholder, it is easie to me to speak : The God of comfort speak to you, and allure you with his

feasts of love. My removal from my flock is so heavy to me, that it maketh my life a burden to me; I had never such a longing for death: The Lord help and hold up sad clay. I fear ye sin in drawing Mr. *William Dalgliesh* from this country, where the labourers are few, and the harvest great. Madam, desire my Lord *Argyle* to see for provision to a pastor for this poor people. Grace be with you.

Kirkcudbright, Octob. 1.
1649.

Your Ladiship's at all obedience in Christ, S. R.

To the persecuted Church in IRELAND.

Much honoured, reverend and dearly beloved in our Lord,
GRace, mercy and peace be to you all. I know there are many in this nation, more able than I, to speak to the sufferers for, and witnesses of Jesus Christ; yet pardon me to speak a little to you, who are called in question for the Gospel, once committed to you. I hope ye are not ignorant, that as peace was left to you in Christ's testament, so the other half of the testament was a legacy of Christ's sufferings, *John xvi. 33. These things I have spoken, that in me ye might have peace; in the world ye shall have trouble.* Because then ye are made assigns and heirs to a life-rent of Christ's cross, think that fiery trial no strange thing: For the Lord Jesus shall be no loser by purging the dross and tin out of his Church in Ireland; his wine press is but squeezing out the dregs, the scum, the froth and refuse of that Church. I had once the proof of the sweet smell, and the honest and honourable peace, of that slandered thing, the Cross of our Lord Jesus: But though (alas) that these golden days that then I had, be now in a great part gone; yet I dare say, that the issue and out-gate of your sufferings shall be the advantage, the golden reign and dominion of the gospel, and the high glory of the never-enough-praised Prince of the kings of the earth, and the changing of the bras of the Lord's Temple among you into gold, and the iron into silver, and the wood into bras: Your officers shall yet be peace, and your exactors righteousness, *Isa. lx. v. 17, 18.* Your old fallen walls shall get a new name, and the gates of your Jerusalem shall get a new stile; they shall call your walls, *Salvation*, and your gates, *Praise*. I know that *Deputy, Prelates, Papists*, temporizing Lords, and proud mockers of our Lord, crucifiers of Christ for his coat, and all your enemies, have neither fingers nor in-

struments of war to pick out one stone out of your wall; for each stone of your wall is *salvation*. I dare give you my royal and princely Master's word for it, that *Ireland* shall be a fair Bride to Jesus, and Christ shall build on her a palace of silver, *Cant.* viii. 9. Therefore weep not, as if there were no hope; fear not, put on strength, put on your beautiful garments, *Isa.* lii. 1. Your foundation shall be sapphires, *Isa.* lii. 11, 12. your windows and gates precious stones. Look over the water, and behold and see, who is on the dry-land waiting for your landing: Your deliverance is concluded, subscribed and sealed in heaven; your goods that are taken from you, for Christ and his Truth's sake, are but arrested and laid in pawn, and not taken away: There is much laid up for you in his store-house, whose the earth and the fulness thereof is; your garments are spun, and your flocks are feeding in the fields, your bread is laid up for you, your drink is browned, your gold and silver is at the bank, and the interest goeth on and groweth, and yet I hear, that your task-masters do rob and spoil you, and fine you. Your prisons (*my brethren*) have two keys; the *Deputy, Prelates and Officers* keep but the iron keys of the prison, wherein they put you: but he that hath created the smith, hath other keys in heaven; therefore ye shall not die in the prison: other men's ploughs are labouring for your bread, your enemies are gathering in your rents. He that is kissing his Bride on this side of the sea in *Scotland*, is beating her beyond the sea in *Ireland*, and feeding her with the bread of adversity and the water of affliction; and yet he is the same Lord to both. Alas! I fear that *Scotland* be undone and slain with this great mercy of reformation, because there is not here that life of religion, answerable to the huge greatness of the work, that dazzleth our eyes: For the Lord is rejoicing over us in this land, as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride; and the Lord hath changed the name of *Scotland*; they call us now no more *forsoaken* nor *desolate*, but our land is called *Hephzibah* and *Beulah*, *Isa.* lxii. 4. for the Lord delighteth in us, and this land is married to himself: there is now an high-way made through our *Zion*, and it is called *the way of holiness*; the unclean shall not pass over it, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in it: the wilderness doth rejoice and blossom as the rose; *The ransomed of the Lord are returned back unto Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads*, *Isa.* xxxv. 10. The *Canaanite* is put out of our Lord's house; there is not a beast left to do hurt (at least

professedly) in all the holy mountain of the Lord. Our Lord is fallen to wrestle with his enemies, and hath brought us out of Egypt; we have the strength of an unicorn, Num. xxiii. 22. The Lord hath eaten up the sons of Babel, he hath broken their bones, and hath pierced them through with his arrows; we take them captives whose captives we were, and we rule over our oppressors, Isa. xiv. 2. It is not brick, nor clay, nor Babel's cursed timber and stones, that is in our second Temple; but our princely King, Jesus, is building his House all palace-work and carved-stones; it is the habitation of the Lord. We do welcome Ireland and England to our Welbeloved: We invite you, O daughters of Jerusalem, to come down to our Lord's garden, and seek our Welbeloved with us; for his love will suffice both you and us: We do send you love-letters over the sea, to request you to come and to marry our King, and to take part of our bed; and we trust our Lord is fetching a blow upon the beast and the scarlet-coloured whore, to the end he may bring in his ancient Widow-wife, our dear Sister, the Church of the Jews. O what a heavenly heaven were it to see them come in by this mean, and suck the breasts of their little Sister, and renew their old love with their first Husband, Christ our Lord! They are booked in God's word, as a Bride contracted upon Jesus! O for a sight, in this flesh of mine, of the prophesied marriage between Christ and them! The kings of Irish and the Isles must bring presents to our Lord Jesus, Psal. lxxii. 10. And Britain is one of the chiefest isles: Why then but we may believe, that our kings of this Island shall come in, and bring their glory to the new Jerusalem, wherein Christ shall dwell, in the latter days? It is our part to pray, That the kingdoms of the earth may become Christ's. Now I exhort you in the Lord Jesus, not to be dismayed nor afraid for the two tails of these smoking fire-brands, the fierce anger of the Deputy with civil power, and of the bastard Prelates with the power of the beast; for they shall be cut off: They may well eat you and drink you, but they shall be forced to vomit you out again alive. If two things were firmly believed, sufferings would have no weight: If the fellowship of Christ's sufferings were well known, who would not gladly take part with Jesus? for Christ and we are halvers and joint owners of one and the same cross: And therefore he that knew well what sufferings were, as he esteemed all things but loss for Christ, and did judge them but dung, so did he also judge of them, that

that he might know the fellowship of his sufferings, Phil. iii. 10. O how sweet a sight is it, to see a cross betwixt Christ and us; to hear our Redeemer say, at every sigh, and every blow, and every loss of a believer, *Half mine!* So they are called, *The sufferings of Christ; and the reproach of Christ*, Col. ii. 24. Heb. xi. 26. As when two are partners and owners of a ship, the half of the gain and half of the loss belongeth to either of the two; so Christ in our sufferings is Half-gainer and Half-loser with us: Yea, the heaviest end of the black tree of the cross lieth on your Lord, it falleth first upon him, and it but reboundeth off him upon you: *The reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon me*, Psal. lxxix. 9. Your sufferings are your treasure, and are greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, Heb. xi. 26. And if your cross come first through Christ's fingers, ere it come to you, it receiveth a fair lustre from him, it getteth a taste and relish of the King's spikenard and of heaven's perfume; and the half of the gain, when Christ's ship-full of gold cometh home, shall be yours: It is an augmenting of your treasure to be rich in sufferings, *to be in labours abundant, in stripes above measure*, 2 Cor. xi. ver. 23. And to have *the sufferings of Christ abounding in you*, 2 Cor. i. 5. is a part of heaven's stock. Your goods are not lost which they have plucked from you, for your Lord hath them in keeping; they are but arrested and seized upon, he shall loose the arrest: Ye shall be fed with the heritage of Jacob your father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, Isa. lviii. 14. Till I shall be in the ball-floor of the highest palace, and get a draught of glory out of Christ's hand, above and beyond time and beyond death, I will never (it is like) see fairer days, than I saw under that blessed tree of my Lord's cross: His kisses then were king's kisses, these kisses were sweet and soul-reviving; one of them at the same time was worth two and a half (if I may speak so) of Christ's week-days kisses. O sweet, sweet for evermore, to see a rose of heaven growing in as ill-ground as hell; and to see Christ's love, his embracements, his dinners and suppers of joy, peace, faith, goodness, long-suffering and patience, growing and springing like the flowers of God's garden, out of such stony and cursed ground as the hatred of the Prelates, and the malice of their bigg Commission, and the Antichrist's bloody hand and heart! Is not here art and wisdom? Is not here heaven indented in hell (if I may say so) like a jewel set with skill in a ring with the enamel of Christ's cross? The

rubie and riches of glory, that groweth up out of his cross, is beyond telling. Now the blackest and hottest wrath, and most fiery and all-devouring indignation of the Judge of men and angels, shall come upon them that deny our *sweet* Lord Jesus, and put their hand to that *Oath* of *wickedness* now pressed: The Lord's coal at their heart shall burn them up both *root* and *branch*; The estates of great men that have done so, if they do not repent, shall consume away, and the ravens shall dwell in their houses, and their *glory* shall be *shame*. Oh, for the Lord's sake, keep fast by Christ, and fear not man that shall die, and wither as the grass: The *Deputy's* bloom shall fall, and the *Prelates* shall cast their flower, and the *east-wind* of the Lord, of the Lord strong and mighty, shall blast and break them: Therefore fear them not; they are but idols, that can neither do *evil* nor *good*. Walk not in the *way* of those people that slander the *footsteps* of our royal and princely anointed King, *Jesus*, now riding upon his white horse in *Scotland*: Let *Jehovah* be your fear. That decree of *Zion's* deliverance, passed and sealed up before the throne, is now ripe, and shall bring forth a child, even the *Ruin* and *Fall* of the black kingdom, and the *Antichrist's* throne, in these kingdoms: The Lord hath begun, and he shall make an end. Who did ever hear the like of this? *Before Scotland travailed, she brought forth*; and *before her pain came, she was delivered of a man-child*, *Isa.* lvi. 7, 8. And when all is done, suppose there were no sweetness in our Lord's cross, yet it is sweet for his sake, for that lovely One, *Jesus Christ*; whose crown and royal supremacy is the question this day in *Great Britain*, betwixt us and our adversaries: And who would not think him worthy of the suffering for? What is burning quick? What is drinking of our own hearts-blood? And what is a draught of melt-lead for his glory? less than a draught of cold *water* to a thirsty man, if the right price and due value were put on that *worthy, worthy Prince, Jesus*. Oh, who can weigh him! Ten thousand thousand heavens would not be one scale, or the half of the scale of the balance to lay him in. Oh, black angels, in comparison of him! Oh, dim, and dark and lightless sun, in regard of that fair Sun of righteousness! Oh, sickle and worthless heaven of heavens, when they stand beside my worthy and lofty, and high and excellent Welbeloved! Oh, weak and infirm *clay-kings*! Oh, soft and feeble mountains of brass, and weak created strength, in regard of our mighty and strong Lord of armies!

Oh,

Oh, foolish wisdom of men and angels, when it is laid in the balance beside that spotless substantial Wisdom of the Father! If heaven and earth, and ten thousand heavens, even round about these heavens that now are, were all in one garden of paradise, decked with all the fairest roses, flowers and trees, that can come forth from the art of the Almighty himself; yet set but our one Flower, that groweth out of the root of Jesse, beside that orchard of pleasure, one look of him, one view, one taste, one smell of his God-head, would infinitely exceed, and go beyond the smell, colour, beauty and loveliness of that paradise. O to be with child of his love! and to be suffocate (if that could be) with the smell of his sweetness, were a sweet fill and lovely pain. Oh, worthy, worthy loveliness! Oh, less of the creatures, and more of thee! Oh, open the passage of the well of love and glory on us, dry pits and withered trees! Oh, that Jewel and Flower of heaven! If our Beloved were not mistaken by us, and unknown to us, he would have no scarcity of wooers and suitors; he would make heaven and earth both see, that they cannot quench his love, for his love is a sea: Oh, to be a thousand fathoms deep in this sea of love! He, he himself is more excellent than heaven: For heaven, as it cometh into the souls and spirits of the glorified, is but a creature; and he is something, and a great something more than a creature. Oh, what a life were it, to sit besides this Well of love, and drink and sing, and sing and drink; and then to have desires and soul-faculties stretched and extended out many thousand fathoms in length and breadth, to take in seas and rivers of love! I earnestly desire to recommend this love to you, that this love may cause you to keep his commandments, and to keep clean fingers, and make clean feet, that ye may walk as *the redeemed of the Lord*. Wo, wo be to them that put on his Name, and shame this love of Christ, with a loose and profane life: Their feet, tongue, and hands, and eyes, give a shameless lie to the holy Gospel, which they profess. I beseech you in the Lord, keep Christ, and walk with him; let not his fairness be spotted and stained by godless living. Oh! who can find in their heart to sin against love? and such a love, as the glorified in heaven shall delight to dive into, and drink of for ever; for they are evermore drinking in love, and the cup is still at their head, and yet without loathing; for they still drink, and still desire to drink for ever and ever: is not this a long-lasting supper? Now, if any of our country-

try-people, professing Christ Jesus, have brought themselves under the stroke and wrath of the Almighty, by yielding to *Antichrist* in an hairs breadth, but especially by swearing and subscribing that blasphemous Oath, (which is the Church of Ireland's black hour of temptation) I would entreat them, by the mercies of God at their last summons, to repent, and openly confess before the *world*, to the *glory* of the *Lord*, their *denial* of *Christ*: Or otherwise, if either man or woman will stand abide by that Oath, then, in the Name and Authority of the Lord Jesus, I let them see, that they forfeit their part of heaven; and let them look for no less than a back-burden of the pure unmixed *wrath* of God, and the plague of apostates and deniers of our Lord Jesus. Let not me, a stranger to you, who never saw your face in the flesh, be thought bold in writing to you; for the hope I have of a glorious Church in that Land, and the love of *Christ*, constraineth me. I know, the *worthy* servants of Christ, who once laboured among you, cease not to write to you also; and I shall desire to be excused that I do join with them. Pray for your Sister-church in *Scotland*; and let me entreat you for the aid of your prayers for my self, and flock, and ministry, and my fear of a transportation from this place of the Lord's Vineyard. Now the very God of peace sanctifie you throughout. Grace be with you all.

*Anno 1639. Your brother and companion in the kingdom
and patience of Jesus Christ, S. R.*

*To his reverend and much honoured Brother, Dr. Alexander
Lighton, Christ's prisoner in bonds at London.*

Reverend and much honoured prisoner of hope;

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: It was not my part, whom our Lord hath enlarged, to forget you his prisoner. When I consider, how long your night hath been, I think Christ hath a mind to put you in free grace's debt, so much the deeper, as your sufferings have been of so long a continuance. But what if Christ mind you no joy but publick joy, with enlarged and triumphing *Zion*? I think, Sir, ye would love it best, to share and divide your song of joy with *Zion*; and to have mystical Christ in *Britain* batter and companion with your enlargement. I am sure, your joy bordering and neighbouring with the joy of Christ's *Bride*, would be so much the sweeter, that it were publick. I thought, if Christ had halved my mercies, and delivered his *Bride* and
not

not me, that his praises should have been double to what they are: But now two rich mercies, conjoined in one, have stolen from our Lord more than half praises: Oh, that mercy should to beguile, and steal away our counts and acknowledgements! *Worthy Sir*, I hope I need not exhort you to go on, in hoping for the salvation of God: There hath not been so much taken from your time of ease and created joys, as eternity shall add to your heaven. Ye know, when one day in heaven hath paid you, yea, and overpaid your blood, bonds, sorrow and sufferings, that it would trouble angels understanding, to lay the count of that *superplus* of glory, which eternity can and will give you. Oh, but your sand-glass of sufferings and losses cometh to little, when it shall be counted and compared with the glory that abideth you on the other side of the water! Ye have no leisure to rejoice and sing here, while time goeth about you, and where your *Psalms* will be short; therefore ye will think eternity and the long day of heaven, that shall be measured with no other Sun nor Horologe, than the long life of the *Ancient of Days* to measure of praises, little enough you: If your span-length of time be cloudy, ye cannot but think your Lord can no more take your blood and your bonds without the in come and recompence of free grace, than he would take the sufferings of *Paul*, and his other dear servants, that were well paid home beyond all counting, *Rom. viii. 18*. If the wisdom of Christ hath made you *Antichrist's eye-sore*, and his *envy*, ye are to thank God, that such a piece of clay as ye are, is made the field of glory to work upon: It was the potter's aim, that the clay should praise him; and I hope it satisfieth you, that your clay is for his glory. Oh, who can suffer enough for such a Lord? and who can lay out in bank enough of pain, shame, losses, torture, to receive in again the free interest of eternal glory? *2 Cor. iv. 17*. Oh, how advantageous a bargaining is it with such a rich Lord! If your hand and pen had been at leisure to gain glory in paper, it had been but paper-glory; but the bearing of a publick cross so long, for the now controverted privileges of the crown and sceptre of free King *Jesus*, the Prince of the kings of the earth, is glory hooked in heaven. *Worthy and dear Brother*, if ye go to weigh *Jesus* his sweetness, excellency, glory and beauty, and lay sore against him your ounces or draughts of suffering for him, ye shall be straitned two ways. 1. It will be a pain to make the comparison, the disproportion being by no understanding imaginable: Nay,

if heaven's arithmetick and angels were set to work, they should never number the degrees of difference. 2. It should strengthen you to find a scale for the balance to lay that *high and lofty One*, that *over-transcending Prince of excellency* into: If your mind could fancy as many created heavens as time hath had minutes, trees have had leaves, and clouds have had rain drops, since the first stone of the creation was laid, they should not make half a scale to bear and weigh *boundless excellency* into. And therefore the King, whose marks ye are bearing, and whose *dying ye carry about with you in your body*, is out of all cry and consideration, beyond and above all our thoughts. For my self, I am content to feed upon *wondring* sometimes, at the beholding but of the *borders and skirts* of the *incomparable glory*, which is in that exalted Prince; and I think, ye could wish for more ears to give him than ye have, since ye hope these ears ye now have given him, shall be passages to take in the musick of his *glorious voice*. I would fain both *believe* and *pray* for a new Bride of Jews and Gentiles to our Lord Jesus, after the *land of graven images* shall be laid waste; and that our Lord Jesus is on horse-back, hunting and pursuing the beast; and that *England and Ireland* shall be *well-swept chambers* for Christ and his righteousness to dwell in; for he hath opened our graves in *Scotland*, and the two dead and buried witnesses are *risen again*, and are *propheying*. Oh that princes would glory and *boast* themselves in *carrying* the train of Christ's *robe-royal* in their arms! Let me die within half an hour after I have seen the Son of God his Temple enlarged, and the cords of *Jerusalem's* Tent lengthned, to take in a more numerous company for a Bride to the Son of God. Oh, if the corner or foundation-stone of that house, that new house, were laid above my grave! Oh! who can add to him, who is that great All? If he would create *suns* and *moons*, *new heavens*, thousand thousand degrees more perfect than these that now are; and again, make a *new creation* ten thousand thousand degrees in perfection *beyond* that *new creation*; and again, still for *eternity* multiply *new heavens*: They should never be a perfect resemblance of that *infinite excellency, order, weight, measure, beauty and sweetness* that is in him. Oh, how little of him do we see! Oh, how shallow are our thoughts of him! Oh, if I had *pain* for him, and *shame* and *losses* for him, and more *day* and *spirits* for him; and that I could go upon earth without *love, desire, hope*, because Christ hath taken away my
love,

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love, desire and hope to heaven with him! I know, worthy Sir, your sufferings for him are your glory; and therefore weary not: his salvation is near at hand, and shall not tarry. Pray for me: His grace be with you,

St. Andrews, Nov. 22.
1639.

Yours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. Henry Stewart, his wife, and two daughters, all prisoners of Christ at Dublin.

Rev. iii. 10. Fear none of these things, which ye shall suffer, &c.

Truly honoured and dearly beloved,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Think it not strange, beloved in our Lord Jesus, that Satan can command keys of prisons, and bolts, and chains; this is a piece of the devil's principedom that he hath over the world: Interpret and understand our Lord well in this; be not jealous of his love, though he make devils and men his under-servants to scour the rust off your faith, and purge you from your dross. And let me charge you, O prisoners of hope, to open your window, and to look out by faith; behold heaven's port, that speedy and swift Salvation of God, that is coming to you. It is a broad river that faith will not look over; it is a mighty and a broad sea, that they of a lively hope cannot behold the farthest bank and other shore thereof: look over the water, your anchor is fixed within the vail; the one end of the cable is about the prisoner of Christ, and the other is entred within the vail, whither the Fore-runner is entred for you, Heb. vi. 19, 20. It can go straight through the flames of the fire of the wrath of men, devils, losses, tortures, death, and not a thread of it be singed or burnt; men and devils have no teeth to bite it in two. Hold fast till he come: Your cross is of the colour of heaven and Christ, and pasmented over with the faith and comforts of the Lord's faithful Covenant with Scotland; and that dye and colour dow abide the foul weather, and neither be stained nor cast the colour; yea it reflects a scad, like the cross of Christ, whose holy bands many a day lifted up to God, praying for sinners, were fettered and bound, as if these blessed hands had stol'n and shed innocent blood: when your lovely, lovely Jesus had no better than the thief's doom, it is no wonder, that your process be lawless and turned upside down;

for

for he was taken, fettered, buffeted, whipped, spitted upon, before he was convicted of any fault, or sentenced. Oh, such a pair of sufferers and witnesses, as *high and royal Jesus*, and a poor piece *guilty clay* marrowed together under one yoke! Oh, how lovely is the cross with such a Second! I believe that your prison is enacted in God's court, not to keep you till your hope breath out its life and last; your cross is *under law* to restore you again safe to your brethren and sisters in Christ: take heaven and Christ's back-bond for a fair back-door out of your suffering. The Saviour is on his journey with salvation and deliverance for *mount Zion*; and the sword of the Lord is drunk with *blood*, and made fat with fatness; his sword is bathed in heaven against *Babylon*, for it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompence for the controversy of *Zion*: and persuade your selves, the streams of the river of *Babylon* shall be *pitch*, and the dust of the land *brimstone and burning pitch*, *Isa. xxxiv. 8*. And if your deliverance be joined with the deliverance of *Zion*, it shall be two salvations to you: It were good to be armed before-hand for death, or bodily tortures for Christ; and to think what a crown of honour it is, that God hath given you pieces of living clay, to be tortured witnesses for saving-truth; and that ye are so happy, as to have some pints of blood to give out for the crown of that royal Lord, who hath caused you to avouch himself before men: If ye can lend fines of three thousand pounds Sterling for Christ, let heaven's register, and Christ's count-book keep in reckoning your depurlements for him; it shall be engraven and printed in great letters upon heaven's throne, what you are willing to give for him: Christ's papers of that kind cannot be lost or fall by. Do not wonder to see clay boast the great Potter, and to see blinded-men threaten the gospel with death and burial, and to raze out truth's name: But where will they make a grave for the gospel and the Lord's Bride? earth and hell shall be but little bounds for their burial; lay all the clay and rubbish of this inch of the whole earth above our Lord's Spouse, yet it will not cover her, nor hold her down; she shall live and not die, she shall behold the salvation of God. Let your faith *frist* God a little, and be not afraid for a smoking fire-brand; there is more smoke in *Babylon's* furnace than there is fire: till dooms-day shall come they shall never see the *Kirk of Scotland* and our covenant burnt to ashes; or if it should be thrown in the fire, yet it cannot be so burnt or buried, as not to have a resurrection: angry clay's wind shall shake

none of Christ's corn; he will gather in all his wheat into his barn: only let your fellowship with *Christ* be renewed. Ye are *sibber* to *Christ* now, when you are imprisoned for him, than before; for now the strokes laid on you do come in remembrance before our Lord, and he can own his own wounds: a drink of *Christ*'s love, which is better than wine, is the *drink-silver* which suffering for his Majesty leaves behind it. It is not your sins which they persecute in you, but God's grace and loyalty to King Jesus: they see no treason in you to your prince the king of *Britain*, albeit they say so; but it is heaven in you that earth is fighting against, and *Christ* is owning his own cause: grace is a party that fire will not burn, nor water drown; when they have eaten and drunken you, their stomach shall be sick, and they shall spue you out alive. O what glory is it, to be suffering abjects for the Lord's glory and royalty! Nay, though his servants had a body to burn for ever for this gospel, so being that triumphing and exalted Jesus his high glory did rise out of these flames, and out of that burning body, Oh, what a sweet fire! Oh, what soul-refreshing torment should that be! what if the pickles of dust and ashes of the burnt and dissolved body, were musicians to sing his praises, and the highness of that never-enough exalted Prince of ages! O what love is it in him, that he will have such musicians as we are, to tune that psalm of his everlasting praises in heaven! Oh, what shining and burning flames of love are those, that Christ will divide his share of life, of heaven and glory with you! *Luke* xxii. 29. *John* xvii. 24. *Rev.* iii. 21. A part of his throne, one draught of his wine (his wine of glory and life, that comes from under the throne of God, and of the Lamb) and one apple of the tree of life, will do more than make up all the expences and charges of clay, lent out for heaven. Oh! Oh, but we have short, and narrow, and creeping thoughts of Jesus, and do but shape Christ in our conceptions, according to some created portraiture! O angels, lend in your help to make love-books and songs of our fair, and white, and ruddy Standard-bearer amongst ten thousand! O heavens! O heaven of heavens! O glorified tenants, and triumphing householders with the Lamb, put in new psalms, and love-sonnets of the excellency of our Bridegroom, and help us to set him on high! O indwellers of earth and heaven, sea and air, and O all ye created beings, within the bosom of the outmost circle of this great world, O come help to set on high the praises of our Lord! O fairness

of creatures, blush before his uncreated beauty! O created strength, be amazed to stand before your strong Lord of hosts! O created love, think shame of thy self before this unparalleled love of heaven! O angel of wisdom, hide thy self before our Lord, whose understanding passeth finding out! O sun in thy shining beauty, for shame put on a web of darkness, and cover thy self before thy brightest Master and Maker! Oh, who can add glory, by doing or suffering, to this never-enough admired and praised Lover! Oh, we can but bring our drop to this Sea, and our candle, dim and dark, as it is, to this clear and lightfom Sun of heaven and earth! Oh, but we have cause to drink ten deaths in one cup dry, to swim through ten seas, to be at that *land of praises*, where we shall see that Wonder of wonders, and enjoy this Jewel of heaven's jewels! O death, do thy utmost against us! O torments! O malice of men and devils, waste thy strength on the witnesses of our Lord's testament! O devils, bring hell to help you, in tormenting the followers of the Lamb! We will defy you to make us too soon happy, and to waft us too soon over the water, to the land where the noble Plant, *the Plant of renown*, groweth. O cruel time, that torments us, and suspends our dearest enjoyments, that we wait for, when we shall be bathed and steeped soul and body, down in the depths of this love of loves! O time, I say, run fast! O motions, mend your pace! O Welbeloved, be like a young roe upon the mountains of separation! Post, post, and hasten our desired and hungred-for meeting; love is sick to hear tell of *to morrow*: And what then can come wrong to you, *O honourable witnesses of his kingly truth*? Men have no more of you to work upon, but some few inches and span-lengths of sick, coughing and flegmatick clay: Your spirits are above their *benches, courts, or High-commissions*; your souls, your love to Christ, your faith cannot be summoned, nor sentenced, nor accused, nor condemned by *Pope, Deputy Prelate, Ruler or Tyrant*; your faith is a free Lord, and cannot be a captive: all the malice of hell and earth can but hurt the *scabhard* of a believer; and death at the worst can get but a clay-pawn in keeping, till your Lord make the king's keys, and open your graves. Therefore *upon lucks-head*, (as we use to say) take your fill of his love, and let a post-way or causey be laid, betwixt your prison and heaven, and go up and visit your treasure. Enjoy your Beloved, and dwell upon his love, till eternity come in time's room, and possess you of your eternal happiness. Keep your love to Christ, lay up

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your faith in heaven's keeping, and follow the Chief of the house of the martyrs, that witnessed a fair confession before Pontius Pilate; your cause and his is all one. The opposers of his cause are like drunken judges and transported, who in their cups would make acts and laws in their drunken courts, that the sun should not rise and shine on the earth: and send their officers and pursuivants, to charge the sun and moon to give no more light to the world; and would enact in their court-books, that the sea after once ebbing should never flow again: but would not the sun, and moon, and sea break these acts, and keep their Creator's directions? The devil, the great fool, and father of these under-fools, is older and more malicious than wise, that lets the spirits in earth or work, to contend and clash with heaven's wisdom, and to give mandates and law-summons to our Sun, to our great Star of heaven, Jesus, not to shine, in the beauty of his gospel, to the chosen and bought ones. *O thou fair and fairest Sun of righteousness, arise and shine in thy strength, whether earth or hell will or not! O victorious, O royal, O stout, princely Soul-conquerour, ride prosperously upon truth; stretch out thy scepter, as far as the sun shines. and the moon waxeth and waineth! Put on thy thy glittering crown, O thou Maker of kings, and make but one stride, or one step of the whole earth, and travel in the greatness of thy strength, Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2. And let thy apparel be red, and all dyed with the blood of thy enemies: Thou art fallen righteous Heir by line to the kingdoms of the world.* Laugh ye at the giddy-headed clay-pots, and stout brain-sick worms, that dare say in good earnest, *This Man shall not reign over us*; as tho' they were casting the dice for Christ's crown, who of them should have it. I know, ye believe the coming of Christ's kingdom; and that there is a hole out of your prison, through which ye see daylight: Let not faith be dazzled with the temptations from a dying Deputy, and from a sick Prelate; believe under a cloud, and wait for him, when there is no moon-light nor star-light. Let faith live and breathe, and lay hold on the sure salvation of God, when clouds and darkness are about you, and appearance of rotting in the prison before you; take heed of unbelieving hearts, which can father lies upon Christ; beware of, *Doth his promise fail for evermore? Psal. lxxviii. 8.* For it was a man and not God that said it, who dreamed that a promise of God could fail, fall aswoon or die. We can make God sick, or his promises weak, when we are pleased to seek

seek a plea with Christ. O sweet, O stout word of faith, *Jeb. xiii. ver. 15. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!* O sweet Epitaph, written upon the grave-stone of a dying believer, to wit, *I died hoping, and my dust and ashes believe life!* Faith's eyes, that can see thorow a mill-stone, can see thorow a gloom of God, and under it read God's thoughts of love and peace. Hold fast Christ in the dark; surely ye shall see the salvation of God. Your adversaries are ripe and dry for the fire; yet a little while, and they shall go up in a flame; the breath of the Lord, like a river of brimstone, shall kindle about them, *Isa. xxx. 33.* What I write to one, I write to you all, that are sound-hearted in that kingdom, whom, in the bowels of Christ, I would exhort, not to touch that Oath: Albeit the adversaries put a fair meaning on it, yet the swearer must swear according to the professed intent and godly practice of the Oath-makers, which is known to the world; otherwise I might swear, that the *Creed* is false, according to this private meaning and sense put upon it. Oh let them not be beguiled, to wash perjury, and the denial of Christ and the Gospel, with ink-water, some foul and rotten distinctions. Wash, and wash again and again the devil and the lie, it shall be long ere their skin be white. I profess, it should beseem men of great parts, rather than me, to write to you; but I love your cause, and desire to be excused, and must entreat for the help of your prayers, in this my weighty charge here, for the *university* and *pulpit*, and that ye would entreat your acquaintance also to help me. Grace be with you all. Amen.

St. Andrews,
1640.

Your Brother and Companion in the Pati-
ence and Kingdom of Jesus Christ, S. R.

To Mrs. Pont Prisoner at Dublin.

Worthy and dear Mistress,

Grace, mercy and peace to you. The cause ye suffer for, and your willingness to suffer, is ground enough of acquaintance for me to write to you; although I do confess myself unable to speak for a prisoner of Christ's encouragement. I know, ye have advantage beyond us, who are not under sufferings: For your *sighing* (*Psal. cxx. 20.*) it is a written bill, for the ears of your Head, the Lord Jesus; and your *breathing*, *Lam. iii. 51.* and your *looking up*, *Psal. v. 3.* and *ix. 3.* And therefore your meaning half-spoken, half-

your faith in heaven's keeping, and follow the Chief of the house of the martyrs, that witnessed a fair confession before *Pontius Pilate*; your cause and his is all one. The opposers of his cause are like drunken judges and transported, who in their cups would make acts and laws in their drunken courts, that the sun should not rise and shine on the earth: and send their officers and pursuivants, to charge the sun and moon to give no more light to the world; and would enact in their court-books, that the sea after once ebbing should never flow again: but would not the sun, and moon, and sea break these acts, and keep their Creator's directions? The devil, the great fool, and father of these under-tools, is older and more malicious than wise, that lets the spirits in earth or work, to contend and clash with heaven's wisdom, and to give mandates and law-summons to our Sun, to our great Star of heaven, Jesus, not to shine, in the beauty of his gospel, to the chosen and bought ones. *O thou fair and fairest Sun of righteousness, arise and shine in thy strength, whether earth or hell will or not! O victorious, O royal, O stout, princely Soul-conquerour, ride prosperously upon truth; stretch out thy scepter, as far as the sun shines, and the moon waxeth and waineth! Put on thy thy glittering crown, O thou Maker of kings, and make but one stride, or one step of the whole earth, and travel in the greatness of thy strength, Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2. And let thy apparel be red, and all dyed with the blood of thy enemies: Thou art fallen righteous Heir by line to the kingdoms of the world. Laugh ye at the giddy-headed clay-pots, and stout brain-sick worms, that dare say in good earnest, This Man shall not reign over us; as tho' they were casting the dice for Christ's crown, who of them should have it. I know, ye believe the coming of Christ's kingdom; and that there is a hole out of your prison, through which ye see day-light: Let not faith be dazled with the temptations from a dying Deputy, and from a sick Prelate; believe under a cloud, and wait for him, when there is no moon-light nor star-light: Let faith live and breathe, and lay hold on the sure salvation of God, when clouds and darkness are about you, and appearance of rotting in the prison before you; take heed of unbelieving hearts, which can father lies upon Christ; beware of, *Doth his promise fail for evermore? Psal. lxxvii. 8.* For it was a man and not God that said it, who dreamed that a promise of God could fail, fall aswoon or die. We can make God sick, or his promises weak, when we are pleased to*

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St. Andrews,
 1640.

Your Brother and Companion in the Pati-
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tearful sighing, *Lam. iii. 51.* and your *locking up*, *Psal. v. 3.*
 and *ix. 3.* And therefore your meaning half-spoken, half-

unspoken, will seek no *jaylor's* leave, but will go to heaven without leave of *Prelate* or *Deputy*, and be heartily welcome; so that ye may sigh and grone out your mind to him, who hath all the *keys* of the king's three kingdoms and dominions. I dare believe your hopes shall not die; your trouble is a part of *Zion's* burning, and ye know who guides *Zion's* furnace, and who loves the ashes of his burnt *Bride*, because *his servants love them*, *Psal. cii. 14.* I believe your ashes, if ye were burnt for this cause, shall praise him: For the wrath of men and their malice shall make a *psalm* to praise the Lord, *Psal. lxxvi. 10.* And therefore stand still and behold, and see what the Lord is to do for this island; *His work is perfect*, *Deut. xxxii. 4.* The nations have not seen the last end of his work, his end is more fair and more glorious than the beginning. Ye have more honour than ye can be able to guide well, in that your bonds are made heavy for such an honourable cause. The seals of a controuled Gospel, and the seals by *bonds*, and *blood*, and *sufferings*, are not committed to every ordinary professor. Some that would back Christ honestly in summer-time, would but spill the beauty of the Gospel, if they were put to suffering. And therefore let us believe, that Wisdom dispenseth to every one here, as he thinks good, who bears them up that bear the cross: And since our Lord hath put you to that part, which was the flower of his own sufferings, we all expect, that as ye have in the strength of our Captain begun, so ye will go on without fainting. Providence maketh use of men and devils, for the refining of all the vessels of God's house, small and great; and for doing of two great works at once in you, both for smoothing a stone, to make it take bond with Christ, in *Jerusalem's* wall; and for witnessing to the glory of this reproached and born-down Gospel, which cannot die, though hell were made a grave about it. It shall be timeous joy for you, to divide joy betwixt you and Christ's laughing *Bride*, in these three kingdoms: And what if your mourning continue till *mystical* Christ in *Ireland* and in *Britain*, and ye laugh both together? Your *laughing* and *joy* were the more blessed, that one sun should shine upon Christ, the Gospel, and you, laughing altogether, in these three kingdoms. Your time is measured, and your *days* and *hours* of suffering from *eternity* were by infinite Wisdom considered: If heaven recompense not to your own mind inches of *sorrow*, then I must say, that infinite Mercy cannot get you pleased; but if the next

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kiss of the white and ruddy cheek of the *Standard-bearer* and *Chief among ten thousand* (*Cant. v. 10.*) shall over-pay your prison at *Dublin in Ireland*, then ye shall have no counts unanswered, to give in to Christ: If your *faith* cannot see a nearer *term-day*, yet let me charge your *hope* to give Christ a *new-day*, till *eternity* and *time* meet in one point. A paid sum, if ever paid, is paid, if no *day* be broken to the hungry creditor, take heaven's bond and subscribed obligation for the sum, *John xiv. 3.* If *hope* can trust Christ, I know he can, and will pay: but when all is done and suffered by you, ten hundred deaths for lovely, lovely Jesus, is but *eternity's* half-peny; figures and cyphers cannot lay the proportion. Oh but the *superplus* of Christ's *glory* is broad and large! Christ's *items* of eternal *glory* are hard and cumbersome to tell; and if ye borrow by *faith* and *hope ten days*, or *ten hundred years* from that *eternity of glory* that abides you, ye are paid and more in your own hand. Therefore, *O prisoners of hope*, wait on; posting, hasting salvation sleeps not. *Antichrist* is bleeding, and in the way to death; and he bites forest, when he bleeds fastest. Keep your intelligence betwixt you and heaven, and your court with Christ; he hath in heaven the *keys* of your *prison*, and can set you at liberty when he pleaseth: His rich grace support you. I pray you, help me with your *prayers*. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews,

1640.

Your Brother in the Patience and Kingdom of Jesus Christ, S. R.

To Mr. JAMES WILSON,

Dear Brother,

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you, I bless our rich and only wise Lord, who careth so for his new creation, that he is going over it again, and trying every piece in you, and blowing away the motes of his *new-work* in you. Alas! I am not so fit a physician as your disease requireth: Sweet, sweet, lovely Jesus be your Physician, where his under-chirurgeon cannot do any thing for putting in order the wheels, paces and goings of a married soul. I have little time; but yet the Lord hath made me so concern my self in your condition, that I do not, I dare not be altogether silent. First, Ye doubt from *2 Cor. xiii. 5.* whether ye be in Christ or not? and so, whether ye be a reprobate or not? I answer three things to the doubt, 1. Ye owe charity to

all men, but most of all to lovely and loving Jesus, and some also to your self, especially to your *renewed self*; because your *new self* is not yours, but another Lord's, even the work of his own Spirit: therefore to slander his *work*, is to wrong himself. Love thinketh no evil; if ye love grace, think not ill of grace in your self; and ye think ill of grace in your self, when ye make it but a bastard and a *work* of nature. For a holy fear that ye be not Christ's, and withal a care and a desire to be his, and not your own, is not, nay cannot be, bastard nature. The great Advocate pleadeth hard for you; be upon the Advocate's side, O poor feared client of Christ! Stay and side with such a Lover, who pleadeth for no other man's *goods* but his own; (for he, if I may say so, scorneth to be enriched with an unjust conquest) and yet he pleadeth for you, whereof your letter (though too too full of jealousy) is a *proof*: For if ye were not his, your thoughts, which I hope are but the suggestions of his Spirit, (that only bringeth the matter in debate, to make it sure to you) would not be such, nor so serious as these, *Am I his?* or, *Whose am I?* 2. Dare ye *for swear* your *Owner*, and say in cold blood, *I am not his?* What nature or corruption saith at starts in you, I regard not: Your thoughts of your self, when sin and guiltiness *round you in the ear*, and when you have a sight of your deservings, are *Apocrypha* and not *Scripture*, I hope. Hear what the Lord saith of you, *He will speak peace*: if your Master say, *I quit you*, I shall then bid you eat ashes for bread, and drink waters of gall and wormwood. But, howbeit Christ out of his own mouth should seem to say, *I came not for thee*, as he did, *Matth. xv. 24*. Yet let me say, The words of tempting Jesus are not to be stretched as scripture, beyond his intention, seeing his intention in speaking them is to strengthen, not to deceive; and therefore here faith may contradict what Christ seemeth at first to say, and so may ye. I charge you, by the mercies of God, be not that cruel to grace and the new-birth, as to *cast water on your own coal* by misbelief: if ye must die (as I know ye shall not) it were a *fly* to *slay* your self. 3. I hope ye love the new-birth and a claim to Christ, howbeit ye do not make it good; and if ye were in hell, and saw the *heavenly face of lovely*, ten thousand times *lovely* Jesus, that hath God's hue, and God's *fair, fair* and *comely, red and white*, wherewith it is beautified beyond comparison and imagination, ye could not forbear to say, Oh if I could but blow a kiss from my sinful mouth, from hell up

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heaven, upon his cheeks, that are a bed of spices, as sweet
 flowers! Cant. v. 13. I hope ye dare say, O fairest sight of
 heaven! O boundless mass of crucified and slain Love for me,
 give me leave to wish to love thee! O Flower and Bloom of
 heaven and earth's love! O angels Wonder! O thou, the Fa-
 ther's eternal sealed Love! And O thou, God's old Delight,
 give me leave to stand beside thy Love, and look in and wonder,
 and give me leave to wish to love thee, if I can do more. 2. We
 being born in Atheism, and bairns of the house that we are
 come off, it is no new thing, my dear Brother, for us to be
 under jealousies and mistakes about the love of God: What
 think ye of this, that the Man Christ was tempted to believe
 there were but two Persons in the blessed God-head, and that
 the Son of God, the Substance and co-eternal Son, was not
 the lawful Son of God? Did not Satan say, *If thou be the
 Son of God?* 3. Ye say, that ye know not what to do. Your
 Head said once that same word, or not far from it, *John xii.*
27. Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? And faith
 answered Christ's *What shall I say?* with these words, *O tem-
 pted Saviour, askest thou: What shall I say?* Say, *Pray Fa-
 ther, save me from this hour.* What course can ye take, but
 pray, and first Christ his own comforts? He is no *Dyveur*, take
 his word. *Oh* (say ye) *I cannot pray.* Answ. Honest sighing
 is faith breathing and whispering in the ear: The life is not
 out of faith, where there is sighing, looking up with the eyes,
 and breathing toward God. *Lam. iii. 26. Hide not thine ear
 at my breathing.* But what shall I do in spiritual exercises?
 ye say. Answ. 1. If ye knew particularly what to do, it were
 not a spiritual exercise. 2. In my weak judgment, ye would
 first say, *I will glorifie God in believing David's salvation, and
 the Bride's marriage with the Lamb, and love the Church's
 slain Husband, altho' I cannot for the present believe mine
 own salvation.* 3. Say, *I will not pass from my claim;* suppose
 Christ would pass from his claim to me, it shall not go back upon
 my side: howbeit my love to him be not worth a drink of wa-
 ter, yet Christ shall have it such as it is. 4. Say, *I shall ra-
 ther spill twenty prayers, than not pray at all;* Let my broken
 words go up to heaven; when they come up into the great Angel's
 golden censer, that compassionate Advocate will put together
 my broken prayers, and perfume them: Words are but acci-
 dents of prayer. *Oh* (says he) *I am slain with hardness of
 heart, and troubled with confused and melancholious thoughts.*
 Answ. My dear Brother, What would ye conclude thence, that
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ye know not well who ought you? I grant: *Oh, my heart is hard! Oh, my thoughts of faithless sorrow!* Ergo, I know not who ought me, were good logick in heaven amongst angels and the glorified; but down in Christ's hospital, where sick and distempered souls are under cure, it is not worth a *straw*: give Christ time to end his work in your heart; hold on in feeling and bewailing your hardness, for that is *softness* to feel hardness. 2. I charge you to make psalms of Christ's praises for his begun work of grace; make Christ your music and your song; for complaining and feeling of want doth often swallow up your praises. What think ye of those who go to hell never troubled with such thoughts? If your exercise be the way to hell, God help me; I have a cold coal to blow at, and a blank paper for heaven: I give you Christ's caution, and my heaven surety for your salvation. Lend Christ your melancholy, for Satan hath no right to make a chamber in your melancholy; borrow joy and comforts from the Comforter; bid the Spirit do his office in you; and remember, that faith is one thing, and the feeling and notice of faith another: God forbid that feeling were *proprium quarto modo* to all the saints; and that this were good reasoning, no feeling, no grace. I am sure, ye were not always, these twenty years by-past, actually knowing that ye live; yet all this time ye are living: so is it with the life of faith. But, alas! Dear Brother, it is easie for me to speak words and syllables of peace, but *Iſa. lvii.* telleth you, *I create peace*; there is but one Creator, ye know. Oh, that ye may get a letter of peace sent you from heaven! Pray for me, and for grace to be faithful, and gifts to be able with tongue and pen to glorifie God. I forget you not.

St. Andrews, Jan. 8.

1640.

Tours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady B O Y D.

Madam,

I Received your Ladiship's Letter; but, because I was still going through the country for the affairs of the Church, I have had no time to answer it. I had never more cause to fear than I have now, when my Lord hath restored me to my second created heaven on earth, and hath turned my apprehended fears into joys, and great deliverance to his Church, whereof I have my share and part. Alas, that weeping prayers, answered and sent back from heaven with joy, should not have

have *laughing praises*? O that this land would repent, and lay burdens of praises upon the top of the fair mount Zion! Madam, except this Land be humbled, a *reformation* is rather my *wonder* than *belief* at this time; but surely it must be a *wonder*, and what is done *already* is a *wonder*: our Lord must restore *beauty* to his Churches without hire; for we were *sold without money*, and now our buyers repent them of the bargain, and would *gladly* give again better cheap than they bought us: They devoured *Jacob*, and ate up his people as bread; now *Jacob* is grown a living child in their *womb*, and they would fain be delivered of the child, and render the birth; our Lord shall be *Midwife*. Oh that this land be not like *Ephraim*, an *unwise son*, that *stayeth too long in the place of breaking forth of children*! Your *Ladiship* is blessed with children, who are honoured to build up Christ's waste places again; I believe your *Ladiship* will think them *well-blessed* on that *work*, and that *Zion's beauty* is your joy: This is a mark and evidence from heaven, which helpeth weak ones to hold their grip, when other marks fail them. I hope your *Ladiship* is at a good understanding with Christ; and that, as becometh a Christian, ye *take him up aright* (for many mistake and misshape Christ) in his comings and goings; your wants and fails proclaim, ye have nothing of your own, but what ye *borrow*; (nay, your self is not your own) but Christ hath given himself to you: Put Christ to the bank, and heaven shall be your interest and income; love him, for ye cannot over-love him; take up your house in Christ, let him dwell in you, and abide in him; and then ye may look out of Christ, and laugh at the clay-heavens, that the sons of men are seeking after in this side of the water. Christ mindeth to make your losses grace's great advantage: Christ will lose nothing of you; nay, not your sins, for he hath an use for them, as well as for your service; howbeit, ye are to loathe your self for these. I hope ye fetch all the heaven ye have here in this life, from that which is up above; and that your anchor is casten as high and deep as Christ; Oh, but it is far and many a mile to his bottom! If I had known long since, as I do now, (though still, alas! I am ignorant) what was in Christ, I would not have been so late in *starting to the gate* to seek him. Oh, what can I do or say to him, who hath made the North render me back again! A grave is no sure prison to him for the keeping of *dry-bones*. Wo is me, that my foolish sorrow and *unbelief*, being on horse-back, did ride

ride so proudly and witlefly over my Lord's providence: but when my faith was asleep, Christ was awake; and now, when I am awake, I say, He did all things well. Oh, infinite wisdom! Oh, incomparable loving kindness! Alas, that the heart I have is so little and worthless for such a Lord as Christ is! Oh, what odds find the saints in hard trials, when they feel sap at their roots, betwixt them and sun burnt withered professors! Crosses and storms cause them to cast their blooms and leaves: *Poor worldlings, what will ye do, when the span-length of your forenoon's laughter is ended and when the weeping side of providence is turned to you?* I put up all the favours ye have bestowed on my brother upon Christ's score, in whose book are many such counts, and who will requite them: I wish you to be builded more and more upon the Stone laid in Zion, and then ye shall be the more fit to have a hand in rebuilding our Lord's fallen Tabernacle in this land, in which ye shall find great peace, when ye come to grips with death, the king of terrors. The God of peace be with your Ladyship, and keep you blameless till the day of our Lord Jesus.

St. Andrews.

Your Ladyship's at all obedience in his
sweet Lord and Master, S. R.

To his very dear Friend, JOHN FENNICK.

Much honoured and dear Friend,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: The necessary impediments of my calling have hitherto kept me from making a return to your letter, the heads whereof I shall now briefly answer; As, 1. I approve your going to the Fountain, when your own cistern is dry: A difference there must be betwixt Christ's well and your borrowed water; and why but ye have need of emptiness and drying up, as well as ye have need of the well? Want, and a hole there must be in our vessel, to leave room to Christ's art; his well hath its own need of thirstily drinkers, to commend infinite love, which from eternity did brew such a cellar of living waters for us. Ye commend his free love; and it is well done: Oh, if I could help you, and if I could be master-conveener, to gather an earth-full and an heaven-full of tongues, dipped and steeped in my Lord's well of love, or his wine of love, even tongues drunken with his love, to raise a song of praises to him, betwixt the east and west-end, and furthest points of the broad heavens! If I were in your case (as alas! my dry and dead heart

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heart is not now in that garden,) I would borrow leave to come, and stand upon the banks and coasts of that sea of love; and be a feasted soul, to see love's *fair tide*, free love's *high and lofty waves*, each of them higher than ten *earths*, flowing in upon pieces of lost *clay*. O *welcome, welcome, great sea*! Oh, if I had as much love, for wideness and breadth, as twenty outmost shells and spheres of the heaven of heavens, that I might receive in a little flood of his free love! Come, come, *dear Friend*; and be pained, that the King's wine-cellar of free love, and his banqueting-house (O so wide, so state-ly! O so God-like, so glory-like!) should be so abundant, so overflowing; and your shallow vessel so little, to take in some part of that love: But since it cannot come in you, for want of room, enter your self in this sea of love, and breathe under these *waters*; and die of love, and live as one dead and drowned of this love. But why do ye complain of *waters* going over your soul, and that the smoke of the terrors of a wrathful Lord doth almost suffocate you, and bring you to death's brink? I know the fault is in your *eyes*, not in him; it is not the rock that fleeth and moveth, but the green sailer: If your sense and apprehension be made judge of his love, there is a graven image made presently, even a changed god, and a foe-god, who was once (*when ye washed your stripes with butter, and the Rock poured you out rivers of oil*, Job xxix. 6.) a Friend-God. Either now or never let God work: Ye had never, since ye was a man, such a fair field for faith; for a painted hell, and an apprehension of wrath is your Father, is faith's opportunity to try what strength is in it. Now, give God as large a measure of charity as ye have of sorrow: Now see faith to be faith indeed, if ye can make your grave betwixt Christ's feet, and say, *Though he should slay me, I will trust in him; his believed love shall be my winding-sheet, and all my grave-clothes; I shall roll and sew in my soul, my slain soul in that web, his sweet and free love*: And let him write upon my grave, *Here lieth a believing dead man, breathing out and making an hole in death's broad side, and the breath of faith cometh forth through the hole*. See now if ye can overcome and prevail with God, and wrestle God's tempting to death quite out of breath, as that renowned wrestler did, *Hof. xii. 3. And by his strength he had power with God; v. 4. Yea, he had power over the Angel, and prevailed*. He is a strong man indeed, who overmatcheth heaven's strength, and the *holy One of Israel*, the strong Lord, which is done a by a

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secret supply of divine strength within, wherewith the weakest being strengthened, overcome and conquer. It shall be great victory, to blow out the flame of that furnace ye are now in, with the breath of faith: And when *hell, men, malice, cruelty, falsehood, devils*, the seeming glooms of a sweet Lord, meet you in the teeth, if ye then as a captive of hope, as one fettered in hope's prison, run to your strong hold, even from God glooming to God glooming; and believe the salvation of the Lord in the dark, which is your *only victory*: your enemies are but pieces of *malicious clay*; they shall die as men, and be contounded. But that your *troubles* are *many* at once, and *arrows* come in from all airths, from *country, friends, wife, children, foes, estate*, and right-down from God, who is the *Hope and Stay* of your soul, I confess is more, and *very heavy* to be borne: yet all these are not more than grace; all these bits of *coals*, casten in your sea of *mercy*, cannot dry it up. Your *troubles* are *many* and *great*, yet not an ounce-weight beyond the measure of infinite *wisdom*, I hope, nor beyond the measure of grace that he is to bestow; for our Lord never yet brake the back of his child, nor spilt his own work: Nature's plaistering and counterfeit-work he doth often break in sheards, and putteth out a candle not lighted at the Sun of righteousness; but he must cherish his own reeds, and handle them softly; never a reed getteth a thrust with the Mediator's hand, to lay together the two ends of the reed. O what bonds and ligaments hath our Chirurgeon of broken spirits, to bind up all his lame and bruised ones with: cast your disjointed spirit in his lap, and lay your burden upon One, who is so willing to take your cares and your fears off you, and to exchange and suffer your crosses, and to give you new for old, and gold for iron, even to give you garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. It is true in a great part what ye write of this *Kirk*, that the letter of religion only is reformed, and scarce that: I do not believe, our Lord will build his *Zion* in this land, upon this skin of Reformation: So long as our scum remaineth, and our heart-idols are kept, this work must be at a stand; and therefore our Lord must yet sift this land, and search us with candles; and I know, he shall give and not sell us his Kingdom. His grace and our remaining guileiness must be compared, and the one must be seen in the *glory* of it, and the other in the *sinfulness* of it: But I desire to believe, and would *gladly* hope to see, that the *glancing and shining lustre* of

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glory, coming from the diamonds and stones set in the crown of our Lord Jesus, shall cast rays and beams many thousand miles about. I hope Christ is upon a great marriage; and that his wooing and suiting of his excellent Bride, doth take its beginning from us, the ends of the earth. O what *glory* and what *glory* would I judge it, if my heaven should be suspended till I might have leave to run on foot, to be a witness of that *marriage-glory*, and see Christ put on the *glory* of his last married Bride, and his last marriage-love on earth, when he shall enlarge his love-bed, and set it upon the top of the mountains, and take in the elder sister, the *Jews*, and the *Gentiles*! It were heaven's *honour* and *glory* upon earth, to be his *lacky*, to run at his horse-foot. and hold up the train of his marriage-robe-royal, in the *day* of our high and royal *Solemon's* espousals. But, O what *glory* to have a seat or bed in *Jesus's* chariot, that is bottomed with gold, and paved, and lined over and floored within with *love*, for the daughters of *Jerusalem*! Cant. iii. 10. To lie upon such a King's love, were a *bed* next to the *flower* of heaven's *glory*. I am sorry to hear you speak, in your letter, of a *God* angry at you, and of the *sense* of his indignation, which only ariseth from suffering for *Jesus*, all that is now come upon you. Indeed apprehended wrath flameth out of such ashes as apprehended sin, but not from suffering for *Christ*: But, suppose ye were in hell, for by-gones and for old debt, hope ye ow *Christ* a great sum of charity, to believe the sweetness of his love. I know what it is sin in that kind; it is to sin out (if it were possible) the unchangeableness of a God-head out of *Christ*, and to sin away a lovely and unchangeable God. Put more honest apprehensions upon *Christ*, put on his own mask upon his face, and not your vail made of unbelief, which speaketh as if he borrowed love to you from you, and your demerits and sinful deservings. Oh, no! *Christ* is man, but he is not like man; he hath man's love in heaven, but it is lusted with God's love, and it is very God's love ye have to do with: When your *wheels* go about, he standeth still. Let God be God, and be ye a man, and have ye the deservings of man, and the sin of one, who hath suffered your Welbeloved to slip away, nay, hath refused him entrance, when he was knocking, till his head and locks were frozen: Yet what is that to him? His book keepeth your name, and is not printed and re-printed, and changed and corrected: And why, but he should go to his place and hide

hide himself? howbeit his departure be his own good work, yet the belief of it in that manner is your sin; but wait on till he return with salvation, and cause you rejoice in the latter-end. It is not much to complain; but rather believe than complain, and sit in the dust, and close your mouth, till he make your sown light grow again: for your afflictions are not eternal, time will end them, and so shall ye at length see the Lord's salvation; his love sleepeth not, but is still in working for you; his salvation will not *tarry* nor *linger*; and suffering for him is the noblest cross that is out of heaven: Your Lord hath the waile and choice of ten thousand other crosses, beside this, to exercise you withal; but his *wisdom* and his love wailed and choosed out this for you, beside them all: and take it as a choice one, and make use of it, so as ye look to this *world* as your *step-mother*, in your borrowed prison: For it is a *love-look* to heaven, and the other side of the *water*, that God seeketh; and this is the fruit, the *flower*, and *bloom* growing out of your cross, that ye be a dead man to *time*, to *clay*, to *gold*, to *country*, to *friends*, *wife*, *children*, and all pieces of created *nothings*; for in them there is not a seat nor bottom for soul's love: O what room is for your love (if it were as broad as the sea) up in heaven and in God! and what would not Christ give for your love? God gave so much for your soul; and blessed are ye if ye have a love for him, and can call in your soul's love from all idols, and can make a God of God, a God of Christ, and draw a line betwixt your heart and him. If your deliverance come not, Christ's presence and his believed love must stand as caution and surety for your deliverance, till your Lord send it in his blessed time; for Christ hath many salvations, if we could see them: and I would think it better-born *comfort* and *joy*, that cometh from the *faith* of *deliverance*, and the *faith* of his love, than that which cometh from *deliverance* it self. It is not much matter, if ye find ease to your afflicted soul, what be the means, either of your own wishing, or of God's choosing; the latter I am sure is best, and the comfort strongest and sweetest: let the Lord absolutely have the ordering of your evils and troubles, and put them off you, by recommending your cross and your furnace to him, who hath skill to melt his own mettall, and knoweth well what to do with his furnace; let your heart be willing, that God's fire have your tin, and brass, and dross: To consent to want corruption, is a greater mercy than many professors do well know; and

to refer the manner of God's physick to his own wisdom, whether it be by drawing blood, or giving sugared drinks : that he cureth sick folks without pain, it is a great point of faith ; and to believe Christ's cross to be a friend, as he himself is a Friend, is also a special act of faith : but when ye are over the water, this case shall be a *yesterday*, past an hundred years ere ye were born ; and the *cup* of glory shall wash the *memory* of all this away, and make it as nothing : Only now take Christ in with you under your yoke, and let *patience* have her perfect *work* ; for this *hatte* is your infirmity. The Lord is rising up to do you *good* in the latter end : Put on the faith of his salvation, and see him posting and halting towards you. Sir, my employments, being so great, hinder me to write at more length ; excuse me : I hope to be mindful of you. I shall be obliged to you, if ye help me with your *prayers* for this people, this college, and my own poor soul. Grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife.

St. Andrews, Feb. 13. 1640. Yours in Christ Jesus, S. R.

To the much honoured, PETER STIRLING.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

I Received yours, and cannot but be ashamed, that mistaking I love hath brought me in court and account in the heart of God's children, especially of another nation. I should not make a lie of the grace of God, if I should think, I have little share of it my self : O how much better were it for me, to stand in the counting-table of many for a half-penny, and to be esteemed a liker, rather than a lover of Christ ! if I were weighed, vanity should bear down the scale, as having weight in the balance above me, except my lovely Saviour should cast in beside me some of his borrowed *worth* : And, oh if I were writing now sincerely in this extenuation, which may be, and I fear is, subtil and couzening pride ! I would I could love something of heaven's *worth*, in you and all of your mettall. O how happy were I, if I could regain and conquer back from the creature my sold and lost love, that I might lay it upon heaven's jewel, that ever, ever *blooming Flower* of the highest garden, even my soul-redeeming and never-enough-prized Lord Jesus ! O that he would wash my love, and put it on the Mediator's wheel, and refine it from its dross and tin, that I might propine and gift that Lord, so love-worthy, with all my love ! O if I could set a lease of thousands of years, and

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a suspension of my part of heaven's glory, and *first* till a long day my desired salvation, so being I could in this lower kitchen and under-vault of his creation, be feasted with his love, and that I might be a foot-stool to his glory, before men and angels! Oh if he would let out heaven's fountain upon withered me, dry and sapless me! If I were but sick of love for his love, (and oh, how would that sickness delight me!) how sweet would that easing and refreshing pain be to my soul! I shall be glad to be a witness to behold the kingdoms of the world become Christ's: I could stay out of heaven many years, to see that victorious triumphing Lord act that prophesied part of his soul-conquering love, in taking into his kingdom the greater sister, that Kirk of the Jews, who sometimes courted our Welbeloved for her little sister, *Cant. viii. 8.* to behold him set up as an Ensign and Banner of love, to the ends of the world. And truly we are to believe, that his wrath is ripe for the land of graven images, and for the falling of that mill-stone in the midst of the sea. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, March 6.

1640.

Tours in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the Lady FINGASK.

Madam,

CRace, mercy and peace be to you: Though not acquainted, yet, at the desire of a Christian, I make bold to write a line or two unto you by way of counsel, (howbeit I be most unfit for that.) I hear, and I bless the Father of lights for it, that ye have a spirit set to seek God; and that the posture of your heart is to look heaven-ward; which is a work and cast of the Mediator Christ's right-hand, who putteth on the heart a new frame, for the which I would have your *Ladiship* to see a tye and bond of obedience laid upon you, that all may be done, not so much from obligation of law, as from the tye of free love; that the law of ransom-paying by Christ may be the chief ground of all your obedience, seeing that ye are not under the law, but under grace. Withal, know, that unbelief is a spiritual sin, and so not seen by nature's light; and that all conscience saith is not scripture: Suppose your heart bear witness against you, for sins done long ago; yet, because many have pardon with God, that have not peace with themselves, ye are to stand and fall by Christ's

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esteem and verdict of you, and not by that which your heart saith. Suppose it may by accident be a good sign, to be jealous of your heavenly Husband's love, yet it is a sinful sign; as there be some happy sins (if I may speak so) not of themselves, but because they are neighboured with faith and love. And so, *worthy Lady*, I would have you hold by this, that the ancient love of an old Husband standeth firm and sure; and let faith hing by this small threed, that he loved you before he laid the corner-stone of the world; and therefore, he cannot change his mind, because he is God, and rests in his love. Neither is sin in you a good reason, wherefore ye should doubt of him, or think, because sin hath put you in the courtessie and reverence of justice, that therefore he is wroth with you: neither is it presumption in you, to lay the burden of your salvation upon One mighty to save; so being ye lay aside all confidence in your self, your worth and righteousness. True faith is humble, and seeth no way to escape but only in Christ: And I believe ye have put an esteem and high price upon Christ; and they cannot but believe, and so be saved, who love Christ, and to whom he is precious: for the love of Christ hath chosen Christ as a Lover; and it were not like God, if ye should choose him as your liking, and he not choose you again: nay, he hath prevented you in that; for ye have not chosen him, but he hath chosen you. O consider his loveliness and beauty, and that there is nothing which can commend, and make fair heaven or earth, or the creature, that is not in him, in infinite perfection; for fair sun and fair moon are black, and think shame to shine before his Fairness, *Isa. xxiv. 23.* Base heavens, and excellent Jesus; weak angels, and strong and mighty Jesus; foolish angel-wisdom, and only wise Jesus; short-living creature, and long-living, and ever-living Ancient of days; miserable and sickly, and wretched, are those things that are within time's circle, and only, only blessed Jesus! If ye can *wind in* in his love (and he giveth you leave to love him, and allurements also) what a second heaven's paradise, a young heaven's glory is it, to be hot and burned with fevers of love-sickness for him? and the more your *Ladiship* drinks of this love, there is the more room, and the greater delight and desire for this love. Be homely, and hunger for a feast and fill of his love; for that's the borders and march of heaven: nothing hath a nearer resemblance to the colour and hew and lustre of heaven, than Christ loved, and to breathe out love-words, and love-sighs for him. Re-

member what he is; when twenty thousand millions of heaven's lovers have worn their hearts *threed-bare* of love, all is nothing, yea, less than nothing to his matchless worth and excellency: O so broad and so deep as the sea of his desirable loveliness is! Glorified spirits, triumphing angels, the crowned and exalted lovers of heaven, stand without his loveliness, and cannot put a circle on it. Oh, if sin and time were from betwixt us, and that royal and King's love, that high Majesty, eternity's Bloom, and Flower of high-lustred beauty, might shine upon pieces of created spirits, and might bedew and overflow us, who are portions of endless misery, and lamps of redeemed sin! Alas, what do I? I but spill and lose words, in speaking highly of him, who will bide and be above the musick and songs of heaven, and never be enough praised by us all; to whose boundless and bottomless love I recommend your *Ladiship*, and am

St. Andrews, March 27.

1640.

Your *Ladiship's* in Christ
Jesus S. R.

To his reverend and dear Brother, Mr. David Dickson.

Reverend and dear Brother,

YE look like the house whereof ye are a branch; the cross is a part of the liferent, that lieth to all the sons of the house. I desire to suffer with you, if I could take a lift of your house-trial of you; but ye have preached it, ere I knew any thing of God: your Lord may gather his roses, and shake his apples, at what season of the year he pleaseth; each husbandman cannot make harvest when he pleaseth, as he can do: ye are taught to know and adore his sovereignty, which he exerciseth over you, which yet is lusted with mercy. The child hath but changed a bed in the garden, and is planted up higher nearer the sun, where he shall thrive better than in this out-field *moor-ground*: Ye must think your Lord would not want him one hour longer; and since the date of your loan of him was expired (as it is, if ye read the lease) let him have his own with gain, as good reason were. I read on it an exaltation and a richer measure of grace, as the sweet fruit of your cross; and I am bold to say, that that college, where your Master hath set you now, shall find it. I am content, that Christ is so homely with my dear Brother *David Dickson*, as to borrow and lend, and take and give with him; and ye know, what are called the visi-

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tations of such a Friend; it is to come to the house, and be homely with what is yours. I perswade my self upon his credit, he hath left *drink-money*, and that he hath made the house the better of him: I envy not his waking love, who saw that this water was to be past through, and that now the number of crosses lying in your way to glory, are fewer by one than when I saw you; they must decrease. It is better than any ancient or modern commentary on your text, that ye preach upon, in *Glasgow*: Read and spell right, for he knoweth what he doth; he is only *lopping* and *snedding* a fruitful tree, that it may be more fruitful. I congratulate heartily, with you, his new *welcome* to your new charge. *Dearest Brother*, go on and faint not; something of yours is in heaven, beside the flesh of your exalted Saviour, and ye go on after your own. Time's threed is shorter by one inch than it was: An oath is sworn and past the seals, whether afflictions will or not, ye must grow and swell out of your shell, and live, and triumph, and reign, and be more than a conqueror; for your Captain, who leadeth you on, is more than Conqueror, and he makes you partaker of his conquest and victory. Did not love to you compel me, I would not fetch water to the well, and speak to one, who knoweth better than I can do, what God is doing with him. Remember my love to your wife, to Mr. *John*, and all friends there. Let us be helped by your prayers, for I cease not to make mention of you to the Lord as I dow. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, May 28.

1640.

Yours in his sweet Lord

Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady B O Y D.

Madam,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. Impute it not to a disrespective forgetfulness of your *Ladiship*, who, ministered to me in my bonds, that I write not to you: I wish I could speak or write what might do good to your *Ladiship*; especially now, when I think ye cannot but have deep thoughts of the deep and bottomless ways of our Lord, in taking away, with a sudden and wonderful stroke, your brethren and friends. Ye may know, all that die for sin, die not in sin; and that *none can teach the Almighty knowledge*: he answereth none of our courts; and no man can say, *What dost thou?* It is true, your brethren saw not many summers; but adore

and fear the sovereignty of the great Potter, who maketh and marreth his clay-vessels, when and how it pleaseth him. The under-garden is absolutely his own, and all that groweth in it: his absolute liberty is *law-biding*; the flowers are his own: if some be but summer-apples, he may pluck them down before others. O what wisdom is it, to *believe* and not to *dispute*, to subject the thoughts to his court, and not to repine at any act of his justice? He hath done it, all flesh be silent. It is impossible to be submissive and religiously patient, if ye stay your thoughts down among the confused rollings and wheels of second causes, as, *Oh, the place! Oh, the time! Oh, if this had been, this had not followed! Oh, the linking of this accident with this time and place!* Look up to the master-motion and the first wheel; see and read the decree of heaven and the Creator of men, who breweth death to his children, and the manner of it: And they see far in a mill-stone, and have eyes, that make a hole to see through the one side of a mountain to the other, who can take up his ways; *How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!* His providence halteth not, but goeth with even and equal legs; yet are they not the greatest sinners, upon whom the tower of *Sis-ram* fell. Was not time's lease expired, and the sand of heaven's sand-glass set by our Lord run out? Is not he an unjust debtor, who payeth due debt with chiding? I believe, *Christian Lady*, your faith leaveth that much charity to our Lord's judgments, as to believe, howbeit ye be in blood silt to that cross, that yet ye are exempted and freed from the gall and wrath that is in it. I dare not deny but (*Job. xviii. 15.*) *The king of terrors dwelleth in the wicked man's tabernacle: Brimstone shall be scattered on his habitation;* yet, *Madam*, it is safe for you to live upon the faith of his love, whose arrows are overwatred and pointed with love and mercy to his own, and who knoweth how to take you and yours out of the roll and book of the dead. Our Lord hath not the eyes of flesh, in distributing wrath to the thousandth generation without exception. Seeing ye are not under the law, but under grace, and married to another Husband; wrath is not the court that ye are liable to. As I would not wish, neither do I believe your *Ladiship* doth despise; so neither faint. Read and spell aright all the words and syllables in the visitation, and miscall neither letter nor syllable in it. Come along with the Lord, and see, and lay no more weight upon the law than

than your Christ hath laid upon it. If the law's bill get an answer from Christ, the curses of it can do no more: And I hope ye have resolved, that if he should grind you to powder, your dust and powder shall believe his salvation. And who can tell, what thoughts of love and peace our Lord hath to your children? I trust he shall make them famous, in executing the written judgments upon the enemies of the Lord; *this honour have all his saints*, Psal. cxlix. 9. and that they shall bear stones on their shoulders for building that City, that is called, *Ezek. xlv. 35. The Lord is there*. And happy shall they be, who have a hand in the sacking of *Babel*, and come out in the year of vengeance, for the controversie of *Zion*, against the land of graven images. Therefore, *Madam*, let the Lord make out of your father's house any work, even of judgment, that he please: What is wrath to others, is mercy to you and your house. It is faith's work to claim and challenge loving-kindness out of all the roughest strokes of God. Do that for the Lord, which ye will do for time; time will calm your heart at that which God hath done, and let our Lord have it now. What love ye did bear to friends now dead, seeing they stand now in no need of it, let it fall as just legacy to Christ. Oh, how sweet to put out many strange lovers, and to put in Christ! It is much for our half-slain affections, to part with that, which we believe we have right unto: but the servant's will should be our will; and he is the best servant, who retaineth least of his own will, and most of his master's. That much wisdom must be ascribed to our Lord, that he knoweth how to lead his own *in-through* and *out-through* the little time-hells, and the pieces of time-during wraths in this life; and yet keep safe his love without any *blur* upon the old and great seal of free election: And seeing his mountains of brass, the mighty and strong decrees of free grace in Christ, stand sure, and the covenant standeth fast for ever, as the days of heaven, let him strike and nurture, his *striking* must be a very act of *saving*; seeing strokes upon his secret ones come from the soft and heavenly hand of the Mediator, and his rods are steeped and watred in that flood and river of love, that cometh from the *God-man's* heart of our *soul-loving* and *soul-redeeming* JESUS. I hope ye are content to frist the Cautioner of mankind his own conquest, *heaven*, till he pay it you, and bring you to a state of glory, where he shall never *crook a finger* upon, nor lift a hand to you again: And be content, and withal greedily

ly covetous of grace, the interest and pledge of glory. If I did not believe your crop to be on the ground, and your part of that heaven of the Saints *heaven*, white and ruddy, fair, fair and beautiful Jesus were come to the bloom and the flower, and near your hook, I would not write this; but seeing time's thread is short, and ye are upon the entry of heaven's harvest, and Christ, the field of heaven's glory, is white and ripe-like, the losses that I write of to your *Ladiship* are but summer-showers, that will only wet your garments for an hour or two, and the sun of the new *Jerusalem* shall quickly dry the wet coat; especially seeing rains of affliction cannot stain the image of God, or cause Grace cast the colour. And since ye will not alter upon him, who will not change upon you, I durst in weakness think my self no *spiritual Seer*, if I should not prophesie, that day-light is near, when such a morning-darkness is upon you; and that this trial of your christian mind towards him, whom ye dare not leave, howbeit he should slay you, shall close with a doubled mercy. It is time for faith to hold fast as much of Christ as ever ye had, and to make the grip stronger, and to cleave closer to him; seeing Christ loveth to be believed in, and trusted to. The glory of laying strength upon One that is mighty to save, is more than we can think. That piece of service, of believing in a smiting Redeemer, is a precious part of obedience. O what glory to him, to lay over the burden of our heaven upon him, that purchased for us an eternal kingdom! O blessed soul, who can adore, and kiss his lovely, free grace. The rich grace of Christ be with your spirit.

St. Andrews, Octob. 15.

1640.

Yours at all obedience in

Christ Jesus, S. R.

TO AGNES MACKMATH.

Dear Sister,

IF our Lord hath taken away your child, your lease of him is expired; and seeing Christ would want him no longer, it is your part to hold your peace, and worship and adore the sovereignty and liberty, that the Potter hath over the clay, and pieces of clay-nothings, that he gave life unto. And what is man, to call and summon the Almighty to his lower court down here? *For he giveth account of none of his doings.* And if ye will take a loan of a child, and give him back again to our Lord, laughing, as his borrowed goods should return to him;

him; believe, he is not gone away, but sent before; and that the change of the country should make you think, he is not lost to you, who is found to Christ; and that he is now before you, and that the dead in Christ shall be raised again. A going-down star is not annihilate, but shall appear again: If he hath casten his bloom and flower, the bloom is fallen in heaven in Christ's lap; and as he was lent a while to time, so is he given now to eternity, which will take your self: And the difference of your shipping and his to heaven and Christ's shore, the land of life, is only in some few years, which weareth every day shorter, and some short and *soon-reckoned* summers will give you a meeting with him; but what, with him? Nay, with better company, with the Chief and Leader of the heavenly troops, that are riding on white horses, that are triumphing in glory. If death were a sleep that had no wakning, we might sorrow; But our Husband shall quickly be at the bed-sides of all that lie sleeping in the grave, and shall raise their mortal bodies. Christ was death's Cautioner, who gave his word to come and loose all the clay-pawns, and set them at his own right-hand; and our Cautioner, Christ, hath an act of law-surety upon death, to render back his captives: And that Lord Jesus, who knoweth the turnings and windings that are in that black trance of death, hath numbred all the steps of the stair up to heaven; he knoweth how long the *turnpike* is, or how many pair of stairs high it is; for he ascended that way himself, *Rev. i. 18. I was dead and am alive.* And now he liveth at the right-hand of God, and his garments have not so much as a smell of death. Your afflictions smell of the childrens case; the bairns of the house are so nurtured: and suffering is no new life, it is but the rent of the Sons; bastards have not so much of the rent. Take kindly and heartfomly with his cross, who never yet slew a child with the cross. He breweth your cup; therefore drink it patiently, and with the better will. Stay and wait on till Christ loose the knot, that fasteneth his cross on your back; for he is coming to deliver: And I pray you, *Sister*, learn to be worthy of his pains, who correcteth; and let him wring, and be ye washen; for he hath a Father's heart and a Father's hand, who is training you up, and making you meet for the high-hall. This school of suffering is a preparation for the King's higher houses; and let all your visitations speak all the letters of your Lord's summons. They say, 1. *O vain world!* 2. *O bitter sin!* 3. *O short and uncertain*

certain time! 4. O fair eternity, that is above sickness and death! 5. O Kingly and Princely Bridegroom! Hasten glory's marriage, shorten time's short-span and soon-broken thread, and conquer sin! 6. O happy and blessed death, that golden bridge laid over by Christ my Lord, betwixt time's clay-banks and heaven's shore! And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and answer ye with them, Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Octob. 15. Your brother in his sweet Lord
1640. Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. MATTHEW MOWAT.

Reverend and dear Brother,

What am I to answer you? Alas! my books are all bare, and shew me little of God: I would fain go beyond books, into his house of love, to himself. Dear Brother, neither ye nor I are parties worthy of his love or knowledge. Ah! how hath sin bemisted and blinded us, that we cannot see him? But for my poor self, I am pained and like to burst, because he will not take down the wall, and fetch his uncreated Beauty, and bring his matchless, white and ruddy Face out of heaven *one's errand*, that I may have heaven meeting me ere I go to it, in such a wonderful sight. Ye know that *majesty* and *love* do humble, because *homely love* to sinners dwelleth in him with *majesty*: Ye should give him all his own court-stiles, his high and heaven-names. What am I, to shape conceptions of my highest Lord? How broad and how high and how deep he is, above and beyond what these conceptions are, I cannot tell: But for my own weak practice (which alas! can be no rule to one, so deep in love-sickness with Christ as ye are) I would fain add to my thoughts and esteem of him, and make him more high, and would wish an heart and love ten thousand times wider than the utmost circle and curtain, that goeth about the heaven of heavens, to entertain him, in that heart and with that love. But that which is your pain, my dear brother, is mine also; I am confounded with the thoughts of him. I know God is casten (if I may speak so) in a sweet mould, and lovely image, in the Person of that heaven's Jewel, the Man Christ; and that the steps of that steep ascent and stair to the God-head, is the flesh of Christ, *the new and living way*; and there is footing for faith in that curious ark of the humanity: Therein dwell-

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leth the God-head married upon our *humanity*. I would be in heaven, suppose I had not another errand, but to see that dainty golden ark, and God personally looking out at ears and eyes and a body, such as we sinners have, that I might wear my sinful mouth in kisses on him for evermore: And I know, all the three blessed Persons should be well pleased, that my piece of faint and created love should first coast upon the Man Christ; I should see them all through him. I am called from writing by my great employments in this Town, and have said nothing: But what can I say of him? Let us go and see.

St. Andrews, 1640. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to your *Ladiship*. I am heartily sorry that your *Ladiship* is deprived of such an husband, and the Lord's Kirk of so active and faithful a friend. I know, your *Ladiship* long ago made acquaintance with that, wherein Christ will have you joined in a fellowship with himself, even with his own cross; and hath taught you to stay your soul upon the Lord's *good-will*, who giveth not account of his matters to any of us: When he hath led you through this *water*, that was in your way to *glory*, there are fewer behind; and his order in dismissing us, and sending us out of the market, one before another, is to be revered. One year's time of heaven shall swallow up all sorrows, even beyond all comparison: What then will not a duration of blessedness so long as God shall live, fully and abundantly recompense? It is good that our Lord hath given a Debtor, obliged by gracious promises, for more in *eternity* than time can take from you; and I believe your *Ladiship* hath been now many years advising and thinking what that *glory* will be, which is abiding the pilgrims and strangers on the earth, when they come home, and which we may think of, love, and thirst for, but we cannot comprehend it, nor conceive of it as it is, far less can we over-think or over-love it. O so long a Chapter, or rather so lo long a Volume as Christ is, in that divinity of *glory*! There is no more of him let down now, to be seen and enjoyed by his children, but as much as may feed hunger in this life, but not satistie it. Your *Ladiship* is a debtor to the Son of God's cross, that is wearing out love and affiance in the creature

creature out of your heart by degrees; or rather the obligation standeth to his free grace, who careth for your *Ladiship* in this gracious dispensation, and who is preparing and making ready the garments of salvation for you; and who calleth you with a new name, that the mouth of the Lord hath named, and purposeth to make you a *crown of glory, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God, Isa. lxi. 2, 3.* Ye are obliged to frist him more than one heaven; and yet he craveth not a long *day*; it is fast coming, and is sure payment. Though ye gave no hire for him, yet hath he given a great price and ransom for you: and if the bargain were to make again, Christ would give no less for you, than what he hath already given; he is far from ruing. I shall wish you no more, till time be gone out of the *way*, than the earnest of that which he hath purchased and prepared for you, which can never be fully preached, written, or thought of, since it hath not entred into the heart to consider it. So, recommending your *Ladiship* to the rich grace of our Lord Jesus, I am and rest

St. Andrews.

Your *Ladiship's*, at all respective observance, in Christ Jesus; S. R.

To Mistress TAYLOR.

Mistress,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: Though I have no relation worldly or acquaintance with you, yet (upon the testimony and importunity of your elder son now at *London*, where I am, but chiefly because I esteem Jesus Christ in you to be in place of all relations) I make bold in Christ to speak my poor thoughts to you concerning your son lately fallen asleep in the Lord (who was sometime under the ministry of the worthy servant of Christ, my fellow-labourer Mr. Blair, by whose ministry I hope he reaped no small advantage) I know, grace rooteth not out the affections of a mother, but putteth them on his wheel, who maketh all things new, that they may be refined; therefore sorrow for a dead child is allowed to you, though by measure and ounce-weights: the redeemed of the Lord have not a dominion or lordship over their sorrow and other affections, to lavish out Christ's goods at their pleasure: *For ye are not your own, but bought with a price*; and your sorrow is not your own, nor hath he redeemed you by halves; and therefore ye are not to make

Christ

Christ's cross no cross. He commandeth you to weep; and that princely One, who took up to heaven with him a man's heart to be a compassionate High-priest, became your Fellow and Companion on earth, by weeping for the dead, *John xi. 35.* And therefore ye are to love that cross, because it was once on Christ's shoulders before you; so that by his own practice he hath over-gilded and covered your cross with the Mediator's lustre: The cup ye drink was at the lip of sweet Jesus, and he drank of it; and so it hath a smell of his breath: And I conceive ye love it not the worse that it is thus sugared; therefore drink, and believe the resurrection of your son's body; if one coal of hell could fall off the exalted Head Jesus, Jesus the Prince of the kings of the earth, and burn me to ashes, knowing I were a partner with Christ, and a fellow-sharer with him, (though the unworthiest of men) I think I should die a lovely death in that fire, with him. The worst things of Christ, even his cross, have much of heaven from himself; and so hath your christian sorrow, being of kin to Christ's in that kind: If your sorrow were a bastard, and not of Christ's house (because of the relation ye have to him in conformity with his death and sufferings) I should the more compassionate your condition; but kind and compassionate Jesus, at every sigh ye give for the loss of your now glorified child, (so I believe, as is meet) with a man's heart crieth, *Half-mine.* I was not a witness to his death, being called out of the kingdom; but ye shall credit those whom I do credit, (and I dare not lie) he died comfortably. It is true, he died before he did so much service to Christ on earth, as I hope and heartily desire, your son Mr. *Hugh* (very dear to me in Jesus Christ) shall do: But that were a real matter of sorrow, if this were not to counter-balance it, that he hath changed service-houses, but hath not changed service or Master, *Rev. xxii. 3. And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him.* What he could have done in this lower house, he is now upon that same service in the higher house; and it is all one, it is the same service, and the same Master, only there is a change of conditions: And ye are not to think it a bad bargain for your beloved son, where he hath gold for copper and brass, eternity for time. I believe Christ hath taught you (for I give credit to such a witness of you, as your son Mr. *Hugh*) not to sorrow because he died: All the knot must be, *he died too soon, he died too young,*

be died in the morning of his life, this is all; but Sovereignty must silence your thoughts. I was in your condition; I had but two children, and both are dead since I came hither. The supreme and absolute Former of all things giveth not an account of any of his matters: The good Husbandman may pluck his roses, and gather in his lilies at mid-summer, and, for ought I dare say, in the beginning of the first summer-month; and he may transplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the sun, and a more free air, at any season of the year: What is that to you or me? the goods are his own. The Creator of time and winds did a merciful injury (if I dare borrow the word) to nature, in landing the passenger so early. They love the sea too well, who complain of a fair wind and a desirable tide, and a speedy coming ashore, especially a coming ashore in that land where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads. He cannot be too early in heaven; his twelve hours were not short hours: And withal, if ye consider this, had ye been at his bed-side, and should have seen Christ coming to him, ye would not, ye could not have adjourned Christ's free love, who would want him no longer. And dying in another land, where his mother could not close his eyes, is not much: who closed *Moses's* eyes? and who put on his winding-sheet? for ought I know, neither father, nor mother, nor friend, but God only. And there is as expedite, fair, and easie a way betwixt *Scotland* and heaven, as if he had died in the very bed he was born in. The whole earth is his Father's; any corner of his Father's house is good enough to die in. It may be, the living child (I speak not of Mr. *Hugh*) is more grief to you than the dead: You are to wait on, if at any time God shall give him repentance; Christ waited as long possibly on you and me, certainly longer on me; and if he should deny repentance to him, I could say something to that; but I hope better things of him. It seemeth that Christ will have this world your step-dame; I love not your condition the worse, it may be a proof that ye are not a child of this lower house, but a stranger: Christ seeth it not good only, but your only good, to be led thus to heaven; and think this a favour, that he hath bestowed upon you free, free grace, that is, mercy without hire; ye paid nothing for it: And who can put a price upon any thing of royal and princely Jesus Christ? And that God hath given to you to suffer for him the spoiling of your goods, esteem it

is an act of free grace also; ye are no loser, having himself:
 and I perswade my self, if ye could prize Christ, nothing
 could be bitter to you. Grace, grace be with you.
 London, 1645. *Your brother and well-wisher, S. R.*

To BARBARA HAMILTON.

Worthy Friend,

Grace be to you: I do unwillingly write unto you of that
 which God hath done concerning your son-in-law; on-
 ly, I believe, ye look not below Christ, and the highest and
 most supreme act of providence, which moveth all wheels.
 And certainly, what came down enacted, and concluded in the
 great book before the throne, and signed and subscribed with
 the hand which never did wrong, should be kissed and adored
 by us. We see God's degrees, when they bring forth their
 fruits, all actions, good and ill, sweet and sowre, in their
 time; but we see not presently the after-birth of God's de-
 cree, to wit, his blessed end, and the good that he bringeth
 out of the womb of his holy and spotless counsel: we see his
 working, and sorrow; the end of his counsel and working lieth
 hidden and underneath the ground, and therefore we cannot
 believe. Even amongst men, we see hewen stones, timber,
 and an hundred scattered parcels and pieces of an house, all
 under tools, hammers, and axes, and saws; yet the house,
 the beauty and ease of so many lodgings and ease-rooms, we
 neither see nor understand for the present; these are but in
 the mind and head of the builder, as yet. We see red earth,
 unbroken clods, furrows and stones; but we see not summer
 lilies, roses, and the beauty of a garden. If ye give the Lord
 time to work (as often he that believeth not maketh haste,
 but not speed) his end is under the ground; and ye shall see
 it was your good, that your son hath changed dwelling-
 places, but not his Master: Christ thought good to have no
 more of his service here; yet, Rev. xxii. 3. *His servants shall
 serve him*: He needeth not us nor our service, either in earth
 or in heaven; but ye are to look to him, who giveth the
 hireling both his leave and his wages, for his naked aim and
 purpose to serve Christ, as well as for his labours: it is put
 up in Christ's account, Such a labourer did sweat forty ye ars
 in Christ's Vineyard; howbeit he got not leave to labour so
 long, because he who accepteth of the will for the deed, count-
 eth so: none can teach the Lord to lay an account; he num-
 bereth

breth the drops of rain, and knoweth the stars by their names: it would take us much studying, to give a name to every star in the firmament, great or small. See *Lev. x. 3.* And Aaron held his peace; ye know his two sons were slain, whilst they offered strange fire to the Lord. Command your thoughts to be silent: if the soldiers of *Newcastle* had done this, ye might have stomached; but the weapon was in another hand: bear the rod what it preacheth, and see the name of God. *Mic. vi. 9.* and know that there is somewhat of God and heaven in the rod. The majesty of the unsearchable and bottomless ways and judgments of God is not seen in the rod, and the seeing of them requireth the eyes of the man of wisdom. If the sufferings of some other with you in that loss could ease you, ye want them not. But he can do no wrong, he cannot halt; his goings are equal, who hath done it. I know our Lord aimeth at more mortification; let him not come in vain to your house, and lose the pains of a merciful visit. God, the Founder, never melteth in vain; howbeit to us he seemeth often to lose both fire and metal: but I know ye are more in this work than I can be; there is no cause to faint or weary. Grace be with you, and the rich consolations of Jesus Christ sweeten your cross, and support you under it. I rest.

London, Oct. 15. 1645. Yours in his Lord and Master, S. R.

To Mistress HUME.

Loving Sister,

Grace mercy and peace be to you: If ye have any thing better than the husband of your youth, ye are Jesus Christ's debtor for it; pay not then your debts with grudging. Sorrow may diminish from the sweet fruit of righteousness; but quietness, silence, submission, and faith, put a crown upon your sad losses: ye know whose voice the voice of a crying rod is, *Micah. vi. 9.* The name and majesty of the Lord is written on the rod; read and be instructed. Let Christ have the room of the husband: he hath now no need of you, or of your love; for he enjoyeth as much of the love of Christ, as his heart can be capable of. I confess, it is a dear-bought experience, to teach you to undervalue the creature; yet it is not too dear, if Christ think it so. I know, that the disputing of your thoughts against his going thither, the way and manner of his death, the instruments, the place, the

time, will not ease your spirits, except ye rise higher than second causes, and be silent because the Lord hath done it; if we measure the goings of the Almighty and his ways, the bottom whereof we see not, we quite mistake God. O how little a portion of God see we! He is far above our ebb and narrow thoughts; he ruled the world in wisdom, ere we, creatures of yesterday, were born, and shall rule it, when we shall be lodging beside the worms and corruption. Only learn heavenly wisdom, self-denial, and mortification by this sad loss; I know that it is not for nothing (except ye deny God to be wise in all he doth) that ye have lost one in earth. There hath been too little of your love and heart in heaven, and therefore the jealousy of Christ hath done this; it is a mercy that he contendeth with you and all your lovers: I should desire no greater favour for my self, then that Christ laid a necessity, and took on such bonds upon himself; Such an one I must have, and such a soul I cannot live in heaven without, *John x. 16.* And believe it, it is incomprehensible love, that Christ saith, *If I enjoy the glory of my Father, and the crown of heaven far above men and angels, I must use all means, though never so violent, to have the company of such an one for ever and ever.* If with the eyes of wisdom, as a child of wisdom, ye justify your mother, *the Wisdom of God*, (whose child ye are) ye shall kiss and embrace this loss, and see much of Christ in it. Believe and submit, and refer the income of the consolations of Jesus, and the event of the trial, to your heavenly Father, who numbreth all your hairs: And put Christ in his own room in your love; it may be he hath either been out of his own place, or in a place of love inferior to his worth. Repair Christ in all his wrongs done to him, and love him for a Husband; and he, *that is a Husband to the widow*, shall be that to you, which he hath taken from you. Grace be with you.

London, Oct. 15. 1645. *Your sympathizing brother, S. R.*

TO BARBARA HAMILTON.

Loving Sister,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I have heard with grief, that *Newcastle* hath taken one more, in a bloody account, than before, even your son-in-law, and my friend; but I hope ye have learned that much of Christ, as not to look to wheels rolled round about on earth: earthen vessels

are not to dispute with their Former ; pieces of sinning clay may, by reasoning and contending with the Potter, mar the work of him, *who hath his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem* ; as bullocks, sweating and wrestling in the furrow, maketh their yoke more heavy : In quietness and rest ye shall be saved ; if men do any thing contrary to your heart, we may ask both, who did it ? and, what is done ? and why ? When God hath done any such thing, we are to enquire who hath done it ? and to know that this cometh from the Lord, *who is wonderful in counsel* ; but we are not to ask what or why ? If it be from the Lord, (*as certainly there is no evil in the city without him*, Amos iii. 6.) it is enough ; the fairest face of his spotless way is but coming, and ye are to believe his works as well as his word. Violent death is a sharer with Christ in his death, which was violent : it maketh not much what way we go to heaven ; the happy home is all, where the roughness of the way shall be forgotten. He is gone home to a Friend's house, and made welcome, and the race is ended : Time is recompensed with eternity, and copper with gold. God's order is in wisdom, the husband goes home before the wife, and the throng of the market shall be over ere it be long, and another generation where we now are ; and at length an empty house, and not one of mankind shall be upon the earth, within the sixth part of an hour, after the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up with fire : I fear more that Christ is about to remove, when he carrieth home so much of his plenishing before-hand. We cannot teach the Almighty knowledge ; when he was directing the bullet against his servant, to fetch out the soul, no wise man could cry to God, *Wrong, wrong, Lord, for he is thine own*. There is no mist over his eyes, who is *wonderful in counsel* ; if Zion be builded with your son-in-law's blood, the Lord (deep in counsel) can glew together the stones of Zion with blood, and with that blood which is precious in his eyes. Christ hath fewer labourers in his Vineyard than he had ; but some more witnesses for his cause, and the Lord's Covenant with the three nations. What is Christ's gain, is not your loss ; let not that, which is his holy and wise will, be your unbelieving sorrow. Though I really judge I had interest in his dead servant, yet, because he now liveth to Christ, I quit the hopes I had of his successful labouring in the ministry : I know he now praiseth the grace that he was to preach ; and if there were a better thing on his head now

in heaven than a crown; or any thing more excellent than heaven, he would cast it down before his feet, who sitteth on the throne: give glory therefore to Christ, as now doth, and say, *Thy will be done.* The grace and consolation of of Christ be with you.

London, Nov. 15. 1645. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the Viscountess of KENMURE.

Madam,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to your Ladyship: That Christ lose no time, yet when sinful men drive his chariot, the wheels of his chariot move slowly: the woman, *Zion*, as soon as she travailed, brought forth her children; yea, *Isa. lvi. 7.* *Before she travailed, she brought forth; before her pain came, she was delivered of a man-child:* Yet the deliverance of the people was with the woman's going with child seventy years, that is more than nine months. There be many oppositions in carrying on the work; but I hope, the Lord will build his own *Zion*, and evidence to us, that it is done, *not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord.* Madam, I have heard of your infirmities of body and sickness. I know the issue shall be mercy to you; and that God's purpose, which lieth hidden under-ground to you, is, to commend the sweetness of his love and care to you from your youth. And if all the sad losses, trials, sicknesses, infirmities, griefs, heaviness, and inconstancy of the creature, be expounded (as sure I am they are) the rods of the jealousy of an Husband in heaven, contending with all your lovers on earth (though there were millions of them) for your love, to fetch more of your love home to heaven, to make it single, unmixt, and chaste to the fairest in heaven and earth, to Jesus the Prince of ages; yet will forgive (to borrow that word) every rod of God, and not let the sun go down on your wrath, against any messenger of your afflicting and correcting Father. Since your Ladyship cannot but see that the mark at which Christ hath aimed, these twenty four years and above, is, to have the company and fellowship of such a sinful creature, in heaven with him, for all eternity; and because he will not (such is the power of his love) enjoy his Father's glory, and that crown, due to him by eternal generation, without you by name; *Joh. xvii. 24. Joh. x. 16. Joh. xiv. 3.* Therefore, Madam, believe no evil of Christ, listen to no hard reports

that his rods make of him to you: He hath loved you, and washed you from your sins; and what would ye have more? Is that too little, except he adjourn all crosses, till ye be where ye shall be out of all capacity to sigh, or to be crossed? I hope ye can desire no more, no greater, nor more excellent suit, than Christ and the fellowship of the Lamb for evermore; and if that desire be answered in heaven [as I am sure it is, and ye cannot deny but it is made sure to you] the want of these poor accidents, of a living husband, of many children, of an healthful body, of a life of ease in the world, without one knot in the rush, are nobly made up, and may be comfortably born. Grace, grace be with your Ladiship.

London, Oct.

Your Ladiship's at all obedience in Christ,

16, 1645.

S. R.

To a Christian Friend, upon the Death of his Wife.

Worthy Friend,

I Desire to suffer with you, in the loss of a loving and good wife, now gone before (according to the method and order of him, of whose understanding there is no searching out) whither ye are to follow. He that made yesterday to go before this day, and the former generation, in birth and life, to have been before this present generation, and hath made some flowers to grow, and die, and wither in the month of May, and others in June, cannot be challenged in the order he hath made of things without souls: And some order he must keep also here, that one might bury another; therefore, I hope, ye shall be dumb and silent, because the Lord hath done it: what creatures or under-causes do in sinful mistakes, are ordered in wisdom by your Father, at whose feet your own soul and your heaven lieth, and so the days of your wife. If the place she hath left were any other than a prison of sin, and the home she is gone to, any other than where her Head and Saviour is King of the land, your grief had been more rational; but I trust, your faith of the resurrection of the dead in Christ to glory and immortality, will lead you to suspend your longing for her, till the morning and dawning of that day, when the archangel shall descend with a shout, to gather all his prisoners out of the grave up to himself. To believe this is best for you, and to be silent because he hath done it, is your wisdom. It is much to come out of the Lord's school of Trial, wiser and more experienced in the ways of God; and it is our happiness, when

Christ

Christ openeth a vein, he taketh nothing but ill blood from his sick ones. Christ hath skill to do, and (if our corruption marr not) the art of mercy in correcting. We cannot of our selves take away the tin, the lead, and the scum that remaineth in us; and if Christ be not Master-of-work, and if the furnace go its alone, he not standing nigh the melting of his own vessel, the labour were lost, and the foundry should melt in vain: God knoweth, some of us have lost much fire, sweating and pains to our Lord Jesus; and the vessel is almost marred, the furnace and rod of God spilt, and day-light burnt, and the reprobate mettall not taken away, so as some are to answer to the Majesty of God, for the abuse of many good crosses, and rich afflictions lost without the quiet fruit of righteousness; and it is a sad thing, when the rod is cursed, that never fruit shall grow on it: And, except Christ's dew fall down, and his summer-sun shine, and his grace follow afflictions, to cause them bring forth fruit to God, they are so fruitless to us, that our evil ground (*rank* and fat enough for briars) casteth up a crop of noisom weeds. *The rod* (as the prophet saith, *Ezek. vii. 10, 11.*) *blossometh, pride buddeth forth, violence riseth up into a rod of wickedness*; and all this hath been my case under many rods since I saw you. Grace be with you.

London, 1645. — Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To a Christian Brother.

Reverend and Beloved in the Lord,

IT may be I have been too long silent, but I hope ye will not impute it to forgetfulness of you. As I have heard of the death of your daughter, with heaviness of mind on your behalf; so am I much comforted, that she hath evidenced to your self and other witnesses, the hope of the resurrection of the dead. As sown corn is not lost, (for there is more hope of that which is sown than of that which is eaten, *1 Cor. xv. 42.*) so also is it in the resurrection of the dead; the body is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. I hope ye wait for the crop and harvest, *1 Thess. iv. 14.* For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him: Then they are not lost, who are gathered into that congregation of the first-born, and the general assembly of the saints. Tho' we cannot outrun nor over-

that his rods make of him to you: He hath loved you, and washed you from your sins; and what would ye have more? Is that too little, except he adjourn all crosses, till ye be where ye shall be out of all capacity to sigh, or to be crossed? I hope ye can desire no more, no greater, nor more excellent suit, than Christ and the fellowship of the Lamb for evermore; and if that desire be answered in heaven [as I am sure it is, and ye cannot deny but it is made sure to you] the want of these poor accidents, of a living husband, of many children, of an healthful body, of a life of ease in the world, without one knot in the rush, are nobly made up, and may be comfortably born. Grace, grace be with your Ladiship.

London, Oct.

Your Ladiship's at all obedience in Christ,

16, 1645.

S. R.

To a Christian Friend, upon the Death of his Wife.

Worthy Friend,

I Desire to suffer with you, in the loss of a loving and good wife, now gone before (according to the method and order of him, of whose understanding there is no searching out) whither ye are to follow. He that made yesterday to go before this day, and the former generation, in birth and life, to have been before this present generation, and hath made some flowers to grow, and die, and wither in the month of May, and others in June, cannot be challenged in the order he hath made of things without souls: And some order he must keep also here, that one might bury another; therefore, I hope, ye shall be dumb and silent, because the Lord hath done it: what creatures or under-causes do in sinful mistakes, are ordered in wisdom by your Father, at whose feet your own soul and your heaven lieth, and so the days of your wife. If the place she hath left were any other than a prison of sin, and the home she is gone to, any other than where her Head and Saviour is King of the land, your grief had been more rational; but I trust, your faith of the resurrection of the dead in Christ to glory and immortality, will lead you to suspend your longing for her, till the morning and dawning of that day, when the archangel shall descend with a shout, to gather all his prisoners out of the grave up to himself. To believe this is best for you, and to be silent because he hath done it, is your wisdom. It is much to come out of the Lord's school of Trial, wiser and more experienced in the ways of God; and it is our happiness, when

Christ

Christ openeth a vein, he taketh nothing but ill blood from his sick ones. Christ hath skill to do, and (if our corruption marr not) the art of mercy in correcting. We cannot of our selves take away the tin, the lead, and the scum that remaineth in us; and if Christ be not Master-of-work, and if the furnace go its alone, he not standing nigh the melting of his own vessel, the labour were lost, and the foundry should melt in vain: God knoweth, some of us have lost much fire, sweating and pains to our Lord Jesus; and the vessel is almost marred, the furnace and rod of God spilt, and day-light burnt, and the reprobate mettall not taken away, so as some are to answer to the Majesty of God, for the abuse of many good crosses, and rich afflictions lost without the quiet fruit of righteousness; and it is a sad thing, when the rod is cursed, that never fruit shall grow on it: And, except Christ's dew fall down, and his summer-sun shine, and his grace follow afflictions, to cause them bring forth fruit to God, they are so fruitless to us, that our evil ground (*rank and fat enough for briars*) casteth up a crop of noisom weeds. *The rod (as the prophet saith, Ezek. vii. 10, 11.) blossometh, pride buddeih forth, violence riseth up into a rod of wickedness;* and all this hath been my case under many rods since I saw you. Grace be with you.

London, 1645.

Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To a Christian Brother.

Reverend and Beloved in the Lord,

IF may be I have been too long silent, but I hope ye will not impute it to forgetfulness of you. As I have heard of the death of your daughter, with heaviness of mind on your behalf; so am I much comforted, that she hath evidenced to your self and other witnesses, the hope of the resurrection of the dead. As sown corn is not lost, (for there is more hope of that which is sown than of that which is eaten, 1 Cor. xv. 42.) so also is it in the resurrection of the dead; the body is *sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory.* I hope ye wait for the crop and harvest, 1 Thess. iv. 14. *For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him:* Then they are not lost, who are gathered into that congregation of the first-born, and the general assembly of the saints. Tho' we cannot outrun nor over-

take them that are gone before, yet we shall quickly follow them; and the difference is, that she hath the advantage of some months or years of the crown, before you and her mother: And we do not take it ill, if our children outrun in the life of grace; why then are we sad, if they outstrip us in the attainment of the life of glory? It would seem, that there is more reason to grieve that children live behind us, than that they are glorified and die before: All the difference is in some poor hungry accidents of time, less or more, sooner or later: So the godly child, tho' young, died an hundred years old; and ye could not now have bestowed her better, tho' the choice was Christ's, not yours. And I am sure, Sir, ye cannot now say, she is married against the will of her parents; she might more readily, if alive, fall in the hand of a worse husband: but can ye think, that she could have fallen in the hands of one better? And if Christ marry with your house, it is your honour, not any cause of grief, that Jesus should portion any of yours, ere she enjoy your portion; is it not great love? The patrimony is more than any other could give: *As good a husband is impossible; to say a better, is blasphemy.* The King and Prince of ages can keep them better than ye can do. While she was alive, ye could intrust her to Christ, and recommend her to his keeping: now by an after-faith ye have resigned her unto him, in whose bosom do sleep all that are dead in the Lord; ye would have lent her to glorifie the Lord upon earth, and he hath borrowed her (with promise to restore her again, 1 Cor. xv. 53. 1 Thess. iv. 15, 16.) to be an organ of the immediate glorifying of himself in heaven. Sinless glorifying of God, is better than sinful glorifying of him. And sure, your prayers concerning her are fulfilled. I shall desire, if the Lord shall be pleased the same way to dispose of her mother, that ye have the same mind. Christ cannot multiply injuries upon you; if the fountain be the love of God, (as I hope it is) ye are enriched with losses. Ye know all I can say better, before I was in Christ, than I can express it. Grace be with you.

London, Jan. 6. 1646.

Yours in Christ Jesus, S.R.

To a Christian Gentlewoman.

Mistress,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: If death, which is before you and us all, were any other thing, but a friendly dissolution, and a change, not a destruction of life, it would

would seem a hard voyage, to go through such a sad and dark trance, *so thorny a valley*, as is *the wages of sin*: But I am confident, the way ye know, though your foot never trode in that black shadow; the loss of life is gain to you: If Christ Jesus be the Period, the End and Lodging home, at the end of your journey, there is no fear, ye go to a friend; and since ye have had a communion with him in this life, and he hath a pawn or pledge of yours, even the largest share of your love and heart, ye may look death in the face with joy. If the heart be in heaven, the remnant of you cannot be kept the prisoner of the second death: But though he be the same Christ in the other life, ye found him to be here; yet he is so far in his excellency, beauty, sweetness, irradiations and beams of Majesty, above what he appeared here, when he is seen as he is, that ye shall *miskeen* him, and he shall appear a new Christ; and his kisses, breathings, embracements, the perfume, the ointment of his name poured out on you, shall appear to have more of God, and a stronger smell of heaven, of eternity, of a God-head, of Majesty and glory there than here: As water at the fountain, apples in the orchard and beside the tree, have more of their native sweetness, taste and beauty, than when transported to us some hundred miles. I mean not that Christ can lose any of his sweetness in the carrying, or that he in his God-head and loveliness of presence can be changed to the worse, betwixt the little spot of the earth ye are in, and the right-hand of the Father, far above all heavens; but the change will be in you, when ye shall have new senses, and the soul shall be a more deep and more capacious vessel, to take in more of Christ; and when means, the chariot, the gospel, that he is now carried in, and ordinances that convey him, shall be removed. Sure ye cannot now be said to see him face to face, or to drink of the wine of the highest Fountain, or to take in seas and tides of fresh love immediately without vessels, midles or messengers, at the Fountain it self, as ye shall do a few days hence: when ye shall be so near as to be with Christ, *Lake xxiii. 43. John xvii. 24. Phil. i. 23. 1 Thes. iv. 17.* ye would (no doubt) bestow a day's journey, yea, many days journey on earth, to go up to heaven, and fetch down any thing of Christ; how much more may ye be willing to make a journey to go in person to heaven, (it is not lost time, but gained eternity) to enjoy the full God-head; and then in such a manner, as he is not there in his week-days apparel, as he is here with us, in a

drop or the tenth part of a night's dewing of grace and sweetness; but he is there in his marriage-robe of glory, richer, more costly, more precious, in one hem or button of that garment of Fountain-majesty than a million of worlds. Oh, the Well is deep! ye shall then think that preachers, and sinful ambassadors on earth, did but spill and mar his praises, when they spoke of him, and preached his beauty. Alas! we but make Christ black, and less lovely, in making such insignificant, and dry, and cold, and low expressions of his highest and transcendent super-excellency, to the daughters of *Jerusalem*. Sure, I have often, for my own part, sinned in this thing: No doubt, angels do not fulfil their task according to their obligation, in that Christ kept their feet from falling with the lost devils; tho' I know, they are not behind in going to the utmost of created power: but there is sin in our praising, and sin in the quantity, besides other sins. But I must leave this, it is too deep for me. Go and see, and we desire to go with you; but we are not masters of own diet. If in that last journey ye tread on a serpent in the way, and thereby wound your heel, as Jesus Christ did before you, the print of the wound shall not be known at the resurrection of the just. Death is but an awfom step over time and sin to sweet Jesus Christ, who knew and felt the worst of death; for death's teeth hurt him: We know death hath no teeth now, no jaws, for they are broken; it is a free prison, citizens pay nothing for the grave; the goaler, who had the power of death, is destroyed: Praise and glory be to the First-begotten of the dead. The worst possibly that may be, is, that ye leave behind you children, husband, and the Church of God in misery; but ye cannot get them to heaven with you for the present; ye shall not miss them, and Christ cannot miscount one of poorest of his lambs: No *lad*, no girl, no poor one shall be a missing, ere ye see them again in the day that the Son shall render up the kingdom to his Father. The evening and the shadow of every poor hireling is coming; the Church of Christ's Sun in this life is declining low; not a soul of the militant company will be here within few generations; our Husband will send for them all. It is a rich mercy, we are not married to time, longer than the course be finished. Ye may rejoice, that ye got not to heaven, till ye knew that Jesus is there before you, that when ye come thither, at your first entry ye may find the smell of his ointments, his myrrh, aloes, and cassia. And this first salutation of his will make you find,

it is no uncomfortable thing to die. Go and enjoy your gain; live on Christ's love while ye are here, and all the way: as for the Church ye leave behind you, the government is upon Christ's shoulders, and he will plead for the blood of his saints: The bush hath been burning above five thousand years, and we never yet law the ashes of this fire: *Yet a little while, and the vision shall not tarry; it shall speak and not lie.* I am more afraid of my duty, than of the Head Christ's government: He cannot fail to bring judgment to victory. O that we could wait for our hidden life! O that Christ would remove the covering, draw aside the curtain of time, and rend the heavens and come down! O that shadows and night were gone, that the day would break, and he that feedeth among the lilies, would cry to his heavenly trumpeters, *Make ready, let us go down and fold together the four corners of the world, and marry the Bride!* His grace be with you. Now, if I have found favour with you, and if ye judge me faithful, my last suit to you is, that ye would leave me a legacy, and that is, that my name may be at the very last in your prayers; as I desire also, it may be in the prayers of those of your christian acquaintance with whom ye have been intimate.

London, Jan. 9.
1646.

Your Brother in his own Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

Madam,

G Race, mercy and peace be to you: It is the least of the princely and royal bounty of Jesus Christ, to pay a King's debts, and not to have his servants at a loss. His gold is better than yours, and his hundred-fold is the income and rent of heaven, and far above your revenues: Ye are not the first who have casten up your accounts that way. Better have Christ your Factor than any other; for he tradeth to the advantage of his poor servants. But if the hundred-fold in this life be so well told, as Christ cannot pay you with miscounting or deferred hope; O what must the rent of that land be, which rendreth every day, and every hour of the years of long eternity, the whole rent of a year, yea, of more than thousand thousands of ages, even the weighty income of a rich kingdom, not every summer once, but every moment! That sum of glory will take you and all the angels telling.
To

To be a tenant to such a Landlord, where every berry and grape of the large field beareth no worse fruit than glory, fullness of joy, and pleasures that endure for evermore; I leave it to your self to think what a summer, what a soil, what a garden must be there; and what must be the commodities of that highest land, where sun and moon are under the feet of the inhabitants. Surely the land cannot be bought with gold, blood, banishment, loss of father and mother, husband, wife, children. We but dwell here, because we can do no better; it is need, not virtue, to be sojourners in a prison; to weep, and sigh, and alas, to sin sixty or seventy years in a land of tears; the fruits that grow here, are all seasoned and salted with sin. O how sweet is it, that the company of the first-born should be divided in two great bodies of an army, and some in their country, and some in the way to their country! If it were no more but to see once the face of the Prince of this good land, and to be feasted for eternity with the fatness, sweetness, dainties of the rays and beams of matchless glory, and incomparable fountain-love, it were a well-spent journey, to creep hands and feet, through seven deaths and seven hells, to enjoy him up at the Well-head. Only let us not weary, the miles to that land are fewer and shorter than when we first believed; strangers are not wise to quarrel with their host, and complain of their lodging; it is a foul way, but a fair home. O that I had but such grapes and clusters out of the land, as I have sometime seen and tasted in the place, whereof your *Ladiship* maketh mention! but the hope of it in the end is an heartsome convoy in the way. If I see little more of the gold till the race be ended, I dare not quarrel; it is the Lord: I hope his chariot shall go through these three kingdoms, after our suffering shall be accomplished. Grace be with you.

London, Jan. 26. 1646. Your *Ladiship's* in Jesus Christ, S.R.

To Mr. J. G.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Shall with my soul desire the peace of these kingdoms, and I do believe, it shall at last come, as a river, and as the mighty waves of the sea; but O that we were ripe and in readiness to receive it! The preserving of two or three or four or five berries, in the outmost boughs of the olive-tree, after the vintage, is like to be a great matter ere all be done; yet

yet I know, a cluster in both kingdoms shall be saved, for a blessing is in it: but it is not (I fear) so near to the dawning of the day of salvation, but that clouds must send down more showers of blood, to water the Vineyard of the Lord, and to cause it to blossom. *Scotland's* scum is not yet removed; nor is *England's* dross and tin taken away; nor the filth of our blood purged by the spirit of judgment, and the spirit of burning: but I am too much on this sad subject. As for my self, I do esteem nothing out of heaven, and next to a communion with Jesus Christ, more, than to be in the hearts and prayers of the saints; I know he feedeth there amongst the lilies, till the day break: but I am at a low ebb, as to any sensible communion with Christ; yea, as low as any soul can be, and do scarce know where I am; and do now make it a question, If any can go to him, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, through nothing but darkness? Sure, all that come to heaven, have a stock in Christ; but I know not where mine is. It cannot be enough for me to believe the salvation of others, and to know Christ to be the Hony-comb, the Rose of *Sharon*, the Paradise and *Eden* of the saints and first-born written in heaven, and not to see after the borders of that good land: But what shall I say? Either this is the Lord making grace a new creation, where there is pure nothing and sinful nothing to work upon; or I am gone. I should count my soul engaged to your self, and others there with you, if ye would but carry to Christ for me a letter of cyphers and nonsense; (for I know not how to make language of my condition) only shewing that I have need of his love: for I know, many fair and washen ones stand now in white before the throne, who were once as black as I am. If Christ pass his word to wash a sinner, it is less to him, than a word to make fair angels of black devils; only let the arc of free grace be engaged. I have not a cautioner to give surety, nor doth a Mediator, such as he is in all perfection, need a mediator: but what I need, he knoweth; only, it is his depth of wisdom, to let some pass millions of miles over score in debt, that they may stand between the winning and the losing, in need of more than ordinary free grace. Christ hath been multiplying grace by mercy, above these five thousand years; and the latter-born heirs have so much greater guiltiness, that Christ hath passed more experiments and multiplied essays of Heart-love on others, by unbelieving, after it is past all question, many hundred of ages, that Christ is the undeniable and now uncontroverted

Treasurer

Treasurer of multiplied redemptions; so now he is saying. The more of the disease there is, the more of the Physician's art, of grace and tenderness, there must be: only I know, no sinner can put infinite grace to it, so as the Mediator shall have difficulty or much ado, to save this or that man; millions of bells of sinners cannot come near to exhaust infinite grace. I pray you (remembering my love to your wife, and friends there) let me find that I have solicitors there amongst your acquaintance; and forget not Scotland.

London, Jan. 30. 1646. Your Brother in Jesus Christ, S. R.

To my Lady K E N M U R E.

Madam,

IT is too like the Lord's controversie with these two nations is but yet beginning, and that we are ripened and white for the Lord's sickle. For the particular condition your *Ladiship* is in, another might speak (if they would say all) of more sad things. If there were not a fountain of free grace, to water dry ground, and an uncreated wind to breathe on withered and dry bones, we were gone. The wheels of Christ's chariot, to pluck us out of the womb of many deaths, are winged like eagles. All I have, is, to desire to believe, that Christ will shew all good-will to save: and as for your *Ladiship*, I know that the Lord Jesus carrieth on no design against you, but seeketh to save and redeem you; he lieth not in wait for your falls, except it be to take you up: his way of redeeming is ravishing and taking; there are more miracles of glorified sinners in heaven, than can be on earth. Nothing of you, *Madam*, nay, not your leaf, can wither. Verily, it is a king's life to follow the Lamb; but when ye see him in his own country at home, ye will think ye never saw him before: *He shall be admired of all them that believe*, 2 *Thess.* 1. 12. Ye may judge how far all your now sad days and tossings, changes, losses, wants, conflicts, shall then be below you. Ye look to the cross, now it is above your head, and seems to threaten death, as having a dominion; but it shall then be so far below your thoughts, or your thoughts so far above it, that ye shall have no leisure to lend one thought to old dated crosses, in youth, in age, in this country or in that, from this instrument or from another; except it be to the heightning of your consolation, being now got above and beyond all these. Old age, and waxing old as a garment, is
written

written on the fairest face of the creation, *Psal.* cii. 26, 27. Death, from *Adam* to the second *Adam*'s appearance, playeth the king and reigneth over all; the prime Heir died, his children, which the Lord hath given, follow him: and we may speak freely of the life which is here, were it heaven, there were not much gain in godliness; but there is a rest for the people of God. Christ-man possesseth it now *one thousand six hundred* years before many of his members; but it weareth not out. Grace be with you.

London, Feb. 16. 1640. Your Ladiship's in Christ Jesus, S.R.

To the Lady A R D R O S S.

Madams,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: It hath seemed good (as I hear) to him, who hath appointed a bounds for the number of our months, to gather-in a sheaf of ripe corn (in the death of your Christian mother) into his Garner: It is the more evident, that winter is near, when apples, without violence of wind, do of their own accord fall off the tree. She is now above the winter, with a little change of place, not of a Saviour; only she enjoyeth him now without messages, and in his own immediate presence, from whom she heard by letters and messengers before. I grant, death is to her a very new thing, but heaven was prepared of old; and Christ enjoyed in his highest throne, and as loaded with glory, and incomparably exalted above men and angels, having such a heavenly circle of glorified harpers and musicians above, compassing the throne with a song, is to her a new thing; but so new, as the first summer-rose, or the first-fruits of that heavenly field, or as a new paradise to a traveller, broken and worn out of breath, with the sad occurrences of a long and *driery* way. Ye easily judge, *Madam*, what a large recompence is made to all her service, her walking with God, and her sorrows, with the first cast of the soul's eye upon the shining and admirably beautiful face of the Lamb, that is in the midst of that fair and white army that is there; and with the first draught and taste of the Fountain of life, fresh and new at the Well-head: To say nothing of the enjoying of that Face, without date, for more than this term of life which we now enjoy. And it cost her no more to go thither, but to suffer death to do her this piece of service: for by him, who was dead, and is alive, she was delivered from the second death;

death; What then is the first death to this second? Not a scratch of the hide of a finger, to the endless second death. And now she sitteth for eternity *meal-free*, in a very considerable land, which hath more than four summers in the year. O what spring-time is there! even the smelling of the odours of that great and eternally blooming Rose of *Sharon* for ever and ever? What a singing life is there? there is not a dumb bird in all that large field, but all sing and breathe out heaven, joy, glory, dominion, to the high Prince of that new found land; and verily the land is the sweeter, that Jesus Christ paid so dear a rent for it, and he is the glory of the land. All which, I hope, doth not so much mitigate and allay your grief for her part (as truly this should seem sufficient) as the unerring expectation of the dawning of that day upon your self, and the hope ye have of the fruition of that same King and kingdom to your own soul; certainly the hope of it, when things look so dark-like on both kingdoms, must be an exceeding great quickning to languishing spirits, who are far from home while we are here. What misery, to have both a bad way all the day, and no hope of lodging at night? But he hath taken up your lodging for you. I can say no more now; but I pray, that the very God of peace may establish your heart to the end. I rest,

London, Feb.

24. 1646.

*Madam, Your Ladiship's at all respectful
obedience in the Lord, S. R.*

To M. O.

Sir,

I Can write nothing for the present concerning these times (whatever others may think) but that which speaketh wrath and judgment to these kingdoms. If ever ye, or any of that land, received the gospel in the truth, (as I am confident ye and they did) there is here a great departure from that faith, and our sufferings are not yet at an end: However, I dare testify and die for it, that once Christ was revealed in the power of his excellency and glory to the saints there, and in *Scotland*, of which I was a witness; I pray God none deceive you, or take the crown from you. Hell or the gates of hell cannot ravel, mar, or undo what Christ hath once done amongst you: it may be, that I am incapable of new light, and cannot receive that spirit whereof some vainly boast; but that which was from the beginning, which we have

have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, even *the word of life*, Joh. i. 2, 3. hath been declared to you: Thousands of thousands, walking in that light and that good old way, have gone to heaven, and are now before the throne; truth is but one, and hath no numbers. Christ and antichrist are both now in the camp, and are come to open blows: Christ's poor ship saileth in the sea of blood, the passengers are so sea-sick of a high fever, that they miscale one another; Christ (I hope) shall bring the broken bark to land: I had rather swim for life and death on an old plank, or a broken board, to land with Christ, than enjoy the rotten peace we have hitherto had. It is like, the Lord will take a severe course with us, to cause the children of the family agree together. I conceive that Christ hath a great design of free grace to these Lands; but his wheels must move over mountains and rocks. He never yet wooed a Bride on earth, but in blood, in fire, and in the wilderness. A cross of our own chusing, honeyed and sugard with consolations, we cannot have: I think not much of a cross, when all the children of the house weep with me and for me; and to suffer when we enjoy the communion of saints, is not much; but it is hard when saints rejoyce in the suffering of saints, and redeemed ones hurt, yea, even go nigh to hate redeemed ones. I confess, I imagined, there had no more been such an affliction on earth, or in the world, than that one elect angel should fight against another; but for contempt of the communion of saints, we have need of new-born crosses, scarce ever heard of before: the saints are not Christ, there is no mis-judging in him, there is much in us; and a doubt it is, if we shall have fully one heart, till we enjoy one heaven: our star-light hideth us from our selves, and hideth us one from another, and Christ from us all; but he will not be hidden from us. I shall wish that all the sons of our Father in that land be of one mind, and that they be not shaken nor moved from the truth once received. Christ was in that gospel, and Christ is the same now that he was in the prelates time; that gospel cannot sink, it will make you free and bear you out: Christ, the Subject of it, is the Chosen of God, and cometh from *Bezrah*, with garments dyed in blood. *Ireland* and *Scotland* both must be his field, in which he shall feed and gather lilies: suppose (which yet it is impossible) that some had an eternity of Christ, in *Ireland*, and a sweet summer of the gospel, and a feast of

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fat things for evermore in *Ireland*, and one should never come to heaven, it should be a desirable life; the King's spiknard, Christ's perfume, his apples of love, his ointments, even down in this lower house of clay, are a choice heaven: O what then is the King in his own land, where there is such a throne, so many kings palaces, ten thousand thousands of crowns of glory, that want heads yet to fill them! O so much leisure as shall be there to sing! O such a Tree as groweth there in the midst of that paradise, where the inhabitants sing eternally under its branches! To look in at a window, and see the branches burdened with the apples of life, to be the last man that shall come in thither, were too much for me. I pray you remember me to the Christians there, and remember our private covenant. Grace be with you.

London, Apr. 17.

Your Friend, in the Lord.

1646.

Jesus, S. R.

To EARLSTOUN Elder.

Sir,

I Know ye have learned long ago, ere I knew any thing of Christ, that if we had the cross at our own election, we would either have Law-surety for freedom from it, or then we would have it honyed and sugard with comforts, so as the sweet should over-master the gall and wormwood. Christ knoweth how to breed the sons of his house, and ye will give him leave to take his own way of dispensation with you; and though it be rough, forgive him; he desieth you to have as much patience to him, as he hath born to you. I am sure there cannot a drachm-weight of gall be less in your cup: and ye would not desire he should both afflict you, and hurt your soul. When his people cannot have a providence of silk and roses, they must be content with such an one as he carveth out for them: ye would not go to heaven but with company, and ye may perceive that the way of those who went before you, was through blood, sufferings, and many afflictions; nay, Christ, the Captain, went in over the door-threshold of paradise, bleeding to death. I do not think but ye have learned to stoop, tho' ye (as others) be naturally stiff; and that ye have found that the apples and sweet fruits, which grow on that crabed tree of the cross, are as sweet as it is sowre to bear it; especially considering, that Christ hath born the whole compleat cross, and his saints bear but bits and chips; as the Apostle saith,

faith, *The remnants or leavings of the cross.* I judge you ten thousand times happy, that ever ye was grace's debtor; for certainly Christ hath ingaged you over head and ears to free grace; and take the debt with you to eternity, *Immanuel's* highest Land, where ye find before you a house-full of Christ's everlasting debtors, the less shame to you: Yea, and this lower kingdom of grace is but Christ's hospital and guest-house of sick folks, whom the brave and noble Physician Christ hath cured, upon a venture of life and death: And if ye be near the water-side (as I know ye are) all that I can say is this, *Sir*, That I feel by the smell of that land, which is before you, that it is a goodly country, and it is well paid for to your hand; and he is before you, who will heartily welcome you. O to suck those breasts of full consolation above, and to drink Christ's new wine up in his Father's house, is some greater matter than is believed! Since it was brewed from eternity for the Head of the house, and so many thousand crowned kings; rubs in the way, where the lodging is so good, are not much. He that brought again from the dead, the great Shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the eternal Covenant, establish you to the end.

*London, May 15.
1645.*

*Your friend and servant
in Jesus Christ, S. R.*

To his reverend and worthy Brother, Mr. George Gillespie.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Cannot speak to you; the way ye know, the passage is free and not stopped, the print of the footsteps of the Forerunner is clear and manifest, many have gone before you: Ye will not sleep long in the dust before the day break; it is a far shorter piece of the hinder-end of the night to you, than to *Abraham* and *Moses*; beside all the time of their bodies resting under corruption, it is as long yet to their day, as to your morning-light of awaking to glory; Though their spirits, having the advantage of yours, have had now the forerunners of the shore before you. I dare say nothing against his dispensation; I hope to follow quickly: the heirs, that are not there before you, are posting with haste after you, and none shall take your lodging over your head. Be not heavy, the life of faith is now called for; doing was never reckoned in your accounts, (though Christ in and by you hath done more, than by twenty, yea, an hundred gray-haired and god-

ly pastors) believing now is your last: look to that word, *Gal. ii. 20. Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.* Ye know the *I* that liveth, and the *I* that liveth not; it is not single *Te* that liveth, Christ by law liveth in the broken debtor; it is not a life by doing or holy walking, but the living of Christ in you. If ye look to your self as divided from Christ, ye must be more than heavy: all your wants (*dear Brother*) be upon him; ye are his debtor, grace must sum and subscribe your accounts as paid: stand not upon *items*, and small or little sanctification; ye know, inherent holiness must stand by, when imputed is all. I fear the clay-house is a raking down and undermining; but it is nigh the dawning, look to the *east*, the dawning of the glory is near: your Guide is good company, and knoweth all the miles, and the ups and downs in the way; the nearer the morning the darker. Some traveller seeth the city twenty miles off, and at a distance; and yet within the eighth part of a mile he cannot see it. It is all keeping, that ye would now have, till ye need it; and if sense and fruition come both at once, it is not your loss; let Christ tutor you, as he thinks good, ye cannot be marred nor miscarry in his hand. Want is an excellent qualification; and *no money, no price, to you*, (who, I know, dare not glory in your own righteousness) is fitness warrantable enough to cast your self upon him, who justifieth the ungodly. Some see the gold once, and never again till the race's end; it is coming all in a sum together, when ye are in a more gracious capacity to tell it than now: *Te are not come to the mount that burneth with fire, nor unto blackness, darkness, and tempest; but ye are come to mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, &c.* Ye must leave the wife to a more choice Husband, and the children to a better Father. If ye leave any testimony to the Lord's work and covenant, against both malignants and sectaries, (which I suppose may be needful) let it be under your hand, and subscribed before faithful witnesses.

St. Andrews, Sept. 27.

1648.

Your loving and afflicted
Brother, S. R.

To Mistress GILLESPIE.

Dear Sister,

I Have heard how the Lord hath visited you, in removing the Child *Archibald*. I hope ye see, the letting down of the weight of your confidence and affection upon any created thing, whether husband or child, is a deceiving thing; and that the creature is not able to bear the weight, but sinketh down to very nothing under your confidence; and therefore ye are Christ's debtor for all providences of this kind, even in that he buildeth an hedge of thorns in your way; for so ye see his gracious intention is to save you (if I may say so) whether ye will, or not. It is a rich mercy, that the Lord Christ will be Master of your will and of your delights, and that his way is so fair, for landing of husband and children before-hand, in the country whitherto ye are journeying. No matter how little ye be engaged to the world, since ye have such experience of crosse dealing in it; had ye been a child of the house, the world would have dealt more warmly with its own: there is less of you out of heaven, that the child is there, and the husband is there, but much more that your Head, Kinsman and Redeemer doth fetch home such as are in danger to be lost; and from this time forward, fetch not your comforts from such broken cisterns and dry wells; if the Lord pull at the rest, ye must not be the creature that shall hold when he draweth. Truly, to me your case is more comfortable, than if the fire-side were well-plenished with ten children: the Lord saw ye was able, by his grace, to bear the loss of husband and child; and that ye are that weak and tender, as not to be able to stand under the mercy of a gracious husband living and flourishing in esteem with authority, and in reputation for godlineis and learning: for he knoweth, the weight of these mercies would crush you and break you; and as there is no searching out of his understanding, so he hath skill to know, what providence will make Christ dearest to you; and let not your heart say, *It is an ill-wailed dispensation*. Sure Christ, who hath seven eyes, had before him the good of a *living husband and children* for *Margaret Murray*, and the good of a *removed husband and children* translated to glory: now he hath opened his decree to you; say, *Christ hath made for me a wise and gracious choice, and I have not one word to say on the contrary*. Let not your heart charge any thing, nor unbelief libel injuries upon Christ; because he will not let you alone, nor give you

leave to play the idolatress with such as have not that right to your love that Christ hath. I should wish, at the reading of this, that ye may fall down and make a surrender of those that are gone, and these that are yet alive, to him: And for you, let him have all; and wait for himself, for he will come and will not tarry: live by Faith, and the peace of God guard your heart; he cannot die whose ye are. My wife suffers with you, and remembreth her love to you.

St. Andrews, Aug. 1659. Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

*To the worthy and much honoured, Colonel Gilbert Ker.
Much honoured and truly worthy,*

I Hope I shall not need to shew you, that ye are in greater hazard from your self and your own spirit, which would be watched over, (that your actings for God may be clean, spiritual, purely for God, for the Prince of the kings of the earth) than ye can be in danger from your enemies. O how hard is it, to get the intentions so cut off from, and raised above the creature, as to be without mixture of creature and carnal interests, and to have the soul in heavenly actings only, only eying himself, and acting from love to God, revealed to us in Jesus Christ! Ye will find your self, your delights, your solid glory (far above the air and breathings of mouths, and the thin, short, poor applauses of men) before you in God. All the creatures, all the swords, all the hosts in *Britain*, and in this poor globe of the habitable world, are but under him single cyphers making no number, the product being nothing, but painted men, and painted swords in a *brod*, without influence from him: And, O what of God is in *Gideon's* sword, when it is the sword of the Lord! I wish a sword from heaven to you, and orders from heaven to you to go out, and as much peremptoriness of a heavenly will, as to say and abide by it, *I will not, I shall not go out, except thou go with me.* I desire not to be rash in judging; but I am a stranger to the mind of Christ, if our adversaries, who have unjustly invaded us, be not now in the camp of those that make war with the Lamb, but the Lamb shall overcome them at length; for he is the Lord of lords and King of kings, and they who are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful: And though ye and I see but the dark side of God's dispensations this day towards *Britain*, yet the fair, beautiful and desirable close of it must be the confederacy of the nations of the world with *Britan's* Lord of armies. And let me die in the comforts of the

the faith of this, that a throne shall be set up for Christ in this island of *Great Britain* (which is and shall be a garden more fruitful of trees of righteousness, and payeth and shall pay more thousands to the Lord of the Vineyard, than is paid in thrice the bounds of *Great Britain* upon the earth) and then there can be neither *Papist*, *Prelate*, *Malignant*, nor *Sectary*, who dare draw a sword against him, that sitteth upon the throne. *Sir*, I shall wish a clean army, so far as may be, that the shout of a King, who hath many crowns, may be among you; and that ye may fight in faith, and prevail with God first. Think it your glory, to have a sword to act, and suffer, and die (if it please him) so being ye may add any thing to the declarative glory of Christ, the Plant of renown, *Immanuel*, God with us: Happy and thrice blessed are they, by whose actings, or blood, or pain, or loss, the diadems and rubies of his highest and glorious crown (whose ye are) shall glister and shine in this quarter of the habitable world: Though he need not *Gilbert Ker*, nor his sword; yet this honour have ye with his redeemed soldiers, to call Christ *High Lord General*, of whom ye hope for pay, and all arrears, well told. Go on, *worthy Sir*, in the courage of faith, following the Lamb: make not hast unbelievingly; but in hope and silence keep the watch-tower and look out; he will come in his own time, his salvation shall not tarry, he shall place salvation in *Britain's Zion* for *Israel's* glory. His good-will, who dwelt in the Bush and it burnt not, be yours, and with you. I am

St. Andr. Aug. 10. 1650. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S.R.

To the worthy and much honoured, Colonel Gilbert Ker.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

WHAT I wrote to you before, I spake not upon any private warrant: I am where I was; *Cromwell* and his army (I shall not say, but there may be, and are several sober and godly amongst them, who have either joined through misinformation, or have gone alongst with the rest in the simplicity of their hearts, not knowing any thing) fight in an unjust cause, against the Lord's secret ones; and now, to the trampling of the worship of God, and persecuting the people of God in *England* and *Ireland*, he hath brought upon his score the blood of the people of God in *Scotland*. I intreat you, *Dear Sir*, as ye desire to be serviceable to Jesus Christ, whose free grace prevented you, when ye were his enemy, go on

without fainting, equally eschewing all mixture with *Sectaries* and *Malignants*; neither of the two shall ever be instrumental to save the Lord's people, or build his house: And without prophesying, or speaking further than he, whose I am, and whom I desire to serve in the Gospel of his Son, shall warrant, I desire to hope, and do believe, there is a glory and a majesty of the Prince of the kings of the earth, that shall shine and appear in *Great Britain*, which shall darken all the glory of men, confound *Sectaries* and *Malignants*, and rejoice the spirits of the followers of the Lamb, and dazzle the eyes of the beholders. Sir, I suppose that God is to gather *Malignants* and *Sectaries*, ere all be done, as sheaves in a barn-floor; and to bid the daughter of *Zion*, arise and thresh: I hope ye will mix with none of them: I am abundantly satisfied, that our army, through the sinful miscarriage of men, hath fallen; and dare say, it is a better and a more comfortable dispensation, than if the Lord had given us the victory, and the necks of the reproachers of the way of God, because he hath done it: For, 1. More blood, blasphemies, cruelty, treachery, must be upon the accounts of the men, whose land the Lord forbid us to invade. 2. Victory is such a burdening and weighty mercy, that we have not strength to bear it as yet. 3. That was not the army, nor *Gideon's* three hundred, by whom he is to save us. We must have one of the Lord's carving. 4. Our enemies on both sides are not enough hardened, nor we enough mortified to multitude, valour and creatures. Grace, grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Sept. 5.

1650.

Your friend and servant in his
sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the worthy and much honoured, Colonel Gilbert Ker.
Much honoured and worthy Sir,

IT is considerable, that the Lord may, and often doth call to a work, and yet hide himself, and try the faith of his own: If I conceive aright, the Lord hath called you to act against that enemy; and the withdrawers of their sword, in my weak apprehension, add their zeal unto, and take upon them the guilt of that unjust invasion of this land made by *Cromwell's army*, and of the blood of the Lord's people in this kingdom; since the sword, put into the hand of his children, is to execute wrath and vengeance upon evil-doers: The Lord's time of appearing for his broken land, is reserved to the breathings of the Spirit of the Lord, such as

came

came upon *Gideon* and *Sampson*, and that is an act of princely and royal sovereignty in God. Ye are, *Sir*, to lay hold on opportunities of providence, and to wait for him: as for your particular treating by your selves with the invaders of our land, I have no mind to it, and do look upon their way as a carrying on of the *mystery of iniquity* (for *Babylon* is a seat of many names.) *Sir*, let this controversie stand undecided till the second appearance of Jesus Christ, and our appeal lie before the throne undiscussed till that day, I hope to lie down in the grave, in the faith of the justness of our cause. I speak nothing of the maintaining the greatness of men, not subordinate to the Prince of the kings of the earth. I judge that the blood of the witnesses of Jesus is found upon the skirts of this Society, as well as in *Babylon's* skirts: I believe the way of the Lord is Colonel *Gilbert Ker's* strength and glory; and I should be content to want my part of him, (which is, I confess, precious and dear in Christ) so he be spent in the service of him, who will anon make inquisition for the blood of the truly godly, which these men have shed, after fair warning that they were the godly of *Scotland*. *Worthy Sir*, believe, faint not, set your shoulder under the glory of Jesus, that is misprized in *Scotland*, and give a testimony for him; he hath many names in *Scotland*, who shall walk with him in white. This despised *Covenant* shall ruin *Malignants, Sectaries* and *Atheists*: Yet a little while, and behold he cometh, and walketh in the greatness of his strength, and his garments dyed with blood. Oh for the sad and terrible day of the Lord upon *England*, their ships of *Tarfish*, their fenced cities, &c. because of a broken *Covenant*! A conference with the enemy, not to hinder acting, (O that the Lord would thereby, or some other way, remove the cloud that is over you) if authority would concur, were to be desired; but it can hardly be expected: however, in the way of duty, and in the silence of faith, go on; if ye perish, ye are the first of the creation, with whom the Lord hath taken that dispensation. I should humbly desire you, *Sir*, to look to that, *Dying, and behold we live; killed all the day long, and yet more than conquerors*. There shall be the heat and warmth of life in your graves, and buried bones: But look not for the Lord's coming the higher way only, for he may come the lower way. O how little of God do we see, and how mysterious is he! Christ known is amongst the greatest Secrets of God. Keep your self in the love of God,

and in order to that, as far in obedience and subjection to the king, (whose salvation and true happiness my soul desireth) and to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, and to the fundamental laws of this kingdom, as your Lord requireth. *Sir*, ye are in the hearts and prayers of the Lord's people in this kingdom, and in the other two: The Lord hath said, *There is a blessing in the cluster of grapes, destroy it not.* Grace, grace be upon the head of him that is separated from his brethren; and the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you.

Perth, Nov. 23.

1650.

Your servant in his sweet Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To the worthy and much honoured, Colonel Gilbert Ker.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

I know not why the people of God should not take notice of the bonds of any who have blood in readiness to be let out for his cause: And I judge, it was not of you, that ye died not in the undecided controversie, which the Lord of the whole earth hath with the men, whom he hath sent against us. *Dear and much honoured in the Lord*, Let me intreat you to be far from the thoughts of leaving this land: I see it, and find it, that the Lord hath covered the whole land with a cloud in his anger; but though I have been tempted to the like, I had rather be in *Scotland*, beside angry Jesus Christ, knowing he mindeth no evil to us, than in any *Eden* or garden in the earth. If we can remain united with the Lord's remnant in the land, he layeth up wrath for all sorts of adversaries in *Britain*. Though I never see the glory of his glistering sword shining in *Britain*, I would be solaced in the innocent thoughts (far from revenge) that the saints shall dip their feet in the blood of the slain of the Lord. And truly, *Sir*, I suppose, ye cannot but come to these thoughts and weak desires before the Hearer of prayers, for as little as ye think of, and value your self: For me, if I could mind you in your bonds, I purpose not to stand to the account ye give, or thoughts ye have of your self; tho' I know, ye are not a whit more or less before him (who weigheth his own according to the weight of imputed righteousness) for my apprehensions. Christ cannot mistake you, men may; and the calculation and esteem of free grace, maketh you to be what ye are. I hope to see you an everlastingly obliged debtor to him, whom ye shall praise, but never pay: *And truly ye have*

have no riches but that debt; and I know ye love to be engaged to Jesus Christ, the most excellent of Creditors. Much joy and sweetness may ye have in standing written in his book: I desire to do it my self, and I would have you also highly to esteem the design of Christ, who hath raised the riches of the glory of so much grace, above the circle of the heaven of heavens, out of very nothings; and contrived his thoughts of love, so that lumps of glorified clay should stand before him for all ages, the burdens and loaden debtors of free, eternally free grace. *Sir*, ye cannot cast the count of the rents of your so great inheritance of glory. Grace be with you.

Edinburgh, May 18.

1651.

Your servant in his own

Lord Jesus, S. R.

To the much honoured and truly worthy, Colonel G. K. E. R.

Habakkuk ii. Vers. 3, 4.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

YOur chains now shine as much for Christ, the cause being his, as your sword was made famous in acting for that cause: and blessed are such as can willingly tender to Christ both action and blood, doing and suffering. *Resisting unto blood* is little for that precious, and never-enough exalted Redeemer, who, when ye were a buying, gave Blood somewhat dearer than ye gave for him, even the Blood of God, *Acts* xx. 28. I know a man, who, upon the receipt of a letter, that ye were killed, and the people of God destroyed, wished, that he might be quickly under the wall of the higher palace, from under the dint of the storm, and who longed to have the weather-beaten and crazy bark safely landed in that harbour of eternal quietness. What farther service Christ hath for you, I know not; it is enough, that in your captivity ye offer your service to Christ: but if I see any thing, it looks like a merciful defeat. I see the nobles, and the state falling off from Christ, and the night coming upon the prophets, which we would pray to prevent; because it is a rare thing to see a fallen star win ever up again to the firmament to shine: and what if this be the thick darkness going before the break of day? Sure, *Sir*, the Sun shall rise upon Scotland; but if I shall see it, or how near it is to that day, I leave that to him, even unto Jehovah, who creates upon every dwelling-place in mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud, and a smoke by day, and the shining

shining of a flaming fire by night. But, Sir, the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom, as a rose: And happy he, who hath a bone or an arm, to put the crown upon the head of our highest King, whose chariot is paved with love. Were there ten thousand millions of heavens created above these highest heavens, and again as many above them, and as many above them, till angels were wearied with counting, it were but too low a seat to fix the princely throne of that Lord Jesus (whose ye are) above them all: created heavens are too low a seat of majesty for him. Since then there is none equal to your Master and Prince, who hath chosen out for you, amongst many sufferings for sin, that only cross, which cometh nearest in likeness to his own cross, watred with consolations, take courage, and comfort your self in him, who hath chosen you to glory hereafter, and to conformity with him here: we fools would have a cross of our own choosing, and would have our gall and wormwood sugared, our fire cold, and our death and grave warmed with heat of life; but he, who hath brought many children to glory, and lost none, is our best Tutor. I wish, when I am sick, that he may be Keeper and Comforter. I judge it a blessed fall, that we are forfeited heirs, broken and out of credit, and that Christ is become a Tutor in place the of *Free-will*, and that we are no more our own. I am broken and wasted with the wrath that is on the land, and have been much tempted with a design to *have a pass* from Christ, which if I had, I would not stay to be a witness of our defection, for no man's intreaty: but I know it is my softness and weakness, who would ever be ashore, when a fit of sea-sickness cometh on; though I know, I shall come soon enough to that desirable country, and shall not be displaced, none shall take my lodging. Sir, many eyes are upon you, and the godly are exceedingly refreshed, that ye listen not to the ways of many about you, who, with fair words, make merchandize of souls. Sir, if the way you are in be not the way of Christ, then woe to me, for I am eternally lost; but truly, the Lord Christ's dealing with Colonel *Gilbert Ker* hath proven to me, that the New Testament, and the covenant of grace, is a piece, that a solemn meeting and assembly of all created angels, join all their wits together, could not have devised. Since, Sir, ye paid nothing for the change that Christ made, and ye will take that debt of free grace to heaven with you (for what was Christ Jesus indebted to you, more than to all your kindred and name?) therefore, since ye are made his own, follow no other way.

What

What is my salvation, though I should lay it in pawn (it is but a poor pledge) that this, this only is the way? but Christ is Surety himself, that it is the way; the Fore-runner went before you, and he is safely landed, and there is a fair company before you of such, as *have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb*; to whom these promises are now performed, *He that overcomes shall eat of the Tree of life, that is in the midst of the paradise of God: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, that is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall take them unto the living fountains of waters.* I may, Sir, possibly keep you from better work: The God of peace, that brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the Blood of the eternal covenant, make you perfect.

St. Andrews, Jan. 7. 1651. Yours in Jesus Christ, S. R.

To the much honoured and truly worthy, Col. G. K. E. R.

Much honoured and worthy Sir,

I Have heard of your continued captivity in *England*, as well as in this afflicted land; but, go where ye will, ye cannot go from under your Shadow, which is broader than many kingdoms: ye change lodging and countries; but the same Lord is before you: if ye were carried away captive to the other side of the sun, or as far as the rising of the morning-star; it is spoken to your Mother, who hath yet received no bill of divorce, which was written to *Judah, Mic. iv. 10. Be in pain, and labour to bring forth, O Daughter of Zion, like a woman in travail: for now shalt thou go forth out of the city, and thou shalt dwell in the field, and thou shalt go even to Babylon, there shalt thou be delivered, there the Lord shall redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies. England shall be countable for you, to render you back; Isa. xlv. 6. I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back.* It is a sermon that flesh and blood laugheth at, *Ezek. xxxvii. 4. Prophecie upon these dry bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord! It is a preaching to the grave: Thus saith the Lord unto the bones, Behold, I will cause breath enter into you,*
and

and ye shall live, and I will lay sinews upon you, and bring flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live. Rev. xx. 13. And the sea gave up the dead that were in it. Berwick must render back the Scottish captives, and Colonel Gilbert Ker with them; Isa. xliii. 14. For thus saith the Lord, your Redeemer, the holy One of Israel, For your sake, I have sent to Babylon, and have brought down all their nobles, and the Caldeans, whose cry is in the ships. Deut. xxx. 4. If any of them be driven out to the utmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee. Zech. viii. 7. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Behold, I will save my people from the east-country, and from the west-country, and I will bring them, and they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God, in truth and in righteousness. Sir, ye are both booked by the Lord, who writeth up the people, Ps. lxxxvii. 5, 6. and counted to the Lord as one of the house and stock, Psal. xxii. 30. Fear not, faint not, all your hairs are numbered. It is the desire of the people of God, that as your bonds hitherto have been exemplary, to the strengthening of the feeble, and to the stopping of the mouth of the adversary, without any declining to the right or left-hand; so your sufferings, in the place ye now go to, may be (as we are confident in the Lord of you, and in humility boast of his grace in you) favourable, convincing, and like unto this honourable cause, that will prevail in Britain, contrary to all the machinations and counsels of devils and men; and tho' there were no other ink in the pen I now write with, but some dewing of my last cooling blood, this I purpose (his grace, whose I am, enabling me) to stand to. Sir, we desire to adore no instruments; yet we conceive the shining and rays of grace, from the Fountain, Jesus Christ, the Fulness of the God-head, bestowed on sinful men, hold forth the good thoughts of Christ to this poor land, whose multiplied graves, and whose souls under the altar, slain by sectaries and malignants, cry aloud to heaven. I see nothing, Sir, if the Lord be not near (though I dare not say how soon) to awake for the year of Zion's controversy, Isa. xxxiv. 5. For my sword shall be bathed in heaven; behold, it shall come down upon England, and the residue of his enemies in Scotland. Wo is me for England, that land shall be soaked with blood, and their dust made fat with fatness; that pleasant land shall be a wilderness, and the dust of their land pitch; a judgment upon their walled towns, their pleasant fields, their strong

strong ships, &c. if they do not repent. Ye have not, I conceive, seen such searching and trying times, as now these are; and yet the question will be drawn to a more narrow state, and multitudes will yet leave the cause: for we took all in to the covenant, that offered to build with us, but Christ must have but a small remnant; few nobles if any, few ministers, few professors, though our way standeth unchanged, 2 Cor. vi. 8. *By honour and dishonour, by good report and evil report, as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet well known, as dying and behold we live, as chastened and yet not killed.* Neither is this your condition alone, but the experienced lot of all the saints, that have gone before you: it is one and the same cross of Christ; but there be sundry faces, and diverse circumstances in the same remnant, the sufferings of Christ and yours. *Sir*, to be delivered to soldiers, and in captivity, look like his suffering, of whom *Isaiah* saith, Chap. liii. 8. *He was taken from prison, and from judgment; yea, and taken bound, Job. xviii. 1.* When the cause is the truth of God, the lustre and face of suffering is so much the more lovely, that it hath the hew and colour of Christ's sufferings, who endured contradiction of sinners, and despised the shame: O it is a great word, *Christ shamed, and Christ abased!* but thus was the Head, and so are the members dealt with in the world; and truly any thing of Christ, even the worst of him (to speak so) his reproach and shame, are lovely. Though superstitious love to the material cross he suffered upon, be foolery; and doting upon the holy grave, be cursed idolatry; yet is there a communion with him in his sufferings most desirable, 1 Pet. iv. 13. *But rejoice in as much as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings:* in which sense, the cup that his lip touched, hath the sweeter taste, even though death were in it; the grave, because he did lie in it, is so much the softer, and the more refreshing a bed of rest; and that part of the sky and clouds, that the Beloved shall break through, and come to judgment, is as lovely a piece of the created heaven as any is, if we may love the ground he goeth on the better: but all this is to be understood in a spiritual manner. The Lord calleth you, *Sir* (upon whom the Spirit of God and his glory resteth) to put your soul's *Amen* to this dispensation; and requireth of us, that our desires follow the now declared decree of God, concerning the desolation of our sinful land, so many ways guilty of a despised gospel, and a broken covenant, and that with all submission: certainly no man hath failed more in this thing, than he who
writeth

writeth to you; for I have brought my health in great hazard, and tormented my spirit with excessive grief, for our present provocations, and the rentings of our Kirk; and I see it is a challenging of, and a bold pleading against him, upon whose shoulder the government is, *Isa. xxii. 22.* The Father hath put a glorious trust upon Christ, *Verl. 23.* And I will fasten him as nail in a sure place, and he shall be for a glorious throne to his Father's house. *Verl. 24.* And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups even to all the vessels of flagons. Our unbelieving apprehensions do so quarrel at the prosperity of enemies in an evil cause, that we wrestle with defeats, spoiling, captivity of the godly, killing of his people, the wasting of our land, starving and famishing of the kingdom, which is worse than the sword; but this is a sinful contradicting of the Lord's revealed decree: His wisdom saith, *Spoiling and desolation is best for Scotland*; and we say, *Not*; and so accuse Christ of misgovernment, and of not being true to the trust put upon him: but since he doth not drag the government at his heels, but hath it upon his shoulder; and since the Nail fastned in a sure place cannot be broken, nor can the smallest vessel fail to find sweet security in dependence upon him; since all the weight of heaven and earth, of redeemed saints and confirmed angels, is upon his shoulder, I am a fool, and brutish to imagine, that I can add any thing to Christ's special care of, and tenderness to his people: He who keepeth the basons and knives of his house, and bringeth the vessels back again to the second temple, *Ezra i. 8, 9, 10.* must have a more tender care of his redeemed ones, than of a spoon, or of Peter's old shoes, which yet must not be lost in his captivity, *Acts xii. 6.* O for grace to suffer Christ to tutor his own minors and young heirs! But we cannot endure to be under the actings of his government; we love too much to be our own. O how sweet to be wholly Christ's, and wholly in Christ! To be out of the creature's owning, and made compleat in Christ, to live by faith in Christ; and to be once for all, clothed with the created majesty and glory of the Son of God, wherein he makes all his friends and followers sharers! To dwell in Immanuel's high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air, where no wind bloweth, but the breathings of the Holy Ghost; no seas or floods flow, but the pure Water of life, that proceedeth from under the throne, and from the Lamb; no planting, but the Tree of life, that yieldeth
twelve

twelve manner of fruits every month! What do we here but sin and suffer? O when shall the night be gone, the shadows flee away, and the morning of that long, long day, without cloud or night, dawn! *The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;* O when shall the *Lamb's Wife be ready, and the Bridegroom say, Come!* Worthy Sir, I mind you to the Hearers of prayer: O help me in that kind! The Spirit of Jesus be with your spirit.

St. Andrews, May
14, 1651.

Tours, in his only, only Lord Jesus,
S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: We are fallen in winnowing and trying times; I am glad that your breath serveth you to run to the end, in the same condition and way wherein ye have walked these twenty years past; it is either the way of peace, or we are yet in our sins, and have missed the way. The Lord (it is true) hath stained the pride of all our glory; and now last of all, the sun hath gone down upon many of the prophets; but stumble not, men are men, and God appeareth more and more to be God, and Christ is still Christ. Madam, Stronger than I am, had almost stumbled me and cast me down: But oh what mercy is it, to discern betwixt what is Christ's and what is man's, and what way the hew, colour, and lustre of gifts and grace, dazle and deceive our weak eyes! Oh to be dead to all things that are below Christ, were it even a created heaven and created grace! Holiness is not Christ; nor are the blossoms and flowers of the Tree of life, the Tree it self. Men and creatures may wind themselves between us and Christ; and therefore the Lord hath done much to take out of the way all betwixt him and us; there are not in our way now kings, or armies, or nobles, or judicatories, or strong holds, or watchmen, or godly professors: The fairest things, and most eminent in Britain, are stained, and have lost their lustre; only, only Christ keeps his greenness and beauty, and remaineth what he was: Oh! if he were more and more excellent to our apprehensions, than ever he was (whose excellency is above all apprehensions) and still more and more sweet to our taste. I care for nothing, if so be I were nearer to him, and yet he flyeth not from me; I flee from him, but he pursueth. I hear your Ladyship hath
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the same esteem of the despised cause and covenant of our Lord, ye had before: *Madam*, hold you there; I dare and would gladly breathe out my spirit in that way, with a nearer communion and fellowship with the Father and the Son, and would seek no more, but that I might die believing; and also I would hope, that the earth shall not cover the blood of the godly slain in *Scotland*; but that the Lord will make inquisition for their blood, when the sufferings of the saints in these lands shall be fulfilled. The good-will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you.

Glasgow, Sept. 28.

1651.

Your Ladiship's at all observance
in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you: I know ye think of an out-going, and that your quartering in time, and your abode in this life, is short; for we flee away as a shadow: the declining of the sun, and the lengthning of the shadow, saith our journey is short and near the end; I speak it, because I have warnings of my removal. *Madam*, I know not any against whom the Lord is not; for he is against the proud and lofty; the day of the Lord is upon all the cedars, upon all the high mountains, upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall; upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all pleasant pictures. I know not any thing comparable to a nearness and spiritual communion with the Father and the Son Christ: there is much deadness and witheredness upon many spirits, sometimes near to God; and I wish the Lord have not more to say and to do against the land. Ye have, *Madam*, in your accounts, mercies, deliverances, rods, warnings, plenty of means, consolations, when refuge failed, when ye looked on the right-hand, and behold no man would know you, nor care for your soul, when young and weak, manifestations of God, the out-goings of the Lord for you, experiences, answers from the Lord; by all which, ye may be comforted now, and confirmed in the certain hope, that grace, free grace, in a fixed and established Surety, shall perfect that good work in you: Happy they, who see not, and yet believe! Grace, grace eternally in our Lord Jesus be with you.

Edinburgh, May 27.

1645.

Yours in the Lord
Jesus, S. R.

To

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Have been so long silent, that I am almost ashamed now to speak. I hear of your weakly condition of body, which speaketh some warning to you, to look for a longer life, where ye shall have more leisure to praise, than time can give you here: it shall be loss to many; but sure, your self, *Madam*, shall be only free of any loss. And truly, considering what days we are now fallen into, if sailing were not serving of the Lord, (which I can hardly attain) a calm harbour were very good, when storms are so high: The Fore-runner, who hath landed first, must help to bring the sea-beaten vessel safe to the port, and the sick passengers, who are following the Fore-runner, safe ashore. Much deadness prevaileth over some; but there is much life in him, who is *the resurrection and the life*, to quicken. O what of our hid life is without us, and how little and poor a stock is in the hand of some! The only wise God supply what is wanting; the more ye want, and the more your joy hath run on, the more is owing to you by the promise of grace: By-gones of watrings from heaven, which your *Ladiship* wanted in *Kenmure, Rusco, the West, Glasgow, Edinburgh, England, &c.* shall all come in a great sum together; the marriage-supper of the Lamb must be not marred with too large a four-hours refreshment. Know, *Madam*, he who hath tutored you from the breasts, knoweth how to time his own day-thinings and love-visits. Grace that runs on, be with you.

St. Andrews.

Tours in the Lord, at all observance, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Confess I have cause to be grieved at my long silence, or laziness in writing: I am also afflicted to hear, that such, who were debtors to your *Ladiship* for better dealing, have served you with such prevarication: ye know, crookedness is neither strong nor long-enduring; and ye know likewise, that these things spring not out of the dust: It is sweet to look upon the lawless and sinful stirrings of the creatures, as ordered by a most holy Hand in heaven. O if some could make peace with God! It would be our wisdom, and afford us much sweet

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peace,

peace, if oppressors were looked upon as passive instruments, like the saw or ax in the carpenter's hand; they are bidden (if such a distinction may be admitted) but not commanded of God (as *Shimei* was, 2 *Sam.* xvi. 10.) to do what they do. *Madam*, These many years the Lord hath been teaching you to read and study well the book of holy, holy and spotless Sovereignty, in suffering from some nigh hand and some far off. Whoever be the instruments, the replying of clay to the Potter, the Former of all, is unbecoming the nothing creature: I hope he shall clear you: but when *Zion's* publick evils lie not nigh some of us, and leave no impression upon our hearts, it is no wonder that we be exercised with domestick troubles; but I know, ye are taught of God to prefer *Jerusalem* to your chiefest joy. *Madam*, There is no cause of fainting; wait upon the not-tarrying vision, for it will speak. The only wise God be with you, and God even your own God bless you.

St. Andrews, June
1657.

*Tours in all observance in
God, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Should not forget you; but my deadness under a threatening-stroke, both of a falling *Church*, a broken *Covenant*, a despised *remnant*, and craziness of body (that I cannot get a piece sickly clay carried about from one house or town to another) lies most heavy on me: The Lord hath removed *Scotland's* crown, for we owned not his crown; we fretted at his catholick government of the world, and fretted that he would not be ruled and led by us, in breaking our adversaries; and he makes us suffer and pine away in our iniquities, under the broken government of his house. It is like, it would be our snare, to be tried with the honour of a peaceable reformation; we might mar the carved work of his house, worse than those against whom we cry out. It is like he hath bidden us lie on our left-side three hundred and ninety days; and yet so astonishing is our stupidity, that we moan not our fore-side: Our gold is become dim, the visage of our *Nazarites* is become black, the sun is gone down on our seers, the crown is fallen from our head, we fore like bears. Lord save us from that, *He that made them will not have mercy on them*. The heart of the scribe meditates

dictates terror. Oh, *Madam*, if the Lord would help to more self-judging, and to make sure an interest in Christ! Ah, we forget eternity, and it approacheth quickly. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Novemb. 20.
1657.

Your Ladiship's at all obedience in the Lord, S. R.

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Am ashamed of my long silence to your Ladiship. Your tossings and wandrings are known to him, upon whom ye have been cast from the breasts, and who hath been your God of old. The temporal loss of creatures, dear to you there, may be the more easily endured, that the gain of One, who only hath immortality, groweth. There is an universal complaint of deadness of spirit on all that know God: He that writes to you, *Madam*, is as deep in this as any, and is afraid of a strong and hot battle, before time be at a close; but no matter, if the Lord crown all with the victorious triumphing of faith. God teacheth us by terrible things in righteousness. We see many things, but we observe nothing. Our drink is sowre, gray-hairs are here and there on us, and we change many lords and rulers; but the same bondage of soul and body remains. We live little by faith, but much by sense, according to the times, and by humane policy. The watchmen sleep, and the people perish for lack of knowledge. How can we be enlightened, when we turn our back on the Sun? And must we not be withered when we leave the Fountain? It should be my only desire to be a minister, gifted with the white stone, and the new name written on it. I judge it were fit (now when tall professors, and when many stars fall from heaven, and God poureth the isle of *Great Britain* from vessel to vessel, and yet we sit and are settled on on our lees) to consider (as sometimes I do; but, ah! rarely) how irrecoverable a wo it is, to be under a beguile, in the matter of eternity; and what if I, who can have a subscribed testimony of many, who shall stand at the right-hand of the Judge, shall miss Christ's approving testimony, and be set upon the left-hand among the goats? There is such a beguile, *Mat. vii. 22. Mat. xxv. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Luke xiii. 25, 26.* And it befalls many; and what if it befall me, who have but too much art to cozen my own soul and others,

with the flourish of ministerial or country-holiness. *Dear Lady*, I am afraid of prevailing security; we watch little, (I have mainly relation to my self) we wrestle little: I am like one travelling in the night, who sees a spirit, and sweats for fear, and dare not tell it to his fellow, for fear of encreasing his own fear; however, I am sure, when the Master is nigh his coming, it were safe to write over a double and a new copy of our accounts, of the sins of nature, childhood, youth, riper years, and old age. What if Christ have another written representation of me, than I have of my self? sure his is right; and if it contradict my mistaking and sinfully erroneous account of my self, Ah! where am I then? But, *Madam*, I discourage none; I know Christ hath made a new marriage-contract of love, and sealed it with his blood, and the trembling believer shall not be confounded. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, May 26.

1659.

*Tours at all obedience in
Christ, S. R.*

To my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Should be glad, that the Lord would be pleased to lengthen out more time to you, that ye might, before your eyes be shut, see more of the work of the right-hand of the Lord, in reviving a now-swooning and crushed Land and Church. Though I was lately knocking at death's gate; yet could I not get in, but was sent back for a time. It is well, if I could yet do any service to him; but ah, what deadness lieth upon the spirit! and deadness breedeth distance from God. *Madam*, These many years the Lord hath let you see a clear difference betwixt those who serve God, and love his name, and those who serve him not; and I judge ye look upon the way of Christ, as the only best way, and that ye would not exchange Christ for the world's god, or their *mammon*, and that ye can give Christ a testimony of Chief among ten thousand: True it is, that many of us have fallen from our first love; but Christ hath renewed his first love of our espousals to himself, and multiplied the seekers of God, all the country over, even where Christ was scarce named, *east and west, south and north*, above the number that our fathers ever knew. But ah! *Madam*, what shall be done or said of many fallen stars, and many near to God complying wofully, and failing to the nearest

nearest shore? Yea, and we are consumed in the furnace, but not melted; burnt, but not purged; our dross is not removed, but our scum remains in us; and in the furnace we fret, we faint, and (which is more strange) we slumber: The fire burneth round about us, and we lay it not to heart; gray-hairs are upon us, and we know it not. It were now a desirable life to send away our love to heaven; and well becometh it us to wait on for the appointed change, yet so as we should be meditating thus: Is there a new world above the sun and moon? and is there such a blessed company, harping and singing *Hallelujahs* to the Lamb up above? Why then are we taken with a vain life of sighing and sinning? Oh, where is our wisdom, that we sit still laughing, eating, sleeping prisoners, and do not pack up all our best things for the journey, desiring always to be clothed with our house from above, not made with hands! Ah, we savour not the things that are above, nor do we smell of glory ere we come thither; but we transact and agree with time, for a new lease of clay-mansions: Behold he cometh, we sleep, and turn all the work of duties into dispute of events for deliverance; but the greatest haste to be humbled for a broken and a buried Covenant, is first and last forgotten: and all our grief is, the Lord lingers, enemies triumph, godly ones suffer, atheists blaspheme. Ah! we pray not, but wonder that Christ cometh not the higher way, by might, by power, by garments rolled in blood; what if he come the lower way? Sure we sin in putting the book in his hand, as if we could teach the Almighty knowledge; we make haste, we believe not: Let the only wise God alone, he stirs well, he draws straight lines, though we think and say they are crooked: It is right that some should die and their breasts full of milk; and yet we are angry that God dealeth so with them. O if I could adore him in his hidden ways, when there is darkness under his feet, and darkness in his pavilion, and clouds are about his throne! *Mudam*, hoping, believing, patient praying is our life; he loses no time. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

St. Andrews, Sept. 12.
1659.

*Yours at all obliged observance
in Christ, S. R.*

To his reverend and dear Brethren, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Trail, and the rest of their Brethren imprisoned, in the Castle of Edinburgh.

Reverend, very dear, and now much honoured Prisoners for Christ,

I Am, as to the point of light at the outmost of persuasion in that kind, that this is the cause of Christ ye now suffer for, and not mens interest : if it be for men, let us leave it ; but if we plead for God, our own personal safety and man's deliverance will not be peace. There is a *salvation* called *the salvation of God*, which is cleanly, pure, spiritual, un-mixed, near to the holy word of God ; it is that which we would seek, even the favour of God that he bears to his people, not simple gladness, but the gladness and goodness of the Lord's chosen. And sure (though I be the weakest of his witnesses, and unworthy to be among the meanest of them, and am afraid the cause be hurt (but it cannot be lost) by my unbelieving faintness) I should not desire a deliverance, separated from the deliverance of the Lord's cause and people : It is enough to me to sing, when *Zion* sings ; and to triumph, when Christ triumpheth : I should judge it an unhappy joy, to rejoyce when *Zion* sigheth. Not one hoof will be your peace. If Christ doth own me, let me be in the grave in a bloody winding-sheet, and go from the scaffold in four quarters, to grave, or no grave, I am his debtor, to seal with sufferings this precious Truth : But, oh ! when it comes to the pull, I dare say nothing, considering my weakness, wickedness and faintness. But fear not ye, ye are not, ye shall not be alone, the Father is with you ; it was not an unseasonable, but a seasonable and necessary duty we were about. Fear him who is Sovereign, Christ is Captain of the castle, and Lord of the keys. The cooling well-spring and refreshment from the promises, is more than the frownings of the furnace. I see snares and temptations in capitulating, composing, ceding, minching with distinctions of circumstances, formalities, complements and extenuations in the cause of Christ : A long spoon, the broth is hell's hot. Hold a distance from carnal compositions, and much nearness to the Fountain, to the favour and refreshing light from the Father of lights, speaking in his oracles ; this is sound health and salvation. Angels, men, *Zion's* elders eye us ; but what of all these ?

these? Christ is by us, and looks on us, and writes up all. Let us pray more, and look less to men. Remember me Mr. Scot, and all the rest. Blessings be upon the head of such as are separated from their brethren: *Joseph* is a fruitful bough by a well. Grace be with you,

St. Andrews, Your loving Brother and Companion in the
1660. Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, S. R.

To Mr. ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Reverend and dear Brother,

YE know this is a time, in which all men almost seek their own things, and not the things of Jesus Christ: Ye are your alone, as a beacon on the top of a mountain; but faint not, Christ is a numerous multitude himself, yea millions: though all the nations were convened against him round about; yet doubt not, but he will at last arise for the cry of the poor and needy. For me, I am now near to eternity, and for ten thousand worlds I dare not adventure to pass from the *Protestation* against the corruptions of the time, nor go alongst with the shameless apostasy of the many silent and dumb watchmen of *Scotland*; but I think it my last duty, to enter a *protestation* in heaven, before the righteous Judge, against the practical and legal breach of *Covenant*, and all oaths imposed on the consciences of the Lord's people, and all popish, superstitious and idolatrous mandates of men. Know that the overthrow of the sworn Reformation, the introducing of Popery and the mystery of iniquity, is now set on foot in the three kingdoms; and whosoever would keep their garments clean, are under that command, *Touch not, taste not, handle not*. The Lord calls you, *Dear Brother*, to be still *stedfast, unmoveable, and abounding in the work of the Lord*. Our royal Kingly Master is upon his journey, and will come and will not tarry; and blessed is the servant who shall be found watching when he cometh: fear not men, for the Lord is your Light and Salvation. It is true, it is somewhat sad and comfortless that ye are your alone; but so it was with our precious Master: nor are ye your alone, for the Father is with you. It is possible, I shall not be an eye-witness to it in the flesh; but I believe he comes quickly, who will remove our darkness, and will shine gloriously in the *Isle of Britain*, as a crowned King, either in a formally sworn *Covenant*, or in his own glorious way, which I leave to the determi-

termination of his infinite wisdom and goodness; and this is the hope and confidence of a dying man, who is longing and fainting for the salvation of God. Beware of the ensnaring bonds and obligations, by any hand-writ or otherways, to give unlimited obedience to any authority, but only in the Lord; for all innocent self-defence (which is according to the covenant, the word of God and the laudable example of the reformed Churches) is now intended to be utterly subverted and condemned: And what is taken from Christ, as the flower of his *Prerogative Royal*, is now put upon the head of a *mon-
tal* power, which must be that great *idol of indignation*, that provoketh the eyes of his glory. Dear Brother, let us mind the rich promises, that are made to those that overcome, knowing that those that endure to the end shall be saved. Thus, recommending you to the rich grace of God, I remain

St. Andrews,

1661.

Your affectionate Brother
in Christ, S. R.



THE



T H E
T H I R D P A R T;
C O N T A I N I N G

Some more LETTERS of the same Author, from *Anwoth* and *Edinburgh*, before his Confinement at *Aberdeen*; from *Aberdeen* during his Confinement; and from *St. Andrews*, &c. after his Enlargement.



For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Sister,

MY love, in Christ, remembered. I have sent to you, your daughter *Grissel*, with *Robert Gordon*, who came to fetch her: I am in good hopes, that the Seed of God is in her, as in one born of God, and God's Seed will come to God's harvest. I have her promise, she shall be Christ's, for I have told her she may promise much in his worthy name; for he becomes Caution to his Father for all such as resolve and promise to serve him. I will remember her to God. I trust you will acquaint her with good company, and be diligent to know with whom she loveth to haunt. Remember *Zion*, and our necessities. I bless your daughter from our Lord, and prays the Lord to give you joy and comfort of her. Remember my love to your husband, to *William*, and to *Samael* your sons. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth, June 6.

Yours at all power in the

1624.

Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Sister,

IF ever you would pleasure me, intreat the Lord for me, now when I am so comfortless, and so full of heaviness that

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I am not able to stand under the burden any longer. The Almighty hath doubled his stripes upon me; for my wife is so sore tormented night and day, that I have wondred why the Lord tarryeth so long: My life is bitter unto me, and I fear the Lord be my contrair Party. It is (I now know by experience) hard to keep sight of God in a storm, especially when he hides himself, for the trial of his children. If he would be pleased to remove his hand, I have a purpose to seek him more than I have done: Happy are they that can win away with their soul; I am afraid of his judgments. I bless my God, that there is a death, and a heaven; I would weary to begin again to be a Christian, so bitter is it to drink of the cup that Christ drank of, if I knew not that there is no poison in it. God give us not of it while we vomit again, for we have sick souls when God's physick works not. Pray that God would not lead my wife into temptation. Wo is my heart that I have done so little against the kingdom of Satan in my calling; for he would fain attempt to make me blaspheme God in his face: I believe, I beieve in the strength of him who hath put me in his work, he shall fail in that which he seeks; I have comfort in this, that my Captain Christ hath said, I must fight and overcome the world, *John xvi. 33.* and with a weak spoiled weaponless devil, *John xiv. 30.* *The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.* Desire Mr. Robert to remember me, if he love me. Grace grace be with you, and all yours; remember Zion. There is a letter procured from the king by Mr. John Maxwell, to urge conformity, to give the Communion at *Christmas* in *Edinburgh*. Hold fast that which you have, that no man take the crown from you; the Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Answeth, Novemb. 17. 1629. Yours in the Lord, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Sister,

MY love, in the Lord Jesus, remembred: I understand that you are still under the Lord's visitation, in your former business with your enemies, which is God's dealing: for, till he take his children out of the furnace, that knoweth how long they should be tried, there is no deliverance; but after God's highest and fullest tide, that the sea of trouble is gone over the souls of his children, then comes the gracious long-hoped-for ebbing, and drying up of the waters. *Dear Sister,*

Sister, do not faint ; the wicked may hold the bitter cup to your head, but God mixeth it, and there is no poison in it ; they strike, but God moves the rod ; *Shimei* curseth, but it is because the Lord bids him. I tell you, and I have it from him before whom I stand for God's people, there is a decree given out, in the great court of the highest heavens, that your present troubles shall be dispersed, as the morning cloud, and God shall bring forth your righteousness as the light at noon-tide of the day : Let me intreat you in Christ's name, to keep a good conscience in your proceedings in that matter, and beware of your self ; your self is a more dangerous enemy than I, or any without you ; innocence, and an upright cause, is a good advocate before God, and shall plead for you, and win your cause ; and count much of your Master's approbation, and his smiling : He is now as the King that is gone to a far country ; God seems to be from home, (if I may say so) yet he sees the ill servants, who say, Our Master deferreth his coming, and so strikes their fellow-servants : But patience, my beloved, Christ the King is coming home, the evening is at hand, and he will ask an account of his servants ; make a fair clear count to him : So carry your self, as at night you may say, *Master, I have wronged none ; behold, you have your own with advantage.* O ! your soul then will esteem much of one of God's kisses and embracements, in the testimony of a good conscience. The wicked, howbeit they be casting many evil thoughts, bitter words, and sinful deeds behind their their back, yet they are, in so doing, clerks to their own process, and doing nothing all their life, but gathering *dit-tays* against themselves ; for God is angry at the wicked every day : and I hope your present process shall be sighted one day by him who knoweth your just cause ; and the bloody tongues, crafty foxes, double ingrained hypocrites, shall appear as they are before his Majesty, when he shall take the mask off their faces : And O thrice happy shall your soul be then, when God finds you covered with nothing but the white robe of the saints innocence, and the righteousness of Jesus Christ. You have been of late in the King's wine-cellar, where you were welcomed by the Lord of the inns, upon a condition that you would walk in love ; put on love, and brotherly kindness, and long-suffering ; wait as long upon the favour and turned hearts of your enemies, as your Christ waited upon you, and as dear Jesus stood at your soul's door with dewy and rainy locks, the long cold night : *be an-*

gry but sin not; I perswade my self, that holy unction within you; which teacheth you all things, is also saying, *Overcome evil with good*. If that had not spoken in your soul, at the tears of your aged pastor, you would not have agreed, and forgiven his foolish son who wronged you: but my Master bad me tell you, God's blessing shall be upon you for it; and from him I say, Grace, grace, grace, and everlasting peace be upon you: It is my prayer for you, that your carriage may grace and adorn the Gospel of that Lord who hath graced you. I hear your husband also was sick, but I beseech you in the bowels of Jesus, welcome every rod of God; for I find not in the whole book of God, a greater note of the child of God, than to fall down and kiss the feet of an angry God; and when he seems to put you away from him, and loose your hands that grip him, to look up in faith, and say, *I shall not, I will not be put away from thee; howbeit thy Majesty draw to free thy self off me, yet Lord give me leave to hold and cleave unto thy self*. I will pray that your husband may return in peace; your decret comes from heaven, look up thither: For many (says Solomon) *seek the face of the ruler, but every man's judgment cometh of the Lord*; and be glad that it is so, for Christ is the clerk of your process, and will see that all go right: and I perswade my self, he is saying, *Tender servants of mine are wronged; for my blood, Father, give them justice*. Think you not, dear Sister, but our High Priest, our Jesus, the Master of requests, presents our bills of complaint to the great Lord Justice: Yea, I believe it, since he is our Advocate, and Daniel calls him the *Spokesman*, whose hand presents all to the Father. For other businesses, I say nothing, while the Lord give me to see your face. I am credibly informed, that multitudes of England, and especially worthy preachers, and silenced preachers of London, are gone to New England; and I know one learned holy preacher, who hath written against the *Arminians*, who is gone thither. Our blessed Lord Jesus, who cannot get leave to sleep with his Spouse in this land, is going to seek an inns where he will be better entertained; and what marvel? Wearied Jesus, after he had travelled from Geneva, by the Ministry of worthy Mr. Knox, and was laid down in his bed, and Reformation begun, and the curtains drawn, he had not gotten his dear eyes well together, when irreverent Bishops came in, and with the din and noise of ceremonies, holy-days, and other *Romish* corruptions, they awake our Beloved; others came to his bed-

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side and drew the curtains, and put hands in his servants, banished, deprived and confined them; and for the pulpit, they got a stool and a cold fire in *Black-Nests*: and the nobility drew the covering off him, and have made him a poor naked Christ, in spoiling his servants of the tithes and Kirk-rents; and now there is such a noise of crying sins in the land, as the want of the knowledge of God, of mercy and truth; such swearing, whoring, lying, and blood touching blood, that Christ is putting on his clothes, and making him, like an ill-handled stranger, to go to other lands. Pray him, *Sister*, to lie down again with his Beloved. Remember my dearest love to *John Gordon*, to whom I will write when I am strong; and to *John Brown*, *Grissel*, *Samuel* and *William*; grace upon them. As you love Christ, keep Christ's favour, and put not upon him when he sleeps, to awake him before he please. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth, July 21. 1630.

Your Brother in Christ, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

I Have been thinking, since my departure from you, of the pride and malice of your adversaries, and ye may not (since ye have heard the book of the *Psalms* so often) take hardly with this; for *David's* enemies snuffed at him, and through the pride of their heart said, *The Lord will not require it*, *Psal. x. 13*. I beseech you therefore, in the bowels of Christ, set before your eyes the patience of your Fore-runner Jesus, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously, *1 Pet. ii. 23*. And since our Lord and Redeemer with patience received many a black stroke on his glorious Body, and many a buffet of the unbelieving world, and says of himself, *Isa. l. 6. I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting*. I follow him, and think not hard that you receive a blow with your Lord; take part with Jesus of his sufferings, and glory in the marks of Christ. If this storm were over, you must prepare your self for a new wound; for, five thousand years ago, our Lord proclaimed deadly war betwixt the Seed of the Woman and the seed of the serpent; and marvel not that one town cannot keep the children of God, and the children of the devil; for

one belly could not keep *Jacob* and *Esau*; one house could not keep peaceably together *Isaac* the son of the Promise, and *Ismael* the son of the handmaid. Be you upon Christ's side of it, and care not what flesh can do; hold your self fast by your Saviour, howbeit you be buffeted, and those that follow him; yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: see 2 Cor. iv. 8. *We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair. ver. 9. Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.* If you can possess your soul in patience, their day is coming. *Worthy and dear Sister*, know to tarry your self in trouble; and when you are hated and reproached, the Lord shews it to you, Psal. xliv. 17. *All this is come upon us, yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.* Psal. cxix. 92. *Unless thy law had been my delight, I had perished in mine afflictions.* Keep God's covenant in your trials; hold you by his blessed word, and sin not; flee anger, wrath, grudging, envying, fretting; forgive an hundred pence to your fellow-servant, because your Lord hath forgiven you ten thousand talents: For, I assure you by the Lord, your adversaries shall get no advantage against you, except you sin, and offend your Lord in your sufferings; but the way to overcome, is by patience, forgiving, and praying for your enemies, in doing whereof you heap coals upon their heads, and your Lord shall open a door to you in your trouble: wait upon him, as the night-watch waiteth for the morning; he will not tarry, go up to your watch-tower, and come not down, but by prayer, and faith, and hope, wait on: when the sea is full, it will ebb again; and so soon as the wicked are come to the top of their pride, and are waxed high and mighty, then is their change approaching; they that believe make not haste. Remember *Zion*, forget her not; for her enemies are many, for the nations are gathered together against her: *But they know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they his counsel; for he shall gather them as the sheaves into the floor: arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion,* Mic. iv. 12, 13. Behold, God hath gathered his enemies together as sheaves to the threshing; let us stay and rest upon these promises. Now again I trust in our Lord, you shall by faith sustain your self and comfort your self in your Lord, and be strong in his power; for you are in the beaten and common way to heaven, when you are under our Lord's crosses; you have reason to rejoice in it, more than in a crown of gold,

gold, and rejoice and be glad to bear the reproaches of Christ. I rest, recommending you and yours, for ever, to the grace and mercy of God.

Anwoth, Feb. 11. 1631.

Tours in Christ, S. R.

For M A R I O N M A C K N A U G H T.

Welbeloved in the Lord,

YOU are not unacquainted with the day of our communion; I intreat therefore the aid of your prayers for that great work, which is one of our feast-days, wherein our Welbeloved Jesus rejoiceth, and is merry with his friends: Good cause have we to wonder at his love, since the day of his death was such a sorrowful day to him, even the day when his Mother the Kirk crowned him with thorns, and he had many against him, and compeared his alone in the fields against them all; yet he delights with us to remember that day: Let us love him, and be glad and rejoice in his salvation. I am confident that you shall see the Son of God that day, and I dare in his name invite you to his banquet: Many a time you have been well entertained in his house, and he changes not upon his friends, nor chides them for too great kindness; yet I speak not this to make you leave off to pray for me, who have nothing of my self, but in so far as daily I receive from him, who is made of his Father a running-over Fountain, at which I and others may come with thirsty souls, and fill our vessels: long hath this Well been standing open to us; *Lord Jesus, lock it not up again upon us.* I am sorry for our desolate Kirk; yet I dare not but trust, so long as there be any of God's lost money here, he shall not blow out the candle. Lord make fair candlesticks in his house, and remove the blind lights. I have been this time bypast thinking much of the incoming of the Kirk of the *Jews*, pray for them: When they were in their Lord's house, at their Father's elbow, they were longing for the in-coming of their *little Sister*, the Kirks of the *Gentiles*. They said to their Lord, *Cant. viii. ver. 8. We have a little Sister, and she hath no breasts; what shall we do for our Sister, in the day when she is spoken for?* Let us give them a meeting, What shall we do for our *elder Sister* the *Jews*? *Lord Jesus, give them breasts.* That were a glad day, to see us and them both set down at one table, and Christ at the head of the table. Then would our Lord come shortly with his fair guard, to hold his great court. *Deay Sister, be patient* for

for the Lord's sake; under the wrongs that you suffer of the wicked: Your Lord shall make you see your desire on your enemies; some of them shall be cut off, *Jeb xv. ver. 33. They shall shake off their unripe grapes as the vine, and cast off their flower, as the olive:* God shall make them like unripe sowre grapes, shaken off the tree with the blast of God's wrath; and therefore pity them, and pray for them: others of them must remain to exercise you; God hath said of them, *Let the tares grow up while harvest, Mat. xiii.* It proves you to be your Lord's wheat. Be patient, Christ went to heaven with many a wrong; *His visage and countenance was all marred more than the sons of men:* You may not be above your Master; many a black stroke received innocent Jesus, and he received no mends, but referred them all to the great court-day, when all things shall be righted. I desire to hear from you, within a day or two; if Mr. Robert remain in his purpose, to come and help us. God shall give you joy of your children. I pray for them by their names; I bleis you from the Lord, your husband and children. Grace, grace and mercy be multiplied upon you.

Amoth; May 7. 1631. Yours in the Lord for ever, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Wellbeloved Sister,

MY love in Christ remembered. I have received a letter from *Edinburgh*, certainly informing me, that the *English Service*, and the *Organs*, and *King James's Psalms* are to be imposed upon our Kirk, and the Bishops are dealing for a general Assembly: *A. R.* hath confirmed the news also, and says, he spoke with Sir *William Alexander*, who is to come down with his prince's warrant for that effect. I am desired in the received letter to acquaint the best affected about me with that storm; therefore I intreat you, and charge you in the Lord's Name, pray; but not communicate this to any while I see you. My heart is broken at the remembrance of it, and it was my fear, and answereth to my last letter, except one, that I wrote unto you: Dearly beloved, be not casten down, but let us, as the Lord's doves, take us to our wings, for other armour have we none, and flee into the hole of the Rock. It is true, *A. R.* says, The worst men in *England* are banished, and silenced, about the number of fifteen or seventeen choice Gospel-preachers, and the

the persecution is already begun: Howbeit I do not write this unto you with a dry-face, yet I am confident in the Lord's strength, Christ and his side shall overcome; and you shall be assured, the Kirk were not a Kirk, if it were not so: as our dear Husband in wooing his Kirk received many a black stroke; so his Bride in wooing him gets many blows, and in this wooing there are strokes upon both sides: let it be so, the devil will not make the marriage go back, neither can he tear the contract; the end shall be mercy: Yet, notwithstanding of all this, we have no warrant of God to leave off all lawful means. I have been writing unto you the counsels, and draughts of men against the Kirk; but they know not, as *Micah* says, the counsel of *Jehovah*. The great men of the world may make ready the fiery furnace for *Zion*; but trow ye, that they can cause the fire to burn? No, he that made the fire, I trust, shall not say, amen to their decreets. I trust in my Lord, God hath not subscribed their bill, and their conclusions have not yet past our great King's seal: Therefore if ye think good, address your self first to the Lord, and then to *A. R.* anent the business that you know. I am most unkindly handled by the presbytery; and as if I had been a stranger, and not a member of that seat, to sit in judgment with them, I was summoned, by their order, as a witness against *B. A.* but they have got no advantage in that matter. Other particulars you shall hear, God willing, at meeting. Anent the matter betwixt you and *J. E.* I remember it to God: I entreat you in the Lord, be submissive to his will; for the higher that their pride mount up, they are the nearer a fall: the Lord will more and more discover that man. Let your husband, in all matters of judgment, take Christ's part for the defence of the poor and needy and oppressed, for the maintenance of equity and justice in the Town; and take you no fear, he shall take your part, and then you are strong enough. What? howbeit you receive indignities for your Lord's sake; let it be so: when he shall put his holy hand up to your face in heaven, and dry your face, and wipe the tears from your eyes, judge ye, if ye will not have cause then to rejoice. Anent other particulars, if you would speak with me, appoint any of the first three days of the next week in *Carletoun*, when *Carletoun* is at home, and acquaint me with your desires; and remember me to God, and my dearest affection to your husband,

band, and for Zion's sake hold not your peace. The grace of our Lord Jesus be with you, and your husband, and children.

Anwoth, Jan. 2. 1631.

Tours in the Lord, S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Dear Mistress,

I Have not time this day to write to you; but God knowing my present state, and necessities of my calling, I hope will spare my mother's life for a time, for the which I have cause to thank my Lord. I entreat you be not cast down, for that which I wrote before to you, anent the planting of a minister in your Town. Believe, and you shall see the salvation of God. I write this, because when you suffer, my heart suffereth with you. I do believe, your soul shall have joy, in your labours and holy desires for that work. Grace upon you, and your husband, and your children.

Anwoth.

Tours ever in Christ, S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Beloved Mistress,

MY dearest love in Christ remembered to you: Know that Mr. Abraham shewed me, there is to be a meeting of the Bishops at *Edinburgh* shortly, the causes are known to themselves: It is our part to hold up our hands for Zion. Howbeit it is reported they came sad from court. It is our Lord's wisdom that his Kirk should ever hang by a threed, and yet the threed breaketh not, being hanged upon him, who is the sure Nail in *David's* house, *Isa. xxii. verse 22.* upon whom all the vessels, great and small, do hang; and the Nail (God be thanked) neither crooketh, nor can be broken: Jesus, that flower of *Jesse* set without hands, getteth many a blast, and yet withers not, because he is his Father's noble Rose, casting a sweet smell through heaven and earth, and must grow; and in the same garden with him grow the saints, God's fair and beautiful lilies, under wind and rain, and all sun-burned, and yet life remaineth at the root: Keep within his garden, and you shall grow with them, till the great Husbandman, our dear Master-gardener come, and transplant you from the lower part of his Vineyard up to the higher, to the very heart of his garden, above the wrongs of the rain, sun, or wind; and then wait upon the times of the blowing of the sweet

sweet South and North-wind of his gracious Spirit, that may make you cast a sweet smell in your Beloved's nostrils; and bid your Beloved come down to his garden, and eat of his pleasant fruits, *Cant. iv. verse 16.* and he will come. You will get no more but this, until you come up to the Well-head, where you shall put up your hand, and take down the apples of the Tree of Life, and eat under the shadow of that Tree; these apples are sweeter up beside the Tree, than they are down here, in this piece of a clay-prison-house. I have no joy but in the thoughts of these times. Doubt not of your Lord's part, and the Spouse's part, she shall be in good case. That word shall stand, *Hosea xiv. 5. I shall be as the dew to Israel, he shall grow up as the lillie, and cast out his roots as Lebanon. Verse 6. His branches shall spread, his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. Isa. xi. Verse 12. Christ shall set up his colours, and his ensign for the nations, and shall gather together the outcasts of Israel, Ezek. xxxvii. 11. Then the Lord said to me, Son of man, these dead bones are the whole house of Israel: behold they say, our bones are dried, our hope is lost, we are cut off for our parts. Verse 12. Therefore prophesie unto them, and say, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you come up out of your graves, and bring you unto the land of Israel.* These promises are not wind, but the breasts of our Beloved Christ, which we must suck, and draw comfort out of. We have cause to pity those poor creatures, that stand out against Christ, and the building of his house: Silly men, they have but a feckless and filly heaven, nothing but meat and cloth, and laugh a day or two in the world, and then in a moment go down to the grave. And they shall not be able to hinder Christ's building; he that is Master of the work will lead stones to the wall over their belly. And for that present tumult, that the children of this world raise, anent the planting of your Town with a pastor, believe and stay upon God (as you still shame us all in believing) go forward in the strength of the Lord, and from my Lord I say, before whom I stand, have your eyes upon none but the Lord of armies; and the Lord shall either let you see what you long to see, or then fulfil your joy more abundantly another way. You and yours, and the children of God whom you care for in that Town, shall have as much of the Son of God's supper, cut and laid down upon your trenchers, be he who he will that

carveth,

carveth, as shall feed you to eternal life: and be not cast down for all that is done, your reward is laid up with God. I hope to see you laugh and leap for joy. Will the temple be built without din and tumult? No, God's stones of his house in *Germany* are laid with blood; and the Son of God no sooner begins to chop, and hew stones with his hammer, but as soon the sword is drawn. If the work were of men, the world would set their shoulders to yours; but in Christ's work, two or three must fight against a presbytery, (though his own court) and a city: This proveth that it is Christ's errand, and therefore that it shall thrive; let them lay iron-chains cross over the door, stay, and believe, and wait, while *the Lion of the tribe of Judah come; and he that comes from heaven clothed with the rainbow, and hath the little book in his hand*, when he takes a grip of their chains, he will lay the door upon the broad side, and come in, and go up to the pulpit, and take the man with him, whom he hath chosen for his work: therefore let me hear from you, whether you be in heaviness, or rejoicing under hope, that I may take part of your grief, and bear it with you, and get part of your joy, which is to me also as my own joy. And as to what are your fears, anent the health or life of your dear children, lay it upon Christ's shoulders, let him bear all; loose your grips of them all, and when your dear Lord pulleth, let them go with faith and joy: it is a tried faith, to kiss a Lord that is taking from you. Let them be careful, during the short time that they are here, to run, and get a grip of the Prize; Christ is standing in the end of their way, holding up the garland of endless glory to their eyes, and is crying, *Run fast, and come, and receive*: Happy are they, if their breath serve them to run, and not to weary, while their Lord with his own dear hand put the crown upon their head. It is not long days, but good days, that make the life glorious and happy; and our dear Lord is gracious to us, who shortneth, and hath made the way to glory shorter than it was: So that the crown that *Noah* did fight for five hundred years, children may now obtain it in fifteen years. And heaven is in some sort better for us now, than it was to *Noah*: For the Man Christ is there now, who was not come in the flesh in *Noah's* days. You shall shew this to your children, whom my soul in Christ bleseth; and intreat them by the mercies of God, and the bowels of Jesus Christ, to covenant with Jesus Christ to be his, and to make up the bond of friendship betwixt their souls

souls and their Christ, that they may have Acquaintance in heaven, and a Friend at God's right-hand; such a Friend at court is much worth. Now I take my leave of you, praying my Christ, and your Christ, to fulfil your joy, and more graces and blessings from our sweet Lord Jesus to your soul, your husband's, and children, than ever I wrote of letters of A, B C, to you. Grace, grace be with you.

Anwoth, March 9.

1632.

*Yours in my sweet Master Jesus
Christ, S. R.*

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Dearly beloved Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembred. You are not ignorant, what our Lord in his love-visitation hath been doing with your soul, even letting you see a little sight of that dark trance, you must go thorow ere you come to glory. Your life hath been near the grave, and you was at the door, and you found the door shut fast; your dear Christ thinking it not time to open these gates to you, while you have fought some longer in his camp: and therefore he willet you to put on your armour again, and to take no truce with the devil, or this present world; you are little obliged to any of the two: but I rejoyce in this, that when any of the two comes to suit your soul in marriage, you have an answer in readines to tell them, You are too long a coming: I have many a year since promised my soul to another, even to my dearest Lord Jesus, to whom I must be true; and therefore you are come back to us again to help us to pray for Christ's fair Bride, a Marrow dear to him. Be not cast down in heart, to hear that the world barketh at Christ's strangers, both in Ireland, and in this land; they do it because their Lord hath chosen them out of this world; and this is one of our Lord's reproaches, to be hated and ill intreated by men: The silly stranger in an uncouth country must take with smoky inns, and course chear, and a hard bed, and a barking ill-tongued host. It is not long to day, and he will to his journey upon the morrow, and leave them all: Indeed our fair morning is at hand, the day-star is near the rising, and we are not many miles from home; what matter of ill entertainment in the smoky inns of this miserable life? we are not to stay here, and we will be dearly welcome to him whom we go to; and I hope, when I shall see you clothed in white raiment, wash-

en in the blood of the Lamb, and shall see you even at the elbow of your dearest Lord and Redeemer, and a crown upon your head, and following our Lamb, and lovely Lord, whithersoever he goeth, you will think nothing of all these days, and you shall then rejoice, and no man shall take your joy from you: And it is certain, there is not much sand to run in your Lord's sand-glass, and that day is at hand, and till then your Lord in this life is giving you some little feasts. It is true, you see him not now, as you shall see him then; your Welbeloved standeth now behind the wall, looking out at the window, *Cant. ii. ver. 9.* and you see but a little of his face; then you shall see all his face, and all the Saviour, a long and high and broad Lord Jesus, the most lovely Person among the children of men. O joy of joys! that our souls know there is such a great supper preparing for us, even howbeit we be but half-hungred of Christ here, and many a time dine behind noon, yet the supper of the Lamb will come in time, and will be set before us, before we famish, and lose our stomachs. You have cause to hold up your heart in remembrance, and hope of that fair long summer-day; for in this night of your life, wherein you are in the body, absent from the Lord, Christ's fair moon-light in his word, and sacraments, in prayer, feeling, and holy conference, hath shined upon you, to let you see the way to the city. I confess our diet here is but sparing, we get but tastings of our Lord's comforts; but the cause of that is not, because our Steward Jesus is a niggard, and narrow-hearted, but because our stomachs are weak, and we are narrow-hearted: but the great feast is coming, when our hearts shall be enlarged, and the chambers of them made fair and wide, to take in the great Lord Jesus: come in then, Lord Jesus, to hungry souls, gaping for thee. In this journey take the Bridegroom, as you may have him, and be greedy of his smallest crumbs; but, *dear Mistress*, buy none of Christ's delicacies spiritual with sin, or fasting against your weak body; remember you are in the body, and it is the lodging-house, and you may not, without offending the Lord, suffer the old walls of that house to fall down, through want of necessary food: your body is the dwelling-house of the Spirit, and therefore, for the love you carry to the sweet Guest, give a due regard to his house of clay: when he looseth the wall, why not, welcome, Lord Jesus; but it is a fearful sin in us, by hurting the body by fasting, to loose one stone, or the least piece of timber in it: for the house is not our own, the

Bride-

Bridegroom is with you yet; so fast, as that also you may feast, and rejoyce in him. I think upon your magistrates; but he that is clothed in linen, and hath the writer's inkhorn by his side, hath written up their names in heaven already: pray, and be content with his will; God hath a counsel-house in heaven, and the end will be mercy unto you. For the planting of your town with a godly minister, have your eye upon the Lord of the harvest; I dare promise you, God in this life shall fill your soul with the fatness of his house, for your care to see Christ's bairns fed; and your posterity shall know it, to whom I pray for mercy, and that they may get a name amongst the living in *Jerusalem*: and if God portion them with his bairns, their rent is fair, and I hope it shall be so. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwrb, Sept. 19. 1632.

Yours ever in Christ, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister in Christ,

YOU shall understand, I have received a letter from *Edinburgh*, that it is suspected that there will be a general Assembly, or then some meeting of the Bishops; and that at this Synod there will be some Commissioners chosen by the Bishop: which news have so taken up my mind, that I am not so settled for studies, as I have been before; and therefore was never in such fear for the work. But because it is written to me, as a secret, I dare not reveal it to any, but to your self, whom I know: and therefore I intreat you, not for any comfort of mine, who am but one man, but for the glory and honour of Jesus Christ, the Master of the banquet, be more earnest with God, and in general shew others of your Christian acquaintance, my fears for my self. I can be content of shame in that work, if my Lord and Master be honoured; and therefore petition our Lord, especially to see to his own glory, and to give bread to his hungry bairns, howbeit I go hungry away from the feast. Request Mr. Robert from me, if he come not, to remember us to our Lord. I have neither time, nor a free disposed mind to write to you, anent your own case. Send me word, if all your children and husband be well: seeing they are not yours, but your dear Lord's, esteem them but as borrowed, and lay them down at God's feet; your Christ to you is better than they all. You will pardon my unaccustomed short letter, and remember me, and that honourable feast, to our Lord Jesus. He was with us before

fore, I hope he will not change upon us, but I fear I have changed upon him; but, Lord, let old kindness stand! Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

Answer.

Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbelov'd and dear Sister,

MY tender affection in Christ remembered. I left you in as great heaviness, as I was in since I came to this country; but I know you doubt not, but (as the truth in Christ is) my soul is knit to your soul, and to the souls of all yours, and would, if I could, send you the largest part of my heart inclosed in this letter: but, by fervent calling upon my Lord, I have attained some victory over my heart, which runneth often not knowing whither, and of my beguiling hopes, which I know now better than I did; and trusts in my Lord, to hold aloof from the inticings of a seducing heart, by which I am daily cozened; and minds not, by his grace, who hath call'd me according to his eternal purpose, to come so far within the grips of my foolish mind, gripping about any folly coming its way, as the woodbind or ivy goeth about the tree. I adore and kiss the providence of my Lord, who knoweth well what is most expedient for me, and for you, and your children; and I think of you, as of my self, that the Lord, who turneth (in his deep wisdom) about all the wheels and turnings of such changes, shall also dispose of that for the best to you and yours. In the presence of my Lord, I am not able, howbeit I would, to conceive amiss of you, in that matter: Grace, grace for ever upon you and your seed; and it shall be your portion, in despite of all the powers of darkness: do not make more question of this. But the Lord saw a nail in my heart loose, and he hath now fastened it, honour be to his majesty. I hear your son is entered to the school; if I had known of the day, I would have begged from our Lord, that he would have put the book in his hand, with his own hand: I trust in my Lord it is so, and I conceive hope, to see him a star to give light in some room of our Lord's house; and purpose, by the Lord's grace, as I am able, (if our Lord call you to rest before me) when you are at your home, to do the uttermost of my power to help him every way, in grace and learning, and his brother, and all your children; and I hope you would expect that of me.

me. Further you shall know, that Mr. W. D. is come home, who saith, It is a miracle, that your husband, in this process before the council, escaped both discredit and damage: Let it not be forgotten, he was in our apprehension, to our grief, cast down and humbled in the Lord's work, in that matter betwixt him and the baillie; now the Lord hath honoured him, and made him famous for virtue, honesty, and integrity, two several times before the nobles of this kingdom. Your Lord liveth, we will go to his throne of grace again; his arm is not shortned. The king is certainly expected. Ill is feared; we have cause, for our sins, to fear that the Bridegroom shall be taken from us: by our sins we have rent his fair garments, and we have stirred up and awakned our Beloved; pray him to tarry, or then to take us with him. It were good that we should knock and rap at our Lord's door: we may not tire to knock oftner than twice or thrice, he knoweth the knock of his friends. I am still what I was ever to your dear children, tendring their souls happiness, and praying that grace, grace, grace, mercy and peace, from God, even God our Father, and our Lord Jesus, may be their portion; and that now, while they are green and young, their hearts may take band with Jesus the Corner-stone, and win once in, in our Lord and Saviour's house, and then they will not get leave to flit. Pray for me, and especially for humility and thankfulness. I have always remembrance of you, and your husband, and dear children: The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Amwoth.

*Tours evermore in my dear Lord Jesus,
and yours, S. R.*

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Sister,

MY love in Christ remembred. God hath brought me home from a place where I have been exercised with great heaviness; and I have found at home new matter heaviness, yet dare not but in all things give thanks: In my business in *Edinburgh*, I have not sinned, nor wronged my party, by his own confession and by the confession of his friends; I have given my goods for peace, and the saving of my Lord's truth from reproaches, which is dearer to me than all I have. My mother is weak, and I think shall leave me alone; but I am not alone, because Christ's Father is with me. For your
K k business

business anent your town, I see great evidences; but Satan and his instruments are against it, and few set their shoulders to Christ's shoulder to help him: but he will do all his alone; and I dare not but exhort you to believe, and persuade you, that the hungry in your city shall be fed, and the rest that want a stomach, the parings of God's loaf will suffice them; and therefore believe it shall be well. I may not leave my mother to come and confer with you of all particulars; I have given such directions to our dear friend as I can, but the event is in our Lord's hand. God's Zion abroad flourisheth, and his arm is not shortned with us, if we could believe. There is scarcity and a famine of the word of God in *Edinburgh*. You sister J. laboureth mightily in our business; but hath not as yet gotten an answer from J. P. Mr. A. C. will work what he can. My Lady saith she can do little, and that it suiteth not her husband well to speak in such an affair: I told her my mind plainly. I long to know of your estate: remember me heartily to your dear husband; Grace be the portion of your bairns. I know you are mindful of the green wound of our Sister-kirk in *Ireland*: bid our Lord lay a plaister to it; he hath good skill to do so, and set others to work. Grace, grace upon your soul and body, and all yours.

Ameth.

Tours, in Christ, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Wellbeloved and dear Sister,

I know your heart is cast down, for the desolation like to come upon this Kirk, and the appearance that an hireling shall be thrust in upon Christ's flock in that town; but send a heavy heart up to Christ, it will be welcome. These who are with the *Beast* and the *Dragon*, must make war with the Lamb but the Lamb shall overcome them; for he is the Lord of lords, and King of kings; and they, who are with him, are called, and chosen, and faithful, *Rev. xvii. 14.* Our ten days will have an end; all the former things shall be forgotten, when we shall be up before the throne: Christ hath been ever thus in the world, he hath always the defender's part, and hath been still in the camp, fighting the Church's battles. The enemies of the Son of God will be fed with their own flesh, and shall drink their own blood; and therefore their part of it shall at last be found hard enough; so that we may look forward and pity them. Until the number of the elect be fulfilled,

filled, *Christ's garments must be rolled in blood*: He cometh from *Edom*, from the slaughter of his enemies, *Isa. lxi. 1. clothed with dyed garments, glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength.* Who is this (*said he*) that appears in this glorious posture? Our great *He*, that *He who is mighty to save*; whose glory shineth, while he sprinklet the blood of his adversaries upon his garments, and staineth all his raiment. The glory of his righteous revenges shineth forth in these stains: But seeing our world is not here away, we poor children, far from home, must steal thorow many waters, weeping as we go, and withal believing, that we do the Lord's faithfulness no wrong, seeing he hath said, *Isa. li. 1. I, even I am he that comforteth you; who art thou that art afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass? Isa. xlii. 2. When thou passest thorow the waters, I will be with thee; and thorow the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest thorow the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.* There is a cloud gathering, and a storm coming; this land shall be turned up-side-down: and if ever the Lord spake to me (think on it) *Christ's Bride* will be glad of an hole to hide her head in; and the *Dragon* may so far prevail, as to chase the *Woman* and her *Man-child* over sea: but there shall be a gleaning, *two or three berries left in the top of the olive-tree*, of whom God shall say, *Destroy them not; for there is a blessing in them.* Thereafter there shall be a fair lun-blink on *Christ's old Spouse*, and a clear sky, and she shall sing as in the days of her youth. The *Antichrist* and the great red *Dragon* will lop *Christ's branches*, and bring his *Vine* to a low stump, under the feet of those, who carry the mark of the beast; but the *Plant of Renown*, the *Man*, whose name is the *BRANCH*, will bud forth again and blossom as the rose, and there shall be fair white flourishes again, with most pleasant fruits upon that *Tree of Life*: A fair season may he have! Grace, grace be upon that blessed and beautiful *Tree*! under whose shadow we shall sit, *and his fruit shall be sweet to our taste.* But *Christ* shall woo his handful in the fire, and chuse his own in the furnace of affliction: but, be it so, he do not, he will not slay his children; love will not let him make a full end: the covenant will cause him hold his hand. Fear not then (*said the First and the Last, he who was dead and is alive*) we see not *Christ* sharpening and furbishing his sword for his enemies; and therefore our faithless hearts say, as *Zion*

did, *The Lord hath forsaken me.* But God reproveth her, and saith, *Well, well, Zion, is that well said? think again on it; you are in the wrong to me: Isa. xlix. 15. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb? Yea, she may; yet will I not forget thee.* Verſ. 16. *Behold, I have engraven thee upon the palms of my hands.* You break your heart, and grow heavy, and forget that Christ hath your name engraven on the palms of his hands, in great letters. In the name of the Son of God, believe, buried *Scotland*, dead and buried in her dear Bridegroom, shall rise the third day again, and there shall be a new growth after the old timber is cut down. I recommend you and your burdens, and heavy heart, to the supportings of his grace and good-will, *who dwelt in the Bush*, to him, *who was separate from his brethren.* Try your husband afar off, to see if he can be induced to think upon going to *America.* O to see the sight, next to Christ's coming in the clouds, the most joyful! our *elder brethren*, the *Jews* and Christ fall upon one anothers necks, and kiss each other! They have been long aſunder, they will be kind to one another when they meet: O day! O longed for, and lovely day, dawn! O sweet Jesus, let me see that sight, which will be as life from the dead, Thee and thy ancient people in mutual embraces! Desire your *daughter* to cloſe with Christ, upon terms of ſuffering for him; for the croſs is an old mealing, and plot of ground that lieth to Christ's houſe: Our Chief had ay that rent lying to his inheritance; but tell her, The day is near the dawning, the ſky is riveing, our Beloved will be on us, ere ever we be aware; the *Antichriſt*, and death, and hell, and Christ's enemies and ours will be bound, and caſt into the bottomleſs pit. The Lord Jesus be with your ſpirit.

Answer, April

22, 1635.

Yours, in his ſweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Sister,

For Zion's ſake hold not your peace, neither be diſcouraged, for the on-going of this perſecution; *Jehovah* is in this *burning Bush*. The floods may ſwell and rore, but our Ark ſhall ſwim above the waters; it cannot ſink, becauſe a Saviour is in it. Becauſe our Beloved was not let-in by his Spouſe, *when he ſtood at the door with his wet and frozen head*; therefore he

he will have us to seek him a while : and while we are seeking *the watchmen, that go about the walls, have stricken the poor Woman, and have taken away her vail from her* ; but yet a little while, and our Lord will come again : *Scotland's* sky will clear again ; her moment must go over. I dare in faith say, and write (I am not now dreaming) Christ is but seeking (what he will have and make) a clean glistening Bride out of the fire : God send him his errand ; but he cannot want what he seeks. In the mean time, one way or other, he shall find or make a nest for his mourning Dove. What is this we are adoin, breaking the neck of our faith ? We are not come as yet to the mouth of the *Red-sea* ; and howbeit we were, for his honour's sake he must dry it up. It is our part to die gripping, and holding fast his faithful promise. If the *Beast* should get leave to ride through the land, and to seal such as are his, he will not get one lamb with him, for these are secured, and *sealed as the servants of God*. In Christ's name, let Christ take his *Barn-floor*, and all that is in it, to a hill and winnow it ; let him sift his *Corn*, and sweep his *House*, and seek his *Gold*. The Lord shall cog the rumbling wheels, or turn them ; *for the remainder of wrath doth he restrain* : He can loose the belt of kings ; to God their belt, wherewith they are girt, is knit with a single draw-knot. As for a *pastor* to your town, your conscience can bear you witness, *you have done your part* ; let the Master of the Vineyard now see to his to his Garden, seeing you have gone on, till he hath said, *Stand still* : the will of the Lord be done ; but a trial is not to give up with God, and believe no more. I thank my God in Christ, I find the force of my temptation abated, and its edge blunted, since I spoke to you last : I know not, if the tempter be hovering, until he find the dam gather again, and me more secure ; but it hath been my burden ; and I am yet more confident, the Lord will succour and deliver. I intend, God willing, that our communion shall be celebrate the first *sabbath* after *Pasch* : our Lord, that great Master of the feast, send us one hearty and heartsome supper ; for I look it shall be the last : but we expect, *when the shadows shall flee away*, and the day dawn, and our Lord shall come to his garden, that he shall feed us in green pastures without fear ; the *dogs* shall not then be *bounded out* amongst the *sheep*. I earnestly desire your prayers, for assistance at our work ; and put others with you to do the same. Remember me to your husband ; and desire your daughter to be kind to Christ, and seek to win

near him; he will give her a welcome in to his house of wine, and bring her into the King's chambers: O how will the sight of his face, and the smell of his garments allure and ravish the heart! Now the love of the lovely Son of God be with you.

Amoth, 1635. Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembered. Having appointed a meeting with M. D. D. and knowing that B. will not keep the presbytery, I cannot see you now: commend my journey to God; my soul blebseth you for your last letter. Be not discouraged; Christ will not want the *isles-men*; the *isles* shall wait for his law: we are his inheritance, and he will sell no part of his inheritance. For the sins of this land, and our breach of the covenant, contempt of the gospel, and our defection from the truth, he hath set up a burning furnace in mount Zion: But I say it, and will abide by it, The grass shall yet grow green on our mount Zion; there shall be a dew all the night upon the Lilies, amongst which Christ feedeth, until the day break, and the shadows flee away: and the moth shall eat up the enemies of Christ, Isa. 1. 9. Let them make a fire of their own, and walk in the light thereof, it shall not let them see to go to their bed; but they shall lie down in sorrow: therefore rejoice and believe. Thus in haste: Grace, grace be with you and yours.

Amoth,

Yours, in Christ, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Sister,

I Fear that you be moved and cast down, because of the late wrong, that your husband received in your town-council: but I pray you, comfort yourself in the Lord; for a just cause hides under the water, only as long as wicked men hold their hand above it; their arm will weary, and then the just cause shall swim above, and the light that is sown for the righteous, shall spring and grow up. If ye were not strangers here, the dogs of the world would not bark at you, 2 Cor. vi. 8. You shall see all the windings and turnings, that are in your way to heaven, out of God's word; for he will not lead you to the kingdom at the nearest; but you must go *therew* honour and

and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; Verſ. 9. *As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chaſtised, and not killed; Verſ. 10. As ſorrowful, and yet always rejoicing.* The world is one of the enemies that we have to fight with, but a vanquiſhed and overcome enemy, and like a beaten and forlorn ſoldier; for our Jeſus hath taken the armour from it: let me then ſpeak to you in his words, *Be of good courage, ſaith the Captain of our ſalvation, for I have overcome the world.* You ſhall neither be free of the ſcourge of the tongue, nor of diſgraces, even if it were buffetings and ſpittings upon the face, as was our Saviour's caſe, if you follow Jeſus Chriſt: I beſeech you in the bowels of our Lord Jeſus, keep a good conſcience (as I truſt you do) you live not upon mens opinion; gold may be gold, and have the king's ſtamp upon it, when it is trampled upon by men. Happy are you, if, when the world trampleth upon you in your credit and good name, yet you are the Lord's gold, ſtamped with the King of heaven's image, and ſealed by his Spirit unto the day of your redemption. Pray for the Spirit of love, 1 Cor. xiii. 7. *Love beareth all things, it believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things.* And I pray you and your husband, yea, I charge you before God, and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the elect angels, pray for theſe your adverſaries: and read this to your husband from me; and let both of you put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies. And, *Siſter*, remember how many thouſands of talents of ſins your Maſter hath forgiven you: *forgive ye therefore your fellow-ſervants one talent;* follow God's command in this, and ſeek not after your own heart, and after your own eyes in this matter, as the Spirit ſpeaks, Numb. xv. 39. Ask never the counſel of your own heart here; the world will blow up your heart now, and cauſe it ſwell, except the grace of God cauſe it fall. Jeſus, even Jeſus the eternal Wiſdom of the Father, give you wiſdom: I truſt God ſhall be glorified in you; and a door ſhall be opened unto you, as the Lord's priſoners of hope, as *Zechariah* ſpeaks. It is a benefit to you, that the wicked are God's ſan to purge you; and I hope they ſhall blow away no corn, or ſpiritual graces, but only your chaff: I pray you, in your purſuit, have ſo recourſe to the law of men, that you wander not from the law of God. Be not caſt down: if you ſaw him, who is ſtanding on the ſhore, holding out his arms to welcome you to land, you would not only wade thorow a ſea of wrongs, but thorow hell it ſelf, to be at him; and

and I trust in God, you see him sometimes. The Lord Jesus be with your spirits, and all yours.

Altho th.

Your Brother, in the Lord, S. R.

For M A R I O N M A C K N A U G H T.

Worthy and dear Sister,

MY dearest love in Christ remembered. As to that business, which I know you would so fain have taking effect, my earnest desire is, that you stand still; haste not, and you shall see the salvation of God. The great Master-gardener, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in a wonderful providence, with his own hand, (I dare, if it were to edification, swear it) planted me here, where by his grace, in this part of his Vineyard, I grow: I dare not say, but Satan and the world (one of his pages, whom he sends his errands) have said otherwise; and here I will abide till the great Master of the Vineyard think fit to transplant me: but when he sees meet to loose me at the root, and to plant me where I may be more useful, both as to fruit and shadow; and when he who planted, pulleth up that he may transplant, who dare put to their hand and hinder? if they do, God shall break their arm at the shoulder-blade, and do his turn. When our Lord is going *west*, the devil and world go *east*; and do you not know, that it hath been ever this way betwixt God and the world, God drawing, and they holding; God, *Tea*, and the world, *Nay*? but they fall on their back and are frustrate, and our Lord holdeth his grip. Wherefore doth the world say, that our Christ, the Goodman of this house, his dear Kirk, *bathe feet like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace?* Rev. i. 15. for no other cause, but because where our Lord setteth down his brazen feet, he will forward; and whither-soever he looketh, he will follow his look; and his feet burn all under them, like as fire doth stubble and thorns. I think he hath now given the world a proof of his exceeding great power, when he is doing such great things, wherein Zion is concerned, by the sword of the *Swedish* king, as of a *Gideon*. As you love the glory of God, pray instantly (yea, engage all your praying acquaintance, and take their faithful promise to do the like) for this king, and every one that *Zion's* King armeth, to execute the written vengeance on *Babylon*: Our Lord hath begun to loose some of *Babylon's* corner-stones; pray him to hold on; for that city must fall, and the birds

of

of the air and the beasts of the earth must make a banquet of *Babylon*; for he hath invited them to eat the flesh of that whore, and to drink her blood: and the cup of the Lord's right-hand shall be turned unto her, and shameful spewing shall be upon her glory! He, whose word must stand, hath said, *Take this cup at the hand of the Lord, and drink and be drunken, and spew and fall, and rise no more, Jer. xxv. 27.* Our Jesus setting up himself as his Father's Ensign, *Isa. xl. 10.* as God's fair white Colours, that his soldiers may flock about him: Long, long may these Colours stand! It is long since he displayed a banner against *Babylon*, in the sight of men and angels: Let us rejoice and triumph in our God, the victory is certain; for when Christ and *Babel* wrestle, then angels and saints may prepare themselves to sing, *Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen.* Howbeit that Prince of renown, precious Jesus, be now weeping and bleeding in his members, yet Christ will laugh again; and it is time enough for us to laugh when our Lord Christ laugheth, and that will be shortly: For when we hear of wars and rumours of wars, the Judge's feet are then before the door, and he must be in heaven, giving order to the angels to make themselves ready, and prepare their hooks and sickles for that great harvest. Christ will be upon us in haste; watch but a little, and ere long the skies will rive, and that fair lovely Person, Jesus, shall come in the clouds, freighted and loaded with glory; and then all these knaves and foxes, that destroyed the Vines, shall call to the hills, and cry to the mountains to cover them, and hide them from the face of him who sitteth upon the throne; and from the wrath of the Lamb. Remember me to your husband; and desire him from me to help Christ, and to take his part, and in judgment side ever with him, and receive a blow patiently for his sake; for he is worthy to be suffered for, not only to blows, but also to blood: He shall find, that innocency and uprightness in judgment shall hold its feet, and make him happy, when *jealousy* will not do it. I speak this, because a person said to me, I pray God, the country be not in worse case now, when the provost and baillies are agreed, than formerly: To whom I replied, I trust the provost is agreed with the man's person, but not with his faults. I pray for you, with my whole soul and desire, that your children may walk in the truth; and that the Lord may shine upon them, and make their faces to shine, when the faces of others shall blush, I dare promise them in his name,

name, whose truth I preach, if they will but try God's service, that they shall find him the sweetest Master that ever they served: and desire them from me, but to try for a while the service of this blessed Master, and then if his service be not sweet, if it afford not what is pleasant to the soul's taste, change him upon trial, and seek a better. Christ is an unknown Christ to young ones, and therefore they seek him not, because they know him not. Bid them come and see, and seek a kiss of his mouth; and then they will find his mouth is so sweet, that they will be everlastingly chained unto him, by their own consent. If I have any credit with your children, I entreat them in Christ's name, to try what truth and reality is in what I say; and leave not his service, till they have found me a liar: I gave you, your husband and them, to his keeping; to whom I have, and dare venture my self and soul, even to our dear Friend Jesus Christ, in whom I am.

Answer. Yours ever, *John Rutherford*, S. R.

To MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbelov'd Sister,

MY dearest love in Christ remembered to you: Know that I am in great heaviness, for the pitiful case of our Lord's Kirk. I hear the cause, why Dr. *Burton* is committed to prison, is, his writing and preaching against the *Arminians*: I therefore entreat the aid of your prayers for my self, and the Lord's captives of hope, and for Zion. The Lord hath and daily lets me see clearly, how deep furrows *Arminianism*, and the followers of it, shall draw upon the back of God's *Israel* (but our Lord cuts the cords of the wicked) *Isa. xlix. ver. 14.* But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. *Lam. i. v. 2.* Zion weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks: amongst her lovers she hath none to comfort her, all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, and are become her enemies. *Na. i. v. 22.* Our silver is become dross, our wine is mixed with water, *Lam. iv. v. 1.* How is the gold become dim? how is the most fine gold changed? the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street. Verse 2. The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter. It is time now for the Lord's secret ones, who favour the dust of Zion,

Zion, to cry, *How long, Lord?* and to go up to their watch-tower, and to stay there, and not to come down, until the vision speak; for it will speak, *Hab. ii.* In the mean time, *The just shall live by faith.* Let us wait on, and not weary. I have not a thread to hang upon and rest, but this one, *Isa. xlix. ver. 15.* *Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.* Verse 16. *Behold, I have given thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me.* For all outward helps do fail; it is time therefore for us to hang ourselves, as our Lord's vessels, upon the Nail that is fastned in a sure place. We would make stakes of our own fastning, but they will break. Our Lord will have Zion on his own Nail. *Edom* is busie within us, and *Babel* without us, against the handful of *Jacob's* seed. It were best that we were upon Christ's side of it, for his enemies will get the stakes to keep (as the proverb is) our greatest difficulty will be, to win on upon the Rock now, when the wind and waves of persecution are so lofty and proud. Let sweet Jesus take us by the hand; neither must we think that it will be otherwise, for it is told to the souls under the altar, *Rev. vi.* *That their fellow-servants must be killed as they were.* Surely it cannot be long to day. Nay, hear him say, *Behold, I come, my dear Bride; think not long, I shall be at you at once; I hear you, and am coming.* Amen, *Even so come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;* for the prisoners of hope are looking out at the prison-windows, to see if they can behold the King's ambassador coming with the King's warrant, and the keys. I write not to you by guess now, because I have a warrant to say unto you, The garments of Christ's Spouse must be once again dyed in blood, as long ago her Husband's was; but our Father sees his bleeding Son. What I write unto you, shew it to *I. G.* Grace, grace, grace and mercy be with you, your husband and children.

Annoth.

Tours in the Lord, S. R.

TO MARTON MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved and dear Sister in Christ,

I Could not get an answer written to your letter till now, in respect of my wife's disease, and she is yet mightily pained; I hope all shall end in God's mercy: I know that an afflicted life looks very like the way that leads to the Kingdom,

dom: for the Apostle, *Acts* xiv. 22. hath drawn the line, and King's market-way, *Through much tribulation to the kingdom.* The Lord grant us the whole armour of God. Ye write to me concerning your peoples disposition, how their hearts are inclined toward the man ye know, and whom ye desire most earnestly your self. He would most gladly have the Lord's call for transplantation; for he knows, all God's plants, set by his own hand, thrive well; and if the work be of God, he can make a *stepping-stone* of the devil himself, for setting forward the work. For your self, I would advise you to ask of God a submissive heart. Your reward shall be with the Lord. Although the people be not gathered (as the prophet speaks) and suppose the word do not prosper, God shall account you, *A repairer of the breaches.* And take Christ caution, ye shall not lose your reward. Hold your grip fast. If ye knew the mind of the glorified in heaven, they think heaven come to their hand at an easie market, when they have got it for threecore or fourscore years wrestling with God. When ye are come thither, ye shall think, all I did, in respect of my rich reward now enjoyed of free grace, was too little. Now then, for the love of the Prince of your salvation, who is standing at the end of your way, holding up in his hand the prize and the garland to the race-runners; forward, forward, faint not, take as many to heaven with you, as ye are able to draw: The more ye draw with you, ye shall be the welcomer your self. Be no niggard or sparing churl of the grace of God; and employ all your endeavours for establishing an honest ministry in your Town, now when ye have so few to speak a good word for you. I have many a grieved heart daily in my calling: I would be undone, if I had not access to the King's chamber of presence, to shew him all the business. The devil rages and is mad, to see the water drawn from his own mill; but would to God, we could be the Lord's instruments to build the Son of God's house. Pray for me. If the Lord furnish not new timber from *Lebanon*, to build the house, the work will cease. I look to him, who hath begun well with me; I have his hand-writ, he will not change. Your daughter is well, and longs for a Bible. The Lord establish you in peace. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth.

Yours at all power in Christ, S. R.

To MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembred. Our communion is on sabbath come eight days, I will intreat you to recommend it to God, and to pray for me in that work. I have no sins upon me now, than the last time: Therefore I will beseech you in Christ, seek this petition to me from God, that the Lord would give me grace to vow and perform new obedience. I have cause to suit this of you, and shew it to *Thomas Carsen, Fergus and Jane Brown*; for I have been, and am exceedingly cast down, and am fighting against a malicious devil, of whom I can win little ground: And I would think a spoil, plucked from him and his trusty servant, *sin*, a lawful and just conquest; and it were no sin to take from him. In the name of the Goodman of our house, King Jesus, I invite you to the banquet: He saith, ye shall be dearly welcome to him. And I desire to believe, (howbeit not without great fear) he shall be as hearty in his own house, as he has been before. For me it is but small reckoning; but I would fain have our Father and Lord to break the fair Loaf, *Christ*, and to distribute his slain Son amongst the bairns of his house; and that, if any were a step-bairn, in respect of comfort and sense, it were rather my self than his poor bairns. Therefore bid our Welbeloved come to his garden, and feed among the lilies. And as concerning *Zion*, I hope our Lord, who, *Zech. ii.* sent his angel with a measuring-line in his hand, to measure the length and breadth of *Jerusalem*, in token he would not want a foot-length, or inch of his own free heritage, shall take order with those, who have taken away many acres of his own land from him: And God will build *Jerusalem* in the old *sted* and place, where it was before; in this hope rejoyce and be glad. Christ's garment was not dypt in blood for nothing, but for his Bride, whom he bought with strokes. I will desire you to remember my old suits to God, God's glory and the increase of light, that I dry not up. For your Town, hope and believe, that the Lord will gather in his loose sheaves among you to his barn, and send one with a well-tooth'd sharp hook, and strong *gardies*, to reap his harvest. And the Lord Jesus be Husbandman, and oversee the growing. Remember my love to your husband and to *Samuel*: grace upon you and your children; Lord make them corner-stones

in

in *Jerusalem*, and give them grace in their youth, to take band with the fair chief Corner-stone, who was hewed out of the mountain without hands, and got many a knock with his Father's fore-hammer, and endured them all, and the Stone did neither cleave nor break; upon that Stone your soul to ly-
King Jesus be with your spirit.

Answer, Your friend in his welbeloved Lord Jesus. S. R.

For **MARION MACKNAUGHT.**

Much honoured and dear Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembered. I am grieved at the heart to write any thing to you, to breed heaviness to you; and what I have written, I wrote it with much heaviness. But I intreat you in Christ's Name, when my soul is under wrestlings, and seeking direction from our Lord, (to whom his Vineyard belongeth) whither I shall go, give me liberty to advise, and try all airts and paths, to see whether he goeth before me and leadeth me: For if I were assured of God's call to your town, let my arm fall from my shoulder-blade and lose power, and my right-eye be dried up, which is the judgment of the idol-shepherd, *Zech. xi. 17.* if I would not swim through the water, without a boat, ere I *sat his bidding*. But if ye knew my doubtings and fears in that, ye would suffer with me. Whether they be temptations, or impediments cast in by God, I know not; but you have now cause to thank God: For, seeing the Bishop hath given you such a promise, he will give you an honest man, more willingly than he will permit me to come to you. And, as I ever intreated you, put the business out of your hand in the Lord's reverence; and try of him, if ye have warrant of him to seek no man in the world, but one only, when there are choice of good men to be had; howbeit they be too scarce, yet they are. And what God saith to me in the business, I resolve by his grace to do; for I know not what he will do with me, but God shall fill you with joy, ere the business be ended: for I perswade my self, our Lord Jesus hath stirred you up already to do good in the business, and ye shall not lose your reward. I have heard your *husband* and *Samuel* have been sick. The Man who is called *the Branch* and God's Fellow, who standeth before his Father, will be your Stay and Help, *Zech. xiii. 7.* I would I were able to comfort your soul; but have patience and stand still: He that believeth maketh not haste. This matter of *Cramond*, cast in at this time, is either a temptation,

ration, having fallen out at this time; or then it will clear all my doubts, and let you see the Lord's will. But I never knew my own part in the business till now; I thought I was more willing to have embraced the charge in your town, than I am, or am able to win to. I know ye pray that God would resolve me what to do; and will interpret me, as love biddeth you, which thinketh not ill, and believeth all things, and hopeth all things. Would ye have more than the Son of God? and ye have him already, and ye shall be fed by the Carver of the meat, be who he will; and these who are hungry, look more to the meat than to the carver. I cannot see you the next week. If my Lady come home, I must visit her. The week thereafter there will be a presbytery at Girtoun; God will dispose of the meeting. Grace upon you, and your seed and husband: The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Answer.

Yours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Worthy and welbelovèd Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembred. I have sent you a letter from Mr. *David Dickson*, concerning the placing of Mr. *Hugh Mackail* with themselves; therefore I write to you now, only to intreat you in Christ, not to be discouraged thereat: be submissive to the will of your dear Lord, who knoweth best what is good for your soul and your town both; for God can come over greater mountains than these, we believe; for he worketh his greatest works, contrary to carnal reason and means. *My ways are not* (saith our Lord) *as your ways; neither are my thoughts as your thoughts*, Isa. lv. I am no whit put from my belief for all that; believe, pray, and use means. We shall cause Mr. *John Ker*, who convoyed my self to *Lechinnar*, to use means to seek a man, if Mr. *Hugh* fail us. Our Lord has a little Bride among you, and I trust he will send one to woo her to our sweet Lord Jesus. He will not want his Wife for the suiting; and he has means abundance in his hand, to open all the slots and bars, that Satan draws over the door: he cometh to his Bride leaping over the mountains, and skipping over the hills. His way to his Spouse is full of stones, mountains and waters; yet he putteth in his foot and wadeth through; he will not want her: And therefore refresh me with two words, concerning your confidence and courage in our Lord, both about that and about his own *Zion*; for he wooeth his wife in the burning Bush: and for the good-will of

of him that dwelleth in the Bush, the Bush is not consumed. It is better to weep with *Jerusalem* in the forenoon, than to weep with *Babel* after-noon, in the end of the day. Our day of laughter and rejoycing is coming; yet a little while, and ye shall see the salvation of God. I long to see you, and to hear how your children are, especially *Samuel*. Grace be their heritage and portion from the Lord, and the Lord be their Lot, and then their inheritance shall please them well. Remember my love to your *husband*: The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Answer.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Wellbelov'd Sister,

MY love in Jesus Christ remembred. Your daughter is well, thanks be to God; I trust in him, ye shall have joy of her: The Lord bless her. I am now presently going about catechising. The bearer is in haste: Forget not poor *Zion*, and the Lord remember you, for we shall be shortly winnowed; *Jesus, pray for us, that our faith fail not*. I would wish to see you a sabbath with us, and we shall stir up one another, God willing, to seek the Lord; for it may be, he hide himself from us ere it be long: Keep that which you have, ye will get more in heaven. The Lord send us to the shore out of all the storms, with our silly souls whole and sound with us: For if liberty of conscience come, as is rumored, the best of us all will be put to our wits, to seek how to be freed. But we shall be with those, who have their chamber to go in unto, spoken of, *Isa. xxvi. 20*. Read the place your self, and keep you within your house while the storm be past. If you can learn a ditty against C. try, and cause try, that we may see the Lord's righteous judgment upon the devil's instruments. We are not much obliged to his kindness: I wish all such wicked doers were cut off. These in haste: I bless you in God's name and all yours. Your daughter desires a Bible and a gown; I hope she shall use the Bible well, which if she do, the gown is the better bestowed. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Answer.

Yours for ever in Christ, S. R.

For

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Mistress,

MY love in Jesus Christ remembred. I am in good health; honour to my Lord; but my wife's disease increaseth daily, to her great torment and pain night and day; she has not been in God's house since our communion, neither out of her bed. I have hired a man to *Edinburgh*, to Dr. *Jeally* and to *John Hamilton*: I can hardly believe her disease is ordinary; for her life is bitter to her: She sleeps none, but cries, as a woman travailling in birth: What will be the event, he that hath the keys of the grave, knows: I have been many times, since I saw you, that I have besought the Lord to loose her out of the body, and to take her to her rest. I believe the Lord's tide of afflictions will ebb again; but at present I am exercised with the wrestlings of God, being afraid of nothing more than this, that God has let loose the tempter upon my house. *God rebuke him and his instruments.* Because Satan is not cast out but by fasting and prayer, I intreat you remember our estate to our Lord, and intreat all good Christians, whom ye know, but especially your *Pastor*, to do the same. It becomes us still to knock, and to lie at the Lord's door, while we die knocking: If he will not open, it is more than he has said in his word; but he is faithful. I look not to win away to my home; without wounds and blood. Welcome, welcome cross of Christ, if Christ be with it. I have not a calm spirit in the work of my calling here, being daily chastised: yet God hath not put out my candle, as he does to the wicked. Grace, grace be with you and all yours.

Answob.

Tours in his Lord, S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Worthy and welbeloved Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembred. I know ye have heard of the purpose of my adversaries, to try what they can do against me at this *Synod*, for the work of God in your town, when I was at your communion. They intend to call me in question at the *Synod*, for treasonable doctrine: Therefore help me with your prayers, and desire your acquaintance to help me also. Your ears heard how Christ was there: If he suffer his servant to get a broken head, in his own kingly service,

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service,

service, and not either help or revenge the wrong, I never saw the like of it. There is not a night-drunkard, time-serving, idle, idol-shepherd to be spoken against, I am the only man, and because it is so, and I know God will not help them, lest they be proud, I am confident their process shall fall asunder. Only be ye nearest with God for hearing, for an open ear, and reading of the bill, that he may in heaven hear both parties, and judge accordingly; and doubt not, fear not, they shall not, who now ride highest, put Christ out of his kingly possession in *Scotland*. The pride of man, and his rage, shall turn to the praise of our Lord. It is an old feud, that the rulers of the earth, the Dragon and his angels, have carried to the Lamb and his followers; but the followers of the Lamb shall overcome by the word of God: and believe this, and wait on a little, till they have got their womb full of clay and gravel, and they shall know, howbeit stolen waters be sweet, *Esau's* portion is not worth his hunting. Commend me to your husband, and send me word how *Grissel* is. The Son of God lead her through the water. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Amoth.

Tours in his only, only Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembered: At the desire of this bearer, whom I love, I thought to request you, if ye can help his wife with your advice, for she is in a most dangerous and deadly like condition; for I have thought she was far changed in her carriage and life this time bypast, and had hope that God would have brought her home; and now by appearance she will depart this life, and leave a number of children behind her. If ye can be intreated to help her, it is a work of mercy. My own wife is still in exceeding great torment night and day. Pray for us, for my life was never so wearisome to me. God hath filled me with gall and wormwood; but I believe, (which holds up my head above the water) *It is good for a man* (saith the Spirit of God, *Lam. iii.*) *that he bear the yoke in his youth.* I do remember you: I pray you be humble and believe; and I intreat you in Jesus Christ, pray for *John Stewart* and his wife, and desire your husband to do the same. Remember me heartily to *Fane Brown*; desire her to pray for me and my wife; I do remember her.

For:

forget not *Zion*. Grace, grace upon them, and peace, that pray for *Zion*. She is the ship we sail in to *Canaan*; if she be broken on a rock we will be cast over-board to swim to land betwixt death and life. The grace of Jesus be with your husband and children.

Amos.

Tours in our Christ, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Dear Sister,

I Longed much to have conferred with you at this time: I am grieved at any thing in your house that grieveth you; and shall, by my Lord's grace, suit my Lord to help you to bear your burden, and to come in behind you, and give you and your burdens a *putt* up the mountain. Know you not that Christ wooeth his Wife in the furnace, *Isa. xlviii. ver. 10. Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction*: He casteth his love on you, when you are in the furnace of affliction; you might indeed be casten down, if he brought you in and left you there; but when he leadeth you through the waters, think ye not that he has a sweet soft hand? you know his love-grip already; you shall be delivered: wait on; Jesus will *make a road*, and come and fetch home the captive: you shall not die in prison, but your strokes are such as were your Husband's, who was wounded in the house of his friends; strokes were not *newings* to him, and neither are they to you: But your winter-night is near spent; it is near hand the dawning; I will see you leap for joy: The Kirk shall be delivered: This wilderness shall bud and grow up like a rose; Christ got a Charter of *Scotland* from his Father, and who will bereave him of his heritage, or put our Redeemer out of his *mealing*, until his tack be run out? I must have you praying for me; I am black-sham'd for evermore with Christ's goodness; and in private, on the 17 and 18 of *August*, I got a full answer of my Lord to be a graced Minister, and a chosen arrow hidden in his own quiver. But know, this assurance is not kepted but by watching and prayer; and therefore, *dear Mistress*, help me. I have gotten now, honour to my Lord, the gate to open the store, and shut the bar of his door: And I think it easie to get any thing from the King by prayer, and to use holy violence with him. Christ was in *Casfarne* Kirk, and opened the people's hearts wonderfully; Jesus is looking up that

water, and minting to dwell amongst them. I would we could give him his welcome home to the *Muir*. Now peace and grace be upon you and all yours.

Anno 1633.

Tours in Christ, S. R.

For *MARION MACKNAUGHT.*

Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembered. I am in care and fear for this work of our Lord's, now near approaching, because of the danger of the time, and I dare not for my soul be silent; to see my Lord's house burning, and not cry, Fire, fire: therefore seek from our Lord wisdom spiritual, not black policy, to speak with liberty our Lord's truth. I am cast down, and would fain have access and presence to the King that day, even howbeit I should break up iron doors. I believe you will not forget me, and you will desire *Jane Brown*, *Thomas Carsen*, and *Marion Carsen* to help me. Pray for well-cooked meat, and an heartsome Saviour with joy, crying, *Welcome in my Father's name*. I am confident *Zion* shall be well; the Bush shall burn and not consume, for the good-will of him that dwelt in the Bush. But the Lord is making on a fire in *Jerusalem*, and purposeth to blow the bellows, and to melt the tin and brass, and bring out a fair beautiful Bride out of the furnace, that will be married over again upon the new Husband, and sing as in the days of her youth, when the contract of marriage is written over again: but I fear the Bride be hidden for a time from the dragon, that pursueth the woman with child; but what, howbeit we go and lurk in the wilderness for a time? for the Lord will take his Kirk to the wilderness, and speak to her heart. Nothing casteth me down, but only I fear the Lord will cast down the Shepherd's tents, and feed his own in a secret place: But let us, however matters frame, cast over the affairs of the Bride upon the Bridegroom; the government is upon his shoulders, and he doth bear us all well enough: that fallen star, the prince of the Bottomless pit, knoweth it is near the time when he shall be tormented; and now in his evening he has gathered his armies to win one battle or two, in the edge of the evening, at the sun going down. And when our Lord has been warring his Vineyards in *France* and *Germany*, and *Bohemia*, how can we think our selves Christ's Sister, if we be not like him, and our other great Sisters? I cannot but think, seeing the
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ends of the earth are given to Christ, *Psal. ii. ver. 8.* and *Scotland* is the end of the earth, (and so we are in Christ's *Charter-tailie*) but our Lord will keep his possession: we fall by promise and law to Christ; he wan us with the sweat of his brows (if I may say so) his Father promised him his liferent of *Scotland*. Glory, glory to our King; long may he wear his crown! *O Lord, let us never see another king.* O let him come down like rain upon the new-mown grass. I had you in remembrance on *Saturday* in the morning last, in a great measure, and was brought *thrice on end*, in remembrance of you in my prayer to God. Grace, grace be your portion.

Answth, March 2. 1634. Tours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembred. Please you understand, to my grief, our Communion is delayed till Sabbath come eight days; for the *Laird* and *Lady* have earnestly desired me to delay it, because the *Laird* is sick, and he fears he be not able to travel, because he has lately taken physick. The Lord bless that work; commend it to God, as you love me. For I love not Satan's thorns cast in the Lord's way: *The Lord rebuke him.* I trust in God's mercy, Satan has gotten but a delay, but no free discharge, that his kingdom shall not be hurt. Commend the *Laird* to your God. I pray you advertise your people, that they be not disappointed in coming here. Shew such of them as you love in Christ from me, that Jesus Christ will be welcomer when he comes in, that he has sharpened their desires for eight days space. Your daughter is well, I hope, every way. Forget not God's Kirk; they are but bastards, and not sons and daughters, that mourn not for *Zion*: Lord hear us. No further, Jesus Christ be with your spirit. I shall remember you and your new house. *Lord Jesus, go from the one house to the other.*

Answth.

Tours at all power in the Lord, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Mistress,

MY love in Christ remembred: I hear this day, your town is to choose a commissioner for the parliament, and

and I was written to from *Edinburgh*, To see that good men should be chosen in your bounds; and I have heard this day, that *Robert Glendoning* or *John Ewart* look to be chosen. I beseech you, see this be not; the Lord's cause craveth other witnesses, to speak for him, than such men; and therefore let it not be said, that *Kirkcudbright*, which is spoken of in this kingdom for their religion, hath sent a man to be their mouth, that will speak against Christ. Such a time as this will not fall out once in half an age. I would entreat your husband, to take it upon him; it is an honourable and necessary service for Christ; and shew him, that I wrote unto you for that effect. I fear *William Glendoning* hath not skill and authority. I am in great heaviness: pray for me; for we must take our life in our hand in this ill time. Let us stir up our selves to lay our Lord's Bride, and her wrongs, before our Husband and Lord. Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Anwoth, May 20. Tours, in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

MY old and dearest love in Christ remembered. Know that I have been visiting my Lady *Kenmure*; her child is with the Lord: I intreat you visit her; and desire the goodwife of *Barcapple* to visit her, and *Knockbrex*, if you see him in the town. My Lord her husband is absent, and I think she will be heavy: You know what Mr. *W. Dalgleish* and I desired you to deal for, at my Lord *Kirkcudbright*'s hand. Send me word, if you obtained any thing at my Lord's hands, anent the giving up of our names to the High Commission; for I hear it is not for nothing, that the Bishop hath taken that course: Our Lord knows best what is good for an old Kirk, that is fallen from her first love, and hath forgotten her Husband, days without number: a trial is like to come on; but I am sure, our Husband-man, Christ, shall lose chaff, but no corn at all. Yet there is a dry wind coming, but neither to fan nor to purge. Happy are they, who are not blown away with the chaff; for we will but suffer temptation for ten days: but those, who are faithful to the death, shall receive the crown of life. I hear daily what hath been spoken of my self, must unjust and falsely; and no marvel, the Dragon with the swing of his tail, hath made the third part of the stars to fall from heaven, and the fallen would have many to fall with them. If ever Satan was busie,

busie, now when he knoweth his time is short, he is busie; yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. I know, ere it be long the Lord shall come, and rid all pleas betwixt us and his enemies: Now, welcome Lord Jesus, go fast. Send me word about Grissel your daughter, who I remember in Christ; and desire her to cast her self in his arms, who was born of a woman, and, being the Ancient of days, was made a young weeping Child. It was not for nothing, that our Brother Jesus was an Infant; it was, that he might pity infants of believers, who were to come out of the womb into the world: I believe our Lord Jesus shall be waiting on with mercy, mercy, mercy, to the end of that battel, and bring her through with life and peace, and a sign of God's favour. I will expect advertisement from you, and especially if you fear her. *Mistress*, You remember that I said to you, a-ment your love to me and my Brother begun in Christ, You know, *we are here but strangers*, and you have not yet found us a dry well, as others have been: Be not overcome of any suspicion; I trust in God, the Lord, who knit us together, shall keep us together. It is time now, that the Lambs of Jesus should all run together, when the wolf is barking at them; yet I know, *ere God's Bairns want a cross, their love amongst themselves shall be a cross*; but our Lord giveth love for another end. I know you will with love cover infirmities; and our Lord give you wisdom in all things: I think love hath broad shoulders, and will bear many things, and yet neither faint, nor sweat, nor fall under the burden. Commend me to your husband, and dear Grissel; I think on her: Lord Jesus be in the furnace with her, and then she will but smoke, and not burn. Desire Mr. Robert to excuse my not seeing of him at his house, I have my own reasons therefore. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

Anwoth, Apr. 25, 1634. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For M A R I O N M A C K N A U G H T.

Mistress,

MY dearest love in Christ remembred: I entreat you, charge your soul to return to rest, and to glorify your dearest Lord in believing; and know, that, for the good-will of him that dwelleth in the Bush, the burning Kirk shall not be consumed to ashes; but, *Deut. xxxiii. 16. Blessing shall come on the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him*

him that was separate from his brethren: And are not the saints separate from their brethren, and sold, and hated? for, *Gen. xlv. 23. The archers have sorely grieved Joseph, and shot at him, and hated him. Ver. 24. But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong, by the Hands of the mighty God of Jacob.* From him is the Shepherd and the Stone of Israel; the Stone of Israel shall not be broken in pieces: it is harnessed upon by the children of this world, and we shall live, and not die. Our Lord hath done all this, to see if we will believe; and not give over; and I am perswaded, you must of necessity stick by your work: The Eye of Christ hath been upon all this business; and he taketh good heed too, who is for him, and who is against him; let us do our part, as we would be approved of Christ: The Son of God is near to his enemies; if they were not deaf, they may hear the din of his feet: and he will come *with a start*, upon his weeping Bairns, and take them on his Knee, and lay their head in his Bosom, and dry their watry eyes; and this day is fast coming; *Yet a little time, and the vision will speak, it will not tarry, Hab. ii.* These questions betwixt us and our adversaries, will all be decided in yonder day, when the Son of God shall come, and rid all pleas; and it will be seen whether we or they have been for Christ, and who have been pleading for *Baal*: It is not known what we are now; but when our Life shall appear in glory, then we shall see who laughs fastest that day; therefore *we must possess our souls in patience, and go in to our Chamber, and rest while the indignation be past*: We shall not weep long, when our Lord shall take us up in the day that he gathereth his Jewels: and, *Mal. iii. 16. They that feared the Lord spoke often one to another; and the Lord hearkned and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name.* And I shall never be of another faith, but our Lord is heating a furnace for the enemies of his Kirk in *Scotland*: It is true the Spouse of Christ hath play'd the harlot, and hath left her first Husband; and the enemies think they offend not, for we have sinned against the Lord: but they shall get *the Devil to their thanks*; the rod shall be cast into the fire, *that we may sing as in the days of our youth*. My dear Friend, therefore lay down your head upon Christ's Breast: weep not, the Lion of the tribe of Judah will arise. *The sun is gone down upon the prophets, and our gold is become dim; and the Lord feedeth his people with waters of gall*

gall and wormwood; yet Christ standeth but behind the wall, his Bowels are moved for Scotland; *He waiteth* (as *Iſaiah* ſaith) *that he may ſhew mercy*. If we would go home, and take our brethren with us, *weeping with our faces toward Zion, asking the way thitherward*, he would bring back our captivity: we may not think, that God has no care of his own honour, while men tread it under their feet; he will clothe himſelf with vengeance, as with a cloke, and appear againſt our enemies for our deliverance. Ye were never yet beguiled, and God will not now begin with you; *wreſtle ſtill with the Angel of the Covenant*, and you ſhall get the bleſſing: fight, he delighteth to be overcome by wreſtling. Commend me to *Griffet*; deſire her to learn to know the adverſaries of the Lord, and to take them as her adverſaries; and to learn to know the *right gate* in to the Son of God: O but acquaintance with the Son of God, to ſay, *My Welbeloved is mine, and I am his*, is a ſweet and glorious courſe of life, that none know, but thoſe who are ſealed, and marked in the fore-head with Chriſt's mark, and the new name that Chriſt writeth upon his own! Grace, grace and mercy be with you.

Anwoth, Sept. 25. 1634.

Tours, in Chriſt, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Miſtreſs,

I charge you, in the name of the Son of God, to reſt upon your Rock, that is higher than your ſelf; *be not afraid of a man who is a worm, nor for the ſon of man who ſhall die*; let God be your fear. Encourage your Husband. I would counſel you to write to *Edinburgh* to ſome adviſed lawyers, to underſtand what your husband, as the head magiſtrate, may do in oppoſing any intruded miniſter, and his carriage toward the new prelate, if he command him to imprifon or lay hands upon any; and in a word, how far he may in his office diſobey a prelate, without danger of law: for if the biſhop come to your town, and find not obedience to his heart, it is like he will command the *provost* to aſſiſt him, againſt God and the truth. Ye will have more courage under the perſecution; fear not, take Chriſt Caution, who ſaid, *Luke xxi. 18. There ſhall not one hair of your head periſh*. Chriſt will not be in your common, to have you giving out any thing for him, and not give you all incomes with advantage: it is his honour, his ſervants ſhould not be *herried* and undone in his ſervice;

service; you were never honoured till now: and if your husband be the first magistrate, who shall suffer for Christ's name in this *persecution*, he may rejoice, that Christ hath put the first garland upon his head, and upon yours. Truth will yet keep the crown of the *cassie* in Scotland; Christ and truth are strong enough. They judge us now, *we shall one day judge them, and sit on twelve thrones, and judge the twelve tribes*: Believe, believe; for they dare not pray, they dare not look Christ in the face; they have been false to Christ, and he will not sit with the wrong: ye know, it is not our cause; for if we would quit our Lord, we might sleep for the present in a sound skin, and keep our place, means and honour, and be dear to them also. But let us once put all we have over in Christ's hand: fear not for my papers, I shall dispatch them; but ye will be examined for them: the Spirit of Jesus give you inward peace. Desire your husband from me, to prove honest to Christ; he shall not be a loser at Christ's hand.

Annoth, July

8, 1635.

Yours ever, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

MY love in Christ remembered. I hear of good news anent our Kirk; but I fear that our king will not be resisted, and therefore let us not be secure and careless. I do wonder if this Kirk come not through our Lord's faa, since there is so much chaff in it; howbeit I perswade my self, the Son of God's wheat will not be blown away. Let us be putting on God's armour, and be strong in the Lord; if the devil and Zion's enemies strike a hole in that armour, let our Lord see to that; let us put it on and stand: We have Jesus on our side, and they are not worthy of such a Captain, who would not take a blow at his back. We are in sight of his colours; *his banner over us is love*: Look up to that white banner and stand; I perswade you in the Lord of victory. My brother writeth to me of your heaviness, and of temptations that press you sore. I am content it be so; you bear about with you the marks of the Lord Jesus: so was it with our Lord's Apostle, when he was to come with the Gospel to *Macedonia*, 2 Cor. vii. 5. His flesh had no rest, he was troubled on every side, and knew not what side to turn him unto; without were fightings, and within were fears. In the great work of our redemption,

demption, your lovely; beautiful, and glorious Friend, and Welbeloved, Jesus, was brought to tears and strong cries, so as his face was wet with tears and blood, arising from a holy fear and the weight of the curse. Take a drink of the Son of God's cup, and love it the better that he drank of it before you; there is no poison in it. I wonder many times, that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what their Lord is preparing for them. Is your mind troubled anent that business that we have in hand in *Edinburgh*? I trust in my Lord, the Lord shall in end give to your heart's desire, even howbeit the business frame not; the Lord shall feed your soul, and all the hungry souls in that Town: therefore I request you in the Lord, pray for a submissive will; and pray, as your Lord Jesus bids you, *Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven*. And let it be that your faith be brangled with temptations: believe ye, that there is a Tree in our Lord's garden, that is not often shaken with the wind from all the four airths; surely there is none. Rebuke your soul, as the Lord's prophet doth, *Psal. xlii. Why art thou cast down, O my soul! why art thou disquieted within me?* That was the word of man, who was at the very over-going of the brae and mountain; but God held a grip of him. Swim through your temptations and troubles, to be at that lovely amiable person Jesus, to whom your soul is dear: In your temptations, run to the promises; they be our Lord's branches hanging over the water, that our Lord's silly half-drowned children may take a grip of them; if you let that grip go, you will go to the ground. Are you troubled with the case of God's Kirk, our Lord will evermore have her betwixt the sinking and the swimming; he will have her going through a thousand deaths, and through hell, as a creeple woman, halting and wanting the power of her own side, *Micah iv. 6, 7.* that God may be her staff: That broken ship will come to land, because Jesus is the Pilot; faint not, you shall see the salvation of God; else say, that God never spake his word by my mouth; and I had rather never been born, ere it were so with me: but my Lord hath sealed me. I dare not deny, I have also been in heaviness since I came from you, fearing for my unthankfulness that I am deserted; but the Lord will be kind to me, whether I will or not; I repose that much in his rich grace, that he will be loth to change upon me. As you love me, pray for me in this particular. After advising with *Carleton*, I have written to Mr. David Dickson,

Dickson, anent Mr. *Hugh Mackail*, and desired him to write his mind to *Carleton*; and *Carleton* to *Edinburgh*, that they may particularly remember Mr. *Hugh* to the Lord; and I happened upon a convenient trusty bearer, by God's wonderful providence. No further. I recommend you to the Lord's grace, and your husband and children; the Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Edinburgh.

Tours in the Lord, S. R.

A P O S T S C R I P T.

Mistress,

I Had not time to give my advice to your daughter *Grissel*, I you shall carry my words therefore to her: Shew her now, that, in respect of her tender age, she is in a manner as clean paper, ready to receive either good or ill; and that it were a sweet and glorious thing for her to give her self up to Christ, that he may write upon her his Father's Name, and his own new Name. And desire her to acquaint her self with the book of God; the promises that our Lord writes upon his own, and performeth in them and for them, are contained there. I perswade you, when I think that she is in the company of such parents, and hath occasion to learn Christ, I think Christ is wooing her soul; and I pray God she may not refuse such a Husband; and therefore I charge her, and beseech her by the mercies of God, by the wounds and blood of him who died for her, by the worth of truth, which she heareth and can read, by the coming of the Son of God to judge the world, that she would fulfil your joy, and learn Christ, and walk in Christ: She shall think this the truth of God many years after this; and I will promise to my self, in respect of the Beginnings that I have seen, that she shall give her self to him that gave himself for her. Let her begin at prayer; for if she remember her Creator in the days of her youth, he will claim kindness to her in her old age: It shall be a part of my prayers, that this may be effectuate in her, by him who is able to do exceeding abundantly; to whose grace again I recommend you and her, and all yours.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Welbeloved Sister,

I Know ye have heard of the success of our business in *Edinburgh*: I do every presbytery-day see the faces of my brethren smiling upon me, but their tongues convey reproaches and

and lies of me a hundred miles off, and have made me odious to the Bishop of St. *Andrews*, who said to Mr. *W. D.* that ministers in *Galloway* were his informers; whereupon no Letters of favour could be procured from him, for effectuating of our business: only I am brought in the mouths of men, who otherwise knew me not, and have power (if God shall permit) to harm me; yet I entreat you in the bowels of Christ Jesus, be not cast down. I fear your sorrow exceed because of this; and I am not so careful of my self in the matter, as for you: Take courage, your dearest Lord shall light your candle, which the wicked would fain blow out: And as sure as our Lord liveth, your soul shall find joy and comfort in this business; howbeit you see all the hounds in hell let loose to mar it: their iron chains to our dear mighty Lord are but straws, which he can easily break. Let not this temptation stick in your throat, swallow it, and let it go down; our Lord give you a drink of the consolations of his spirit, that it may digest: You never knew one in God's Book, who put to their hand to the Lord's work for his Kirk, but the world and Satan did bark against them, and bite also where they had power. You will not lay one stone on Zion's wall, but they will labour to cast it down again. And for my self, the Lord letteth me see now great evidences of a calling to K. than ever he did before, and therefore pray, and possess your soul in patience. These that were doers in the business, have good hopes that it will yet go forward and prosper. As for the death of the king of *Sweden* (which is thought to be too true) we can do nothing else but reverence our Lord, who doth not ordinarily hold Zion on her Rock by the sword and arm of flesh and blood, but by his own mighty and outstretched arm: Her King, that reigneth in Zion, yet liveth; and they are plucking him round about to pull him off his throne, but his Father hath crowned him, and who dare say, *It is ill done*: The Lord's Bride will be up and down, above the water swimming, and under the water sinking, until her lovely and mighty Redeemer and Husband; let his head thorow these skies, and come with his fair court to rid all their pleas, and give them the hoped-for inheritance; and then we shall lay down our swords and triumph, and fight no more. But do not think for all this, that our Lord and Chief Shepherd will want one weak sheep, or the silliest dying lamb that he hath redeemed; He will tell his flock, and gather them all together, and make a faithful account of them
to

to the Father, who gave them him: Let us now learn to turn our eyes off men, that our whorish hearts do not on them, and woo our old husband, and make him our darling; for, Jer. xxv. 27. *Thus saith the Lord to the enemies of Zion, Drink ye, and be drunk, and spue, and fall, and rise no more, because of the sword that I send amongst you.* Verse 28. *And it shall be, if they refuse to take the cup in thy hand to drink, then shalt thou say to them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Ye shall certainly drink.* You see our Lord brewing a cup of poison for his enemies, which they must drink, and because of this have sore bowels and sick stomachs, yea, burst; but Jer. l. 4. when Zion's captivity is at an end, *The children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they shall go and seek the Lord their God.* Verse 5. *They shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, saying, Come and let us join our selves to the Lord, in an everlasting covenant that shall not be forgotten.* This is spoken to us and for us, who with wo hearts ask, *What is the way to Zion?* It is our part, who know how to go to our Lord's door, and to knock by prayer, and how to lift Christ's slot, and shut the bar of his chamber-door, to complain, and tell him how the world handleth us, and how our King's business goeth, that he may get up and lend them a blow, who are rigging and playing with Christ and his Spouse. Ye have also, dear Mistress, house-troubles, in sickness of your husband and bairns, and in spoiling of your house by thieves; take these rods in patience from your Lord: he must still move you from vessel to vessel, and grind you as our Lord's wheat, to be bread in his house; but when all these strokes are over your head, what will you say to see your Welbeloved Christ's white and ruddy Face, even his Face, who is worthy to bear the colours amongst ten thousand, Cant. v. Hope and believe to the end. Grace for evermore be multiplied upon you, your husband and children.

Edinburgh. Your own, in his dearest Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

My dear and welbeloved in Christ,

I Am yet under trial, and have appeared before Christ's forbidden lords, for a testimony against them. The Chancellor and the rest tempted me with questions, nothing belonging to my summons, which I wholly declined, notwithstanding.

standing of his threats. My newly printed book against the *Arminians* was one challenge, not lording the *Prelates* another: The most part of the bishops, when I came in, looked more astonished than I, and heard me with silence. Some spoke for me; but my Lord ruled it so, as I am filled with joy in my sufferings, and I find Christ's cross sweet. What they intend against the next day, I know not. Be not secure, but pray:—Our bishop of *Galloway* said, If the *Commission* should not give him his will of me, with an oath (he said) he would write to the king. The *Chancellor* summoned me in judgment, to appear that day eight days. My Lord has brought me a friend from the highlands of *Argyle*, my lord of *Lorn*, who hath done as much as was within the compass of his power. God gave me favour in his eyes. Mr. *Robert Glendonig* is silenced, till he accept a colleague. We hope to deal yet for him. Christ is worthy to be intrusted: Your husband will get an easy and good way of his business. Ye and I both shall see the salvation of God upon *Joseph*, separate from his brethren. Grace be with you.

Edinburgh.

Tours in Christ, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Honoured and dearest in the Lord,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I am well, and my soul prospereth; I find Christ with me, I burden no man, I want nothing, no face looketh on me, but it laugheth on me. Sweet, sweet is the Lord's cross. I overcame my heaviness. My Bridegroom's *love-blinks* fatten my weary soul. I go to my King's palace at *Aberdeen*; tongue, and pen, and wit cannot express my joy. Remember my love to *Jean Gordon*, to my sister *Jean Brown*, to *Griffel*, to your husband. Thus in haste, Grace be with you.

Edinb. April 5. 1636. *Tours in his only, only Lord Jesus, S. R.*

A P O S T S C R I P T.

MY Charge is to you to believe, rejoice, sing and triumph: Christ has said to me, Mercy, mercy, grace and peace for *Marion Macknaught*.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Worthy and dearest in the Lord,

I Rejoyce, you are a partaker of the sufferings of Christ: faint not, keep breath, believe, howbeit men, and husband
and

and friends prove weak, yet your strength faileth not. It is not pride for a drowning man to grip to the Rock. It is your glory to lay hold on your Rock. *O woman greatly beloved!* I testifie, and avouch it in my Lord, the prayers you sent to heaven these many years bygone, are come up before the Lord, and shall not be forgotten. What it is, that will come, I cannot tell; but I know, as the Lord liveth, these cries shall bring down mercy. I charge you, and these people with you, to go on without fainting or fear, and still believe, and take no nay-say. If you leave off, the field is lost; if you continue, our enemies shall be like a tottering wall and a bowing fence. I write it; (and keep this letter) Utter, utter desolation shall be to your adversaries, and to the haters of the Virgin-daughter of *Scotland*. The Bride shall yet sing, as in the days of her youth; salvation shall be her walls and bulwarks. The dry olive-tree shall bud again, and dry dead bones shall live; for the Lord shall prophesy to the dry bones, and the spirit shall come upon them, and we shall live. I rejoyce to hear of *John Carsen*, I shall not forget him. Remember me to *Grissel*, and *Jane Brown*. Your husband hath made me heavy; but be courageous in the Lord. I send blessings to *Samuel* and *William*; shew them, that I will them to seek God in their youth. Grace is yours.

Aberdeen, July 9. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

TO MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Much honoured and dearest in our sweet Lord Jesus,
Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus. I know the Lord will do for your town. I hear the bishop is afraid to come amongst you; for so it is spoken in this town: and many here rejoyce now to pen a supplication to the council, for bringing me home to my place, and for repairing other wrongs done in the country; and see if you can procure that three or four hundred in the country, noblemen, gentlemen, countrymen and citizens subscribe it; the more the better. It may be it affright the Bishop, and by Law no advantage can be taken against you for it. I have not time to write to *Carletoun* and *Knockbren*; but I would you did speak them in it, and let them advise with *Carletoun*. Mr. A. thinketh well of it, and I think others shall approve it. I am still in good case with Christ, my court is no less than it was, the door of the Bridegroom's house of wine is open, when such a poor stranger

stranger as I come *athort*. I change, but Christ abideth still the same. They have put out my one poor eye, my only joy, to preach Christ, and to go errands betwixt him and his Bride. What my Lord will do with me, I know not; it is like I shall not winter in *Aberdeen*, but where it shall be else, I know not. There are some blossomings of Christ's Kingdom in this town, and the smoke is rising, and the Ministers are raging; but I love a rumbling and roaring devil best. I beseech you in the Lord, my dear Sister, wait for the salvation of God. Slack not your hands in meeting to pray, fear not flesh and blood; we have been all over feared, and that gave *Johns* the confidence to shut me out of *Galloway*. Remember my love to *John Carsen*, and Mr. *John Brown*; I never could get my love off that man, I think Christ hath something to do with him. Desire your husband from me, not to think ill of Christ for his cross: many misken Christ, because he hath the cross on his back; but he will cause us all laugh yet. I beseech you, as ye would do any thing for me, remember my Lady *Marshall* to God, and her son the Earl of *Marshall*, especially her christian daughter, my Lady *Pittsgo*. I shall go to death with it, that Christ will return again to *Scotland*, with salvation in his wings, and to *Galloway*. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen, Sept. 7. 1637. Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Zech. xii. 3. *And in that day I will make Jerusalem a burdenstone for all the people, all that burden themselves with it shall be cut in pieces; though all the people of the earth be gathered together against it.*

Wellbelov'd Sister,

I Have been sparing to write to you, because I was heavy at the proceedings of our late parliament, where law should have been: They would not give our Lord Jesus fair law and justice, nor the benefit of the house, to hear either the just grievances, or the humble supplications of the servants of God: nothing rests, but that we lay our grievances before our crown'd King Jesus, who reigns in *Zion*. And howbeit it be true, that the acts of *Perth* Assembly for conformity are established, and the king's power to impose the surplice, and other mass-apparel, upon Ministers, be confirmed; yet what men conclude is not scripture: Kings have short arms to overturn Christ's throne, and our Lord hath been waking and standing upon his feet at this parliament, when fifteen Earls and Lords,

and forty four Commissioners and Burrows, with some Barons, have voted for our Kirk, in face of a king who with, much aw and terror, with his own hand wrote up the voters for or against himself. Long before this Kirk, in the second *Psalms*, the ends of the earth, *Scotland* and *England*, were gifted of the Father to his Son Christ; and that is an old act of parliament, decreed by our Lord, and printed four thousand years ago: their acts are but yet printing. The first act shall stand, let the potentates of the world, who love Christ's room better than himself, rage as they please. Though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, yet there is a river that cometh out of the sanctuary, and the streams of it refresh the city of God: That Well is not yet cried down in *Scotland*, nor can it dry up; therefore still believe, and trust in God's salvation. If you knew the whole proceedings, it is the Lord's mercy that matters have gone at our parliament as they have gone. The Lord Jesus in our king's ears, to his great provocation and grief, hath gotten many witnesses; and we saw in all, the Son of God overturning their policy, and making the world know how well he loveth his poor sunburnt Bride in *Scotland*: The Lord liveth, and blessed be the God of our salvation. For the matter betwixt your husband and C. I trust in God it shall be removed; it hath grieved me exceedingly. I have dealt with *Carletoun*, and shall deal; put it off your self upon the Lord, that it burden you not. I have heard of your daughter's marriage; I pray the Lord Jesus to subscribe the contract, and be at the banquet, as he was at the marriage in *Cana of Galilee*: Shew her from me, that though it be true that God's children have prayed for her, yet the promise of God is made to her prayers and faith especially; and therefore I would entreat her to seek the Lord to be at the wedding: let her give Christ the love of her virginity and espousals, and choose him first as her Husband, and that match shall bless the other. It is a new world she entreth into, and therefore hath need of new acquaintance with the Son of God, and of a renewing of her love to him, whose love is better than wine. 1 Cor. vii. 29. *The time is short, let the married be as though they were not married, ver. 30. They that weep as though they weeped not, they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, they that buy as though they possessed not, Ver. 31. They that use this world as though they used it not, for the fashion of the world passeth away.* Grace, grace be her portion from the Lord. I know you have a care

on you of it, that all be right; but let Christ bear all, you need not pity him, (if I may say so) put him to it, he is strong enough. The Spirit of the Lord Jesus be with you.

Aberdeen. Your friend in his dearest Friend Christ Jesus, S. R.

For M A R I O N M A C K N A U G H T.

My dear and welbeloved Sister,

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I am well, honour to God. I have been before a court set up within me of terrors and challenges; but my sweet Lord Jesus hath taken the mask off his face, and said, *Kiss thy fill*; and I will not smother nor conceal my King Jesus his kindness; he hath broken in upon the poor prisoner's soul, like the swelling of *Jordan*: I am bank and brim-full, a great high spring-tide of the consolations of Christ hath overflowed me. I would not give my weeping, for the fourteen *Prelates* laughter: they have sent me here to feast with my King; *his spiknard casteth a sweet smell*. The Bridegroom's love hath run away with my heart: O love, love, love! O sweet are my royal King's chains! I care not for fire nor torture: how sweet were it to me to swim the salt sea for my new Lover, my second Husband, my first Lord! I charge you in the name of God, not to fear the wild beasts, that entred into the Vineyard of the Lord of hosts: the false prophet is the tail; God shall cut the tail from *Scotland*. Take your comfort and droop not, despond not: pray for my poor flock; I would take a penance on my soul for their salvation. I fear the entering of a hireling upon my labours there; cut off my life with sorrow: There I wrestled with the Angel and prevailed; wood, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses, I drew on a fair meeting betwixt Christ and *Anwoth*. My love to your husband, to dear *Carlston*, to my beloved Brother *Knobrex*; forget not Christ's prisoner: I long for a letter under your own hand.

Aberd. Nov. 22. Your Friend and Christ's Prisoner, S. R.

For M A R I O N M A C K N A U G H T.

My dearly beloved Sister,

GRace, mercy, and peace to you: I complain that *Galloway* is not kind to me in paper; I have received no letters these sixteen weeks, but two. I am well; my prison is a palace to me, and Christ's banqueting-house. My Lord Jesus is as kind as they call him: Oh that all *Scotland* knew my case, and had part of my feast! I charge you in the name of

God, I charge you to believe; fear not the sons of men, the worms shall eat them. To pray and believe now, when Christ seems to give you a nay-say, is more than it was before: die believing, die and Christ's promise in your hand. I desire, I request, I charge your husband, and that town, *to stand for the truth of the Gospel*: contend with Christ's enemies; and I pray you shew all professors you know my case; help me to praise. The ministers here envy me, they will have my prison changed. *My mother hath born me a man of contention, and one that striveth with the whole earth.* Remember my love to your husband. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen, Jan 3, 1637.

Yours, in the Lord, S. R.

For MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Loving and dear Sister,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you. Your letter hath refreshed my soul: you shall not have my advice to make haste to go out of that town; for if you remove out of Kirkcudbright, they will easily undo all: you are God's work, and in his way there; be strong in the Lord: the devil is weaker than you are; because, *stronger is he that is in you, than he that is in the world.* Your care of, and love shewed towards me, now a prisoner of Christ, is laid up for you in heaven, and you shall know, that it is come up in remembrance before God. Pray, pray for my desolate flock, and give them your counsel, when you meet with any of them. It shall be my grief to hear, that a wolf enter in upon my labours; but if the Lord permit it, I must be silent: My sky will clear; for Christ layeth my head in his bosom, and admitteth me to lean there. I never knew before, what his love was in such a measure; if he leave me, he leaves me in pain, and sick of love; and yet my sickness is my life and health: I have a fire within me, I desire all the devils in hell, and all the prelates in Scotland, to cast water on it. I rejoice at your courage and faith: Pray still, as if I were on my journey to come, and be your pastor. What iron gates or bars are able to stand it out against Christ? for whom he bloweth, they open to him. I remember your husband. Grace, grace be with you.

Aberd. Mar. 11, 1637. Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus, S. R.

For GRISSEL FULLERTOUN.

Mistress,

REmembring well what relation I had to your (now blessed and perfected with glory) dear Mother, and being con-

confident your self looks that way, which (except I be eternally lost) is the *way of peace and of life*; I should be ungrate to forget those, whom, by the covenant of the Lord, I cannot but remember to God. I will speak nothing to you of the present sad differences; but if I have, or ever had any nearness to God, that other way, which I trust I shall never follow, is the way of man. And for the present powers, I suffer from them, and look for more: God hath a controversy with them; and *my soul enter not into their secrets*. Only I should beseech, request, and obtest you in the Lord, and by your appearance befor Christ, follow the way of the Lord, and the steps trode by the gracious in that place, which the Lord followed with life and power. My heart is filled with sorrow, considering what communion with God, some of that country had, and how much they were in edifying and helping one another in his way, and how little of that there is now in that country. Your mother kepted in life in that place, and quickned many about her to the seeking of God. My desire to you is, that you would succeed her in that way, and be letting a word fall to your brethren and others, that may encourage them to look toward the way of God; you will have need of it ere it be long. See how you may have a gracious minister, and no *neutral* there, to succeed and follow the servant of God, now asleep in the Lord. There is a great and wide difference between a name of godliness, and the power of godliness, that is hottest, when there are fewest witnesses. The deadness upon many, and the defection of the land, is great; blessed are they who seek the Lord and his face. I shall entreat you to remember me to your husband, and all friends: I desire to forget none, who are in Christ.

Edinb. March 14, 1652. Your Brother in the Lord, S. R.

To, a Gentlewoman.

Mistress,

I Beseech you have me excused, if the daily imployments of my calling shall hinder me to see you, according as I would wish; for I dare not go abroad, since many of my people are sick, and the time of our communion draws near: but frequent the company of your worthy and honest-hearted pastor Mr. Robert, to whom the Lord hath given the tongue of the learned, to minister a word in due season to the weary. Remember me to him, and to your husband. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Your affectionate friend, S. R.

For William Fullertoun, Provost of Kirkcudbright.

Much honoured and very dear friend,

Grace, mercy and peace be to you: I am in good case, blessed be the Lord, remaining here in this uncouth town, a prisoner for Christ and his truth; and I am not ashamed of his cross, my soul is comforted with the consolations of his sweet presence, for whom I suffer. I earnestly entreat you, to give honour and authority to Christ, and for Christ; and be not dismayed for flesh and blood, while you are for the Lord, and for his truth and cause. And howbeit we see truth put to the worse for the time; yet Christ will be a Friend to truth, and will do for those, who dare hazard all that they have for him, and for his glory. Sir, our fair-day is coming, and the court will change, and wicked men will weep afternoon, and sooner than the sons of God, who weep in the morning. Let us believe and hope for God's salvation. Sir, I hope, I need not write to you, for your kindness and love to my brother, who is now to be distressed for the truth of God, as well as I am. I think my self obliged to pray for you, and your worthy and kind bed-fellow and children, for your love to him and me also. I hope your pains for us, in Christ, shall not be lost. Thus, recommending you to the tender mercy, and loving-kindness of God, I rest

Aberden, Sept. 21,
1636.

*Your very loving and
affectionate brother, S.R.*

For the right Honourable, my Lady Viscountess of Kenmure,
Madam,

Grace, mercy and peace be to your Ladiship. I long to hear from you, and that dear child; and for that cause I trouble you with letters. I am for the present thinking, the sparrows and the swallows, that build their nests in *Anwoth*, blessed birds. The Lord hath made all my congregation desolate. Alas, I am oft at this, *Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me.* O earth, earth, cover not the violence done to me. I know it is my faithless jealousy in this my dark night, to take a friend for a foe; yet hath not my Lord made any plea with me. I chide with him, but he giveth me fair words: seeing my sins and the sins of my youth deserved strokes, how am I obliged to my Lord, who amongst many crosses hath given me a wailed and chosen cross, to suffer for the name of my Lord Jesus? Since I must have chains, he would

would put golden chains on me, waded over with many consolations: Seeing I must have sorrow (for I sinned, O Preserver of mankind) he hath wailed out for me joyful sorrow, honest, spiritual and glorious sorrow. My crosses come through mercy and love's fingers, from the kind heart of a Brother, Christ my Lord; and therefore they must be sweet and fagard. O what am I! such a lump, such a rotten mass of sin, to be counted a bairn worthy to be nurtured and stricken with the best and most honourable rod in my Father's house, the golden rod, wherewith my eldest Brother the Lord, Heir of the inheritance, and his faithful witnesses were stricken withal. It would be thought, I should be thankful and rejoyce; but my beholders and lovers in Christ have eyes of flesh, and have made my one to be ten; and I am somebody in their books: my witness is above, there are armies of thoughts within me, saying the contrary, and laughing at their wide mistake. If my inner-side were seen, my dung would stink; I would lose and forfeit love and respect at the hands of any that love God; pity would come in the place of these. O if they would yet set me lower, and my Welbeloved Christ higher! I would I had grace and strength of my Lord, to be joyful and contentedly glad and chearful, that God's glory might ride and openly triumph before the view of men, angels, devils, earth, heaven, hell, sun, moon, and all God's creatures, upon my pain and sufferings; providing always, I felt not the Lord's hatred and displeasure. But I fear his fair glory be but soiled in coming through such a foul creature as I am. If I could be the sinless matter of glorifying Christ, howbeit to my loss, pain, sufferings, and extremity of wretchedness, how would my soul rejoyce? but I am far, far from this: He knoweth, his love hath made me a prisoner, and bound me hand and foot; but it is my pain, that I cannot win loose, nor get loose hands, and a loosed heart to do service to my Lord Jesus, and to speak his love. I confess, I have neither tongue nor pen to do it. Christ's love is more than my praises, and above the thoughts of the angel *Gabriel*, and all the mighty hosts that stand before the throne of God. I think shame, I am sad and cast down to think, that my foul tongue, and my polluted heart, should come in to help others to sing aloud the praises of the love of Christ; all I now do, is to wish the quire to grow throng, and to grow in the extolling of Christ. Wo, wo is me, for my guiltiness seen to few; my hidden wounds, still bleeding within me, are before

the eyes of no men; but if my sweetest Lord Jesus were not still bathing, washing, balming, healing and binding them up, they should rot, and break out to my shame. I know not what will be the end of my suffering; I have but seen the one side of my cross; what will be the other side, he knoweth, who hath his fire in Zion. Let him lead me, if it were through hell. I thank my Lord, my onwaiting and holding my peace as I do, to see what more Christ will do to me, is my joy. Oh if my ease, joy, pleasure for evermore, were laid in wadset, and in pledge to buy praises to Christ! But I am far from this. It is ealie for a poor soul, in the deep debt of Christ's love, to spit farther than he does leap or jump, and to feed upon broad wishes that Christ may be honoured; but in performance I am stark nought. I have nothing, nothing to give Christ but poverty; except he would comprise and arrest my soul, and my love (Oh, oh if he would do that!) I have nothing for him. He may indeed seize upon a dyvour's person, soul and body; but he hath no goods for Christ to meddle with: but how glad should my soul be, if he would forfeit my love, and never give me it again. *Madam*, I would be glad to hear that Christ's claim to you were still the more, and that you were still going forward, and that you were nearer him. I do not honour Christ my self, but I wish all others to make sale to Christ's house: I would I could invite you to go into your Welbeloyed's house of wine, and that upon my word, you would then see a new mystery of love in Christ you never saw before. I am somewhat encouraged that your Ladyship is not dry and cold to Christ's prisoner, as some are: I hope it is put up in my Master's court book. I am not much grieved, that my jealous husband break in pieces my idols, that either they dare not, or will not do for me. My Master needeth not their help, but they need to be that serviceable as to help him. *Madam*, I have been that bold as to put you, and that sweet child, in the prayers of *Mr. Andrew Cant*, *Mr. James Martin*, the *Lady Leyes*, and some others in this country that truly love Christ; be pleased to let me hear how the child is. The blessings that came upon the head of *Joseph*, and the top of the head of him who was separated from his brethren, and the good-will of him who dwelt in the Bush, be seen upon him and you. *Madam*, I can say, by some little experience, more now than before of Christ to you. I am still upon this, that if you seek, there is a *posse*, a hidden treasure and a gold mine

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came in Christ, you never yet saw; then come and see. Thus, recommending you to God's dearest mercy, I rest

Your own in his sweet Lord Jesus, at all obedience, S.R.

P. S. My Lady Marshal is very kind to me, and her son also.
Aberdeen, June 17. 1637.

For the right Honourable, my Lady Viscountess of Kenmure.

My very noble and dear Lady,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. The Lord hath brought me safely to *Aberdeen*: I have gotten lodging in the hearts of all I meet with; no face that hath not smiled upon me: only the indwellers of this town are dry, cold, and general; they consist of Papists, and men of *Gallio's* mettall, firm in no religion; and it is counted no wisdom here to countenance a confined and silenced minister: But the shame of Christ's cross shall not be my shame. *Queensberry's* attempt seemeth to sleep, because the Bishop of *Galloway* was pleased to say to the *Treasurer*, I had committed treason; which word blunted the *Treasurer's* borrowed zeal. So I thank God, who will not have me to anchor my soul upon false ground, or upon flesh and blood; it is better it be fastned within the vail. I find my old challenges reviving again, and my love often jealous of Christ's love, when I look upon my own guiltiness: And I verily think, the world hath too lost an opinion of the gate to heaven, and that many shall get a blind and sad beguile for heaven; for there is more ado than a cold and frozen, *Lord, Lord*: it must be a way narrower and straiter than we conceive, for the righteous shall scarcely be saved. It were good to take a more judicious view of Christianity; for I have been doubting, if ever I knew any more of Christianity than the letters of the name. I'll not lie on my *Lord*: I find often much joy, and unspeakable comfort, in his sweet presence, who sent me hither; and I trust, this house of my pilgrimage shall be my palace, my garden of delights; and that Christ will be kind to poor fold *Joseph*, who is separated from his brethren. I would be sometimes too hot, and too joyful, if the heart-breaks at the remembrance of sin, and fair, fair feast-days with King Jesus, did not cool me, and sowre my sweet joys. Oh! how sweet is the love of Christ! and how wise is that love! But let faith frist and trust a while: 'tis no reason sons offend, that the father giveth them not twice a year hire, as he doth to hired

hired servants; better God's heirs live upon hope than upon hire. *Madam*, your *Ladiship* knoweth what Christ hath done, to have all your love; and that he alloweth not his love upon your dear child. Keep good quarters with Christ in your love. I verily think, Christ hath said, I must needs force have *Jane Campbell* for my self; and he hath laid many oars in the water, to fish and hunt home over your heart to heaven: Let him have his prey; he will think you well win, when he hath gotten you. It is good to have recourse often, and to have the door open to our strong hold; for the sword of the Lord, the sword of the Lord is for *Scotland*; and yet two or three berries shall be left in the top of the olive-tree. If a word can do my brother good in his distress, I know your *Ladiship* will be willing and ready to speak it, and more also. Now the only wise God, and your only, only One, he who dwelt in the Bush, be with you. I write many kisses and many blessings in Christ to your dear child; the blessings of his father's God, the blessings due to the fatherless and the widow be yours and his.

Aberdeen. Your Ladiship's in his only, only Lord Jesus, S.R.

P. S. *Madam*, Be pleased, at a fit time, to try my Lord of *Lorne* his mind, if his *Lordship* would be pleased, that I dedicate another work against the *Arminians* to his honourable Name: For, howbeit I would compare no Patron to his *Lordship*, and though I have sufficient experience of his love; yet it's possible, his *Lordship* think it not expedient at this time: but I expect your *Ladiship's* answer, and I hope your *Ladiship* will be plain.

For the Right Honourable, my Lady B O Y D.

Madam,

I Doubt not but the debt of many, more than ordinary, favours to this Land, layeth guiltiness upon this Nation: The Lord hath put us in his books as a favoured people, in the sight of the nations; but we pay not to him the rent of the Vineyard: and we might have had a Gospel at an easier rate than this Gospel; but it should have had but as much life as ink and paper hath: We stand obliged to him, who hath in a manner forced his love on us, and would but love us against our will.

Anent read prayers, *Madam*, I could never see precept, promise, or practice for them in God's word; our Church never

never allowed them, but men took them up at their own choice: the word of God maketh reading, 1 *Tim.* iv. 13. and praying, 1 *Thes.* v. 17. two different worships. In reading, God speaketh to us, 2 *Kings* xxii. 10, 11. In praying, we speak to God, *Psal.* xxii. 2. *Psal.* xxviii. 1. I had never faith to think well of them; in my weak judgment, it were good they were out of the service of God: I cannot think them a fruit or effect of the spirit of adoption, seeing the *uler* cannot say of such prayers, *Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and Redeemer*; which the servants of God ought to say of their prayers, *Psal.* xix. 14. For such prayers are meditations set down in paper and ink, and cannot be his heart-meditations who useth them: The Saints never used them, and God never commanded them; and a promise to hear any prayers, except the pouring out of the soul to God, we can never read. As for separation from a worship for some errors of a Church, the independency of single congregations, a Church of visible saints, and other tenets of *Brownists*, they are contrary to God's word. I have a treatise at the press at *London*, against these conceits, as things which want God's word to warrant them; the Lord lay it not to their charge, who depart from the Covenant of God with this land, to follow such lying vanities.

I did see lately your daughter the lady *Ardrass*, the Lord hath given her a child and deliverance. Now, recommending your Ladyship to the rich grace of Christ, I rest
St. Andrews. Yours, at all respective observance in Christ, S. R.

To JOHN HENDERSON in Rusco.

Loving Friend,

I Earnestly desire your salvation. Know the Lord, and seek Christ: you have a soul that cannot die; see for a lodging for your poor soul: for that house of clay will fall; heaven or nothing, either Christ or nothing. Use prayer in your house, and set your thoughts often upon death and judgment; it is dangerous to be loose in the matter of your salvation; few are saved, men go to heaven in ones and twos, and the whole world lieth in sin. Love your enemies, and stand by the truth I have taught you in all things. Fear not men, but let God be your fear: your time will not be long; make the seeking of Christ your daily task; ye may, when ye are in the fields, speak to God: seek a broken heart for sin; for with-
 out

our that there is no meeting with Christ. I speak this to your wife, as well as to your self. I desire your sister, in her fears and doubtings, to fasten her grips on Christ's love; I forbid her to doubt, for Christ loves her, and hath her name written in his book; her salvation is fast coming: Christ her Lord is not slow in coming, nor slack in his promise. Grace be with you.

Aberdeen.

Your loving Pastor, S. R.

To JAMES MURRAY's Wife.

My very dear and worthy Sister,

YOU are truly blessed in the Lord, however a fowre world gloom and frown on you, if ye continue in the faith, settled and grounded, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel. It is good there is a heaven, and it is not a night-dream and a fancy: It's a wonder that men deny not there is a heaven, as they deny there is any way to it, but of mens making. You have learned of Christ that there is a heaven; contend for it, and for Christ: bear well and submissively the hard thrust of this step-mother world, which God will not have to be yours. I confess it is hard, and would God I were able to lighten you of your burden; but believe me, this world, which the Lord will not have to be, yours, is but the dross, refuse, and scum of God's creation, the portion of the Lord's poor hired servants, the moveables, not the heritage; a hard bone cast to the dogs, holden out of the *New Jerusalem*, whereupon they rather break their teeth, than satisfie their appetite. It is your Father's blessings, and Christ's birth-right, that our Lord is keeping for you; and perswade your self also, (if it be good for them and you) your seed also shall inherit the earth; for that is promised to them, and God's bond is as good, as if he would give every one of them a bond for thousand thousands. Ere ye were born, crosses in number, measure, and weight, were written for you; and your Lord will lead you thorow them: make Christ sure, and the world and the blessings of the earth shall be at Christ's back and beck. I see many professors for the fashion, professors of glass; I would make a little knock of persecution ding them in twenty pieces, and the world should laugh at the sheards: therefore make fast work; see that Christ be the Ground-stone of your profession; the sore wind and rain will not wash away this building, this work hath no less date nor to stand for evermore. I should twenty times have perished in

in my affliction, if I had not laid my weak back and pressing burden both upon the Stone, the Corner-stone laid in Zion; I am not twice slain (as the proverb is) but once and for ever of this Stone. Now the God of peace establish you to the day of the appearance of Jesus Christ.

St. Andrews.

Tours, S. R.

For the right honourable, my Lady Viscountess of Kenmure.

Madam,

GRACE, mercy, and peace to you: I am glad to hear that your Ladiship is in any tolerable health; and shall pray that the Lord may be your Strength and Rock. Sure I am, he took you out of the womb; and you have been casten on him from the breasts: I am confident he shall not leave you, till he crown the begun work in you. There is nothing here but divisions in the Church and assembly; for, beside *Brownists* and *Independants*, (who of all that differ from us, come nearest to walkers with God) there are many other sects here of *Anabaptists*, *Libertines* who are for all opinions in religion; fleshly and abominable *Antinomians*, and *Seekers*, who are for no Church-ordinances, but expect apostles to come and reform Churches; and a world of others, all against the government of presbyteries. *Luther* observed, when he studied to reform; that two and thirty sundry sects arose; of all which (I have named but a part) except these called *Seekers*, (who were not then arisen, he said, God should crush them, and that they should rise again, both which we see accomplished. In the assembly we have well near ended the government, and are upon the power of synods, and I hope near at an end with them, and so I trust to be delivered from this prison shortly. The king hath dissolved the treaty of peace at *Oxbridge*, and adheres to his sweet prelates; and would abate nothing but a little of the rigour of their courts, and a suspending of laws against ceremonies, not a taking away of them. The not prospering of your armies there in *Scotland*, is ascribed here to the sins of the land, and particularly to the divisions and backslidings of many from the cause, and the not executing of justice against bloody malignants. My wife, here under the physicians, remembers her service to your Ladiship; so, recommending you to the rich grace of Christ, I rest

London, March 4.

1644.

Your Ladiship's at all obedience,
in Christ. S. R.

For

For the right honourable, my Lady B O Y D.

Madam,

G Race, mercy and peace to you: I received your letter on May 19th. We are here debating, with much contention of disputes, for the just measures of the Lord's Temple. It pleaseth God, that sometimes enemies hinder the building of the Lord's house; but now friends, even gracious men (so I conceive of them) do not a little hinder the work: *Thomas Goodwin, Jeremiah Burroughs*, and some others, four or five, who are for the *independent way*, stand in our way, and are mighty opposites to *presbyterial government*. We have carried through some propositions for the scripture-right of presbytery; especially in the Church of *Jerusalem*, *Acts* ii. iv. v. vi. xv. and the Church of *Ephesus*, and are going on upon other grounds of truth; and by the way have proven, *That ordination of pastors belongeth not to a single congregation, but to a college of presbyters, whose it is to lay hands upon Timothy, and others, 1 Tim. iv. 14. 1 Tim. v. 17. Acts xiii. 1, 2, 3. Acts viii. 5, 6.* We are to prove, *That one single congregation hath not power to excommunicate*, which is opposed, not only by *Independent-men*, but by many others: the truth is, we have many and grieved spirits with the work; and for my part, I often despair of the reformation of this land, which saw never any thing, *but the high places of their fathers*, and the remnants of *Babylon's pollutions*; and except that, *not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord*; I should think, God hath not yet thought it time for *England's deliverance*: for the truth is, the best of them almost have said, *An half reformation is very fair at the first*; which is no other thing, than, *It is not yet time to build the house of the Lord*: and for that cause, many houses, great and fair in the land, are laid desolate. Multitudes of *Anabaptists, Antinomians, Familists, Separatists* are here; the best of the people are the *independent way*: as for my self, I know no more, if there be a sound Christian (setting aside some, yea, not a few learned, some zealous and faithful Ministers, whom I have met with) at *London* (though I doubt not but there are many) than if I were in *Spain*; which maketh me bless God, that the communion of saints, how desirable soever, yet is not the thing, even that great thing, *Christ*, and remission of sins. If *Jesus* were uncouth, as his members are here, I should be in a sad and heavy condition. The house of *Peers* are rotten men,

men, and hate our commissioners and our cause both; the life that is, is in the house of Commons, and many of them also have their religion to choose. The sorrows of a travelling woman are come on the land: our army is lying about York, and have blocked up them of Newcastle, and six thousand papists and malignants, with Mr. Thomas Sydserf, and some Scottish prelates; and if God deliver them into their hands (considering how strong the parliament's armies are, how many victories God hath given them since they entred into covenant with him, and how weak the king is) it may be thought the land is near a deliverance; but I rather desire it, than believe it. We offered this day to the assembly, a part of a *Directory for Worship*, to shouder out the *Service-book*; it is taken into consideration by the assembly. Your son *Lindsey* is well, I receive letters from him almost every week.

London, May 25. Yours, at all obedience in God, S. R.

For the right honourable Lady, my Lady KENMURE.

Madam,

I Am a little moved at your infirmity of body and health; I hope it is to you a real warning: *And if in this life only we had hope, we should be of all men the most miserable.* Sure the huge generations of the seekers of the fate of Jacob's God, must be in a life above the things that are now much taking with us; such as to see the sun, to enjoy this life in health, and some good worldly accommodations too: and if we be making that sure, it is our wisdom. The times would make any that love the Lord sick and faint, to consider how iniquity abounds, and how dull we are in observing sins in our selves, and how quick-sighted to find them out in others, and what bondage we are in; and yet very often, when we complain of times, we are secretly standing the Lord's work, and wise government of the world, and raising a hard report of him: *He is good, and does good, and all his ways are equal.* Madam, I have been to some other (oh if I could to my self) holding out some more of this, to read and study God well, and make the serious thoughts of a God-head, and a God-head in Christ, the work, and the only work, all the day. Oh we are little with God! and do all without God; we sleep and wake without him; we eat, we speak, we journey, we go about worldly business, and our calling, without God! And, considering what deadness is upon the hearts of many, it were good that some did not pray without God, and preach and

and praise, and read and confer of God, without God. It is universally complained of, that there is a strange deadness upon the land, and on the hearts of his people: Oh if we could help it! But he that waters every moment his garden of red wine, must help it. I believe he will burn the briars and the thorns that come against him. I desire to remember your *Ladiship* to God, but little can I do that way: His everlasting good-will be with you.

St. Andrews, 24 July.

Tours in the Lord Jesus, S. R.

*For the right honourable and christian Lady, the Lady Kenmure.
Madam,*

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you: The Lord is gracious, who keeps your *Ladiship* in the furnace, when many put out their hand to iniquity one way or other. We are now shouldering and casting down one another in the dark, and the godly hidden from the godly. We make our own chains heavier, by joyning with the Lord's enemies: Hence new sufferings to all, that dare not say a confederacy to those, to whom this people say a confederacy, nor fear their fear. As that is my exercise now, who am not very far from being my alone (though I know in whom I have believed, at least I should know) in this place; so I am afraid that the godly there comply with these declared enemies of God: It will be our strength to walk between enemies and malignants on either side; this is the day of *Jacob's* trouble, yet these dry bones can and must live. I know not if I shall see it, but I hope to take this quietness and silence of faith, in the midst of the noises of the alarm for war, to the grave with me, that the Lord shall build upon the Church of *Britain and Ireland*, a palace of silver, inclosed with boards of cedar. Dear Madam, faint not, the night is almost gone; for the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, and not tarry: Madam, weary not; none can out-bid your lodging in heaven; there is more given for it by him, who hath bespoken it for *Fane Campbell*, and taken it for her, than any can offer; the ransom of blood standeth. My wife remembreth her respects to your *Ladiship*. The child is well; Mrs. Gillespy is well we hear, but not here. Grace, grace be with you.

St. Andrews, Jan.

28th, 1653.

Tours in his own Lord Jesus,
Christ, S. R.

To

To the honourable and truly worthy, Colonel Gilbert Ker.
Much honoured in the Lord,

HOW it is with you, may appear by your letters to some with us. But it is the complaint of not a few of such, who were in Christ before me, that most of us inhabit and dwell in a parched land. The people of the Lord are like a land not rained upon: though some dare not deny but this is the Garden of the Beloved, and the Vineyard that the Lord doth keep, and water every moment; yet O where are the sometimes quickning breathings and influences from heaven, that have refreshed his hidden ones? The causes of his withdrawals are unknown to us; one thing cannot be denied, but that ways of high sovereignty, and dominion of grace, are far out of the sight of angels and men; yea, and so above the fixed way of free promises, (such as, *This do, and he shall breathe and blow upon his Garden*) as he hath put forth a declaration to his hidden ones in Scotland, that smarting, wrestlings, prayings, complaining, gracious missing, cannot earn the visits from on high, nor fetch down showers upon the desert. It may be, when we are laying in our graves, *Our bones are dry, and our hope gone*, that temporal and spiritual deliverance may come both together; and that he shall cause us feel, both the one way and the other, the good of his reign who shortly comes to the throne, Psal. lxxii. 6. *He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth.* Ver. 7. *In his days shall the righteous flourish: And abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth.* Verse 12. *He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, and the poor also, and him that hath no helper.* Verse 14. *He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.* And tho' we cannot pray home a sweet season that way, yet Christ must bring summer with him, when he cometh. Verse. 16. *There shall be a bandful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.* I know not if I apply prophecies as I would, rather than as they are; when the one Shepherd is set over them, even he who shall stand (O how much do we ly!) and feed in the strength of the Lord, the isles (and this the greatest of them) who wait for his law, are to look for that, Ezek. xxxiv. 26. *And I will make them, and the places round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the showers to come down in his season.* And there shall be showers of blessing: How

desirable must every drop of such a shower be? And *Hosea* xiv. 5. *I will be as the dew to Israel, he shall grow as the lillie, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.* Verse 6. *His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon.* And *Isa.* lv. 13. *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.* *Isa.* xli. 19. *I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the oil-tree.* *Isa.* xlii. 3. *I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon their off-spring.* And it shall be no lost labour, nor fruitless husbandry. Verse 6. *They shall spring as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses.* But when this shall be in *Scotland*, (and it must be) is better to believe than prophesy, and quietly to hope and sit still (for that is yet our strength) than quarrel with him, that the wheels of his chariot move leisurely.

Yet this can hardly say any thing to us, who do so much please our selves in our deadness, and are almost gone from godly thirst and missing too, being half-satisfied with our witheredness; no doubt we have marred his influences, and have not seconded nor smiled upon his workings upon us, nor have we been much of his strain, who, *Psal.* cxix. doth eight times breathe out that suit, *Quicken me, quicken me.* So much are we desirous to be acted upon by the Lord as blocks and stones; and so prodigal are we of his motions, as if they were no better to be husbanded: but it is good, that it is not in our power to blast and undo his breathings; but his wind bloweth where he listeth. Could we but learn, and cast a quiet spirit under the dewings and showings of him, that every moment watreth his Vineyard, how happy and blessed were we? We neither open, nor do we discern his knocking, nor feel his hand put in through the key-hole, nor can we give any spiritual account of the walkings and motions of Christ, when he stands behind the wall, when he comes skipping over the mountains, when he comes to his garden and feasts, when he feeds among the lillies, when his spikenard casts a smell, when he knocks and withdraws, and is no where to be found. O how little a portion of God do we see? How little study we God? How rarely read we God, or are versed in the lively apprehensions of that great unknown *All in All*, the glorious Godhead, and the Godhead revealed in Christ? We dwell

far from the Well, and complain but dryly of our dryness and dulness; we are rather dry than thirsty.

Sir, There may be artificial pride in this humility; but for me, I neither know what he is, nor his Son's name, nor where he dwells: I hear a report of Christ great enough, and that is all. O what is nearness to him? What is that, to be in God, to dwell in God? What a house must that be, 1 John iv. 13. How far are some from their house and home? How ill acquaint with the rooms, mansions, safety, and sweetness of holy security to be found in God? O what estrangement! What wandering! What frequent conversing with self and the creature! *Is not here the bed shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it? and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it?* Isa. xxviii. 20. When shall we attain to a living in only, only God? and be estranged from all the poor created nothings, the painted shadow-beings of yesterday, which an hour and less before creation, were dark waste negatives, and empty nothings, and should so have been for eternity, had the Lord suffered them to ly there for ever? It is He, the great He, *who sitteth upon the circle of the earth (of the world) and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity,* Isa. xl. 22, 23. And He, the only He, and there is no He beside him, *Isa. xliii. 10, 11. Isa. xlv. 5.* Men or angels, they are not any of them an he to him: But a living, breathing, dying *nothing* is man at his best, a sick clay-vanity; and the angel to him but a more excellent, living, and understanding *nothing*; yet we live at a distance from him, and we die and wither, when we are out of God: Oh if we knew how *nothing* we are without him. Sir, We desire to mind your bonds, and are cheered and refreshed, that we hear of any of his manifestations, and his out-goings, *which are prepared at the morning to you.* We hope, nor need we desire you not to faint, and are confident that the anointing, that abideth in you, teacheth you so much: wait upon the speaking-vision; *behold he cometh, behold his reward is with him, and his work before him.* The only wise God strengthen you with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.

St. Andrews, July,

1653.

Yours at all observance in the
Lord Jesus, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN SCOT at Oxname.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Saw from C. K. a testimony of your presbytery against toleration, in which you have been instrumental; the Lord give strength to do more. I think it both rare and necessary, and would account it a great mercy, if there were an addition of a postscript from divers ministers and elders, out of all the shires of Scotland: It is really the mind of all the godly and tender in this land. It is believed by some, that the protesting party hath quite given over the cause: I hope it is not so; but the Lord shall be yet victorious in his most despised ones. Our darkness is great and thick, and there is much deadness; yet the Lord shall be our light. Thus recommending you to his grace, whose you are, I am

St. Andrews, April 2.

1658.

Your own Brother in the
Lord, S. R.

To Mr. JOHN SCOT at Oxname.

Dear Brother,

FAint not, but be strong in the Lord, and in power of his might; I look on it as a rich mercy, that the Lord is with you strengthening you, to quicken fainters, to warn and warn any that are cold or dead, or who deaden others. Believe it, it will be your peace in the end: the times are sad; yet I persuade my self, *the vision will not tarry, but will speak*. The Lord will loose our captive-bonds: O blessed he, tho' alone, who is found fast and constant, for the desirable interest of Christ. My humble advice would be, that you see to the placing of the deacon and ruling-elder, or to any thing that may weaken the discipline: our second book of discipline would be heeded, sessions purged. Oh! catechising and personal visiting, and speaking to them *figillatim*, concerning their interest in Christ, and a state of conversion, is little in practice. The practice of family-fasts is scarce known to be an ordinance of God. It were good you would confer with godly brethren in private, concerning the promoting of godliness, concerning christian conference and praying together, worshipping of God in families, and solitary fasts. To his grace, who can direct, quicken, and strengthen you, I recommend you, and am

St. Andrews.

Your loving Brother, S. R.

T.

To Mr. JOHN SCOT at Oxname.

Reverend and dear Brother,

YOUR letter that came unto me of *August 2.* to be at *Edinburgh* upon *August 2.* was unknown to me by the subscription; but since it was written for so honourable and warrantable a truth of Christ, as a testimony against *toleration*, if my health would have permitted, and my daily menacing gravel, I should have come to *Edinburgh*: What either counsel, countenance, or clearing you could have had from the like of me, I cannot say, nor dare I speak much. But with a reserve of the help of his grace, I desire, to desire and purpose by strength from above, to own that cause, and to join with you, and some in this Church, besides your *presbytery*, who will own that cause. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. This cloud will over: could we live by faith, and wait on a speaking and a seeming-delaying vision, the Lord will not tarry. Grace be with you. Many are with you, but there is One who is above millions.

*St. Andrews, June 15.
1658.*

*Your own Brother in the
Lord, S. R.*

To Mr. JOHN SCOT at Oxname.

Reverend and dear Brother,

NO man oweth more to the Church of God with you, than poor and wretched I; but when weakness of body, and the Lord by it, did forbid me to undertake a lesser journey to *Edinburgh*, I am forbidden far more to journey thither; and believe it, nothing besides this doth hinder. I am unable to overtake what the Lord hath laid upon me here; and therefore I desire to submit to Sovereignty, and must be silent: if my prayers and best desires to the Lord, could contribute any thing for promoting of his work, my soul's desire is, That the wilderness, and that place (to which I owe my first breathing) in which I fear Christ was scarce named, as touching any reality or power of godliness, may blossom as a rose. So desiring and praying that his name may be great among you, and entreating that you may believe, that the names of the Lord's adversaries shall be written in the earth; and that *whoso will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem, to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, even upon them shall be no rain; and that the Lord will create glory upon every assembly in mount Zion.* I rest

St. And. June 15. 1655.

*Your own Brother in the Lord, S. R.
To*

For Mr. JAMES DURHAM
Minister of the Gospel at Glasgow, some few Days before his
death.

Sir,

I Would ere now have written to you, had I not known, your health, weaker and weaker, could scarce permit you to hear or read. I need not speak much; the way you know, and have preached to others the skill of the Guide, and the glory of the home beyond death. And when he says, *Come and see*, it will be your gain to obey, and go out and meet the Bridegroom. What accession is made to the higher House of his Kingdom, should not be our loss, though it be real loss to the Church of God; but we count one way, and the Lord counts another way. He is infallible, and the only wise God, and needs none of us. Had he needed *Moses* and the prophets their staying in the body, he could have taken another way. Who dare bid you cast your thoughts back on wife or children, when he hath said, *Leave them to me, and come up hither*? Or, who can persuade you to die or live, as if that were arbitrary to us, and not his alone, who hath determined the number of your months? If so it seem good to him, follow your Fore-runner and Guide: it is an unknown land to you, who was never there before; but the land is good, and the company before the throne desirable, and he who sits on the throne is his alone a sufficient Heaven. — Grace, grace be with you.

St. Andrews, June 15. 1658. Yours in the Lord, S. R.

Mr. RUTHERFOORD's Judgment, sent to some Brethren, about petitioning his Majesty after his Return; and for owning such, who were censured, while about that so necessary a Duty.

Reverend and dear Brethren,

IT is a matter of difficulty to me to write at this distance, not having heard your debates. It seems the Lord calls us to give information to the king's majesty of affairs. The Lord's admirable providence, in bring him to his throne, and laying aside others, who were enemies to the cause and sworn Covenant of God (so that now the government is in a right line) is to be adored; and I judge (without prescribing) that some should be sent to his majesty, to congratulate that providence, and the reason of our being so slow in sending would

would be fended. 2. We would write, not in the name of the Kirk of *Scotland*, but in the name of the most considerable number of godly ministers, elders, and professors; who both pray for the king, are obedient to his laws, and are under the path of God for the sworn reformation. 3. It is better now, than after sentences and trouble, to have recourse to him, who is by place, *Pater Patriæ*. 4. We would supplicate in all humility for protection, countenance, far more for lawful liberty to fear the bond of the oath of the dreadful and most high Lord, avouching to his *majesty*, that the Lord, his holy name being interposed, will own that Covenant, and bless his *majesty* with a happy and successful reign, in the owning thereof; and kissing of the Son of God. And when the Lord shall be pleased to grant that to us, which concerns religion, the beauty of his house, the propagating of the Gospel, the government of the Lord's Kingdom, without *papery*, *prelacy*, unwritten traditions, and ceremonies; let his *majesty* try our loyalty with what commands he shall be pleased to lay on us, and see if we be found rebellious. 5. We would disclaim such, as have sinfully complied with the late *usurpers*; produce our written testimonies against them; our not accepting of offices and places of trust from them; our testimonies against their *usurpation*, *covenant-breaking*, *toleration* of all religions, corrupt *sectarian ways*, for which the Lord hath broken them. 6. We are represented to his *majesty*, as such who would not consent, that the Remonstrance of the *western-forces* should be condemned by the Commission of the General Assembly: Whereas, (1.) We did humbly desire, that the *judicature* would not condemn nor censure that Remonstrance, till the Gentlemen were heard, and their reasons discussed. (2.) Whatever *demurr* was as to the banding or combining part of it, we were, and are obliged to believe, they had no *sectarian design* therein, nor levelling intention. (3.) They are Gentlemen most loyal, and never were enemies to his *majesty's* royal power; but only desired that security might be had for religion, and the people of God; persons disaffected to religion and the sworn covenant abandoned; otherwise they were and still are willing to hazard lives and estates, for the just greatness and safety of his *majesty*, in the maintenance of the true religion, covenant and cause of God. The only difficulty will be where to have fit men to send. But as it will be both sin and shame for us, to desert our undeservedly now censured Brethren; So it will be our sin and

reproach, sinfully to comply with such things and courses, as we resisted against, and confessed to God. I can say no more at present, but I am

St. Andrews, 1660.

Your loving Brother, S. R.

Mr. RUTHERFOORD's Judgment, of a Draught or Minute of a Petition, to have been presented to the Committee of Estates, by those Ministers, who were then Prisoners in the Castle of Edinburgh, for that other well-known Petition to his Majesty, about which they were, when seized upon and made Prisoners.

But that no Man may mistake or judge amiss of Persons, so fixed in the Cause and faithful in their Generations; know, that this Draught was not sent to Mr. Rutherford, as a Paper concluded and condescended upon among these Brethren, whose Love to Truth made them in all Things so tender, that they were ever found to abstain from all Appearance of Evil; but it was more like the Suggestion of some other Men (wherein was laid before them what Kind of Address would most probably please, waving the just Measures of what was simply Duty in their Circumstances) than any Thing flowing from themselves, as the Product of a mature Deliberation. And secondly, know (which confirmeth what was said) that whatever it was, or whoever gave the Rise to it, yet it was never made use of, nor presented to the Committee of Estates, by any of these faithful Men, whose Praise, for their Fidelity, Fixedness, real and untainted Integrity, is in the Churches of Christ.

Dear Brother,

I Am (as ye know) straitned as another suffering man; but I dare not petition this Committee, 1. Because it draws us to capitulate with such, as have the advantage of the mount, the Lord so disposing for the present: and to bring the matters of Christ to yea and no (you being prisoners, and they the powers) is a hazard. 2. A speaking to them in writ, and passing in silence the sworn Covenant, and the cause of God, which is the very present controversie, is contrary to the practice of Christ and the apostles, who being accused, or not accused, avouched Christ to be the Son of God, and the Messias, and that the dead must rise again, even when the adversary misstated the question. Yea, silence of the cause of God, which adversaries persecute, seems a tacite deserting of the cause; when the state of the question is known to beholders,

beholders ; and I know the Brethren intend not to leave the cause. 3. I know no offence you have given (I will not say what offence may be taken) either as to the matter, or manner of your petition : for if what you have done be a necessary duty, laid aside by others, a duty can never give an offence to Christ, and so none to men. But Christians will look upon a pious, harmless and innocent petition to the prince, in the matters of the Lord's honour, and good of his Church, though profered by one or two, when they are silent whose it is to speak and act, as a seasonable duty. 4. The draught of that petition, which you sent me, speaks not one word of the Covenant of God ; for the adhering to which, you now suffer, and which is the object of men's hatred ; and the destruction whereof, is the great work of the times : and your silence, in this nick of time, appears to be a non-confession of Christ before men ; and you want nothing to beget an uncleanly deliverance, but the profession of silence. 5. There is a promise and real purpose (as the petition saith) to live peaceable under the king's authority. But, (1.) You do not answer so candidly and ingenuously the mind of the rulers, who to your knowledge mean a far other thing, by authority, than you do ; for you mean his just authority, his authority in the Lord, and his just greatness, in the maintenance of true Religion, as in the *Covenant, Confession of Faith, Catechisms*, is expressed, from the word of God. They mean his supreme authority and absolute prerogative above laws, as their acts clear, and as their practice is ; for they refused to such, as were unwilling to subscribe their bond, to add *authority in the Lord, or just and lawful authority, or authority as is expressed in the Covenant*. But this draught of a petition, under your own hand, yields the sense and meaning to them, which they crave. (2.) That authority, for which they contend, is exclusive of the sworn *Covenant* ; so that, except ye had said, *You shall be subject to the king's authority in the Lord, or according to the sworn Covenant*, you say nothing to the point in hand ; and that sure is not your meaning. (3.) Who ever promised so much of peaceable living under his majesty's authority, leaving out the exposition of the *Fifth Commandment*, as your petition doth, may upon the very same ground subscribe the bond refused by the godly ; and so you pass from the *Covenant*, and make all these bypast actings of this *Kirk and State*, those years bypast, to be *horrid rebellion* ; and how deep that *guiltiness* draws, consider. 6. A condemning of the *Remembrance*,

strance, simply and without any limitation and distinction, is a condemning of many *precious ones* in the land, and passing from the *causes of God's wrath*, which is the chief matter of the *Remonstrance*. 7. That nothing is before your eyes, but the *exneration of your conscience*, is indeed believed by the godly, who know you : but a passing in silence of the *honest materials* in your former petition to his *majesty*, seems to be a *deserting* thereof, since, in all your petition, you do not once say, *You cannot but adhere to that pious petition, as your necessary duty*; and that you intend in the *petition the happiness of his majesty*, is also believed. Dear Brother, shew to our Brethren, the Lord Christ in your persons hath stated a question betwixt him and the *powers on earth* : the only wise God lead you now, when he hath brought you forth in publick, so to act, as if ye did see Jesus Christ by you, and beholding you. It is easie for such as are on the *shore*, to throw a *counsel* to those that are tossed in the sea : But only living by *faith*, and by fetching *strength and comfort* from Christ, can you be *victorious*, and have right to the *precious promises* of the *Tree of life*, of the hidden *Manna*, of the gifted *Morning-star*, and the like, made to those who overcome ; to whose *strength and grace* brethren, who desire with me to remember you, do commend you. I am,

St. Andrews, 1660. Dear Brother, yours in the Lord, S. R.

For the right honourable, my Lady Viscountess of Kennaure.
Madam,

IT is not my part to be unmindful of you : be not afflicted for your Brother the Marquis of Argyle ; as to the main, in my weak apprehension, the Seed of God being in him, and love to the people of God and his cause, it will be well : the making particular reckoning with the Lord, and peace with God, and owning his cause, when too many disown it, will make his peace with the King the *surer*. The Lord is beginning to reckon with such, as did forsake his cause and Covenant ; and unill we return to him, our peace shall not be like a *river* and as the *waves of the sea*. However, the opening of the bosom, to take in all the *maligants*, can produce no better fruits. The Lord calleth us to flee into our *chambers*, and shut the *doors*, till the indignation be over, Isa. xxvi. 20. The *lily* among the *thorns* is so served ; he hiderh himself, and our *mountain* is removed, and we are troubled : but the Lord reigns, let the earth tremble, and let the earth rejoice. The

Lord

Lord without blood broke the yoke of *usurping oppressors*, and laid them aside; the same Lord can settle *throne and kingdom* on the pillars of *heaven*: but O the *controversie* the Lord hath with *Edom*, and those who covenanted with us, and then sold us; and with those of whom the Holy Ghost speaks, *Lam. ii. 14.* *Thy prophets have seen vain and foolish things for thee; they have not discovered thine iniquity to turn away thy captivity, but have seen for thee false burdens and causes of banishment.* The time of *Jacob's* suffering is but short, and the *vision* will speak: could we be from under deadness, and watch unto *wrestling and prayer* with the Lord, and live more by *faith*, we should be more than *conquerors*. Wait upon the Lord, faint not; the Lord *Jesus* be with your spirit.

St. Andrews, July 24.

Tours at all respective observance
in the Lord, S. R.

1660.

For *Mistress Craig*, upon the Death of her hopeful Son, who was drowned washing himself in a River in France.

Mistress,

YOU have so learned Christ, as now in the *furnace*, what *dross*, what *shining* of *faith* may appear, must come forth. I heard of the removal of your son Mr. Thomas; Though I be dull enough in discerning, yet I was witness to some *spiritual favouriness* of the *new-birth* and *hope* of the *resurrection*, which I saw in the hopeful youth, when he was, as was feared, a dying in this city. And since it was written and advisedly appointed, in the *spotless* and *holy decree* of the Lord, where, and before what witnesses, and in what manner, whether by a *fever*, the mother being at the bed-side, or some other way in a far country, (dear *patriarchs* died in *Egypt*, precious to the Lord have wanted *burials*, *Psal. lxi. 3.*) your safest will be, to be silent, and command the heart to utter no *repining* and *fretting thoughts* of the *holy dispensation* of God. 1. The man is beyond the *hazard* of *dispute*, the precious youth is perfected and glorified. 2. Had the youth *lien year and day* pained beside a witnessing mother, it had been *pain and grief* lengthned out to you in many *portions*, and every *parcel* would have been a little *death*: now his holy Majesty hath, in one lump and mass, brought to your ears the *news*, and hath not divided the *grief* in many *portions*. 3. It was not *yesterday's thought*, or the other *year's statute*; but a *counsel* of the Lord of old; and, *Who can teach the Almighty knowledge?* 4. There is no way of quiet-
ing

ing the *mind*, and of silencing the *heart* of a *mother*, but godly submission: the readiest way for *peace* and *consolation* to *clay-vessels*, is, that it is a *stroke* of the *Potter* and *Former* of all things; and since the holy Lord hath loosed the *grip*, when it was fastened sure on your *part*, I know your *light*, and I hope your *heart* also will yield: it is not safe to be at *pulling* and *drawing* with the omnipotent Lord; let the *pull* go with him, for he is *strong*; and say, *Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven*. 5. His holy *method* and *order* is to be *adored*: sometime the *husband* before the *wife*, and sometime the *son* before the *mother*; so hath the only wise God *ordered*: and when he is sent before and not lost, in all things *give thanks*. 6. Meditate not too much on the sad *circumstances*, the *mother* was not witness to the last sight, possibly cannot get leave to *wind* the *son*, nor to weep over his *grave*, and he was in a *strange land*: There is a like *nearness* to *heaven* out of all the *countries* of the *earth*. 7. This did not spring out of the *dust*; feed and grow fat by this *medicine*, and *fare* of the only wise Lord: it is *art* and the *skill* of *faith* to read what the Lord writes upon the *cross*, and to spell and construct right his *sense*; often we miscall *words* and *sentences* of the *cross*, and either put *nonsense* on his *rods*, or *burden* his Majesty with *slanders* and *mistakes*, when he minds for us *thoughts* of *peace* and *love*, even to do us *good* in the latter end. 8. It is but a *private stroke* on a *family*, and little to the publick *arrows* shot against grieved *Joseph*, and the *afflicted*; but ah! dead, senseless and guilty people of God; this is the day of *Jacob's* trouble. 9. There a bad way of wilful swallowing of a temptation, and not digesting it, or laying it out of memory without any victoriousness of *faith*; the Lord, who forbids fainting, forbids also despising: but it is easier to counsel than to suffer; the only wise Lord furnish patience. It were not amiss to call home the other youth. I am not a little afflicted for my Lady *Kenmure's* condition; I desire, when you see her, remember my humble respects to her: My wife heartily remembers her to you, and is wounded much in mind with your present condition, and suffers with you. Grace be with you.

St. Andrews, May 4. 1660.

Yours in the Lord, S. R.

A Letter from Mr. Samuel Rutherford to Mr. William Guthrie, when the Army was at Stirling, after the Defeat at Dunbar, and the Godly in the West were falsely branded,
with

with intended Compliance with the Usurpers, about the Time when these Debates, and that Difference concerning the publick Resolutions arose.

Reverend Brother,

I Did not dream of such shortness of breath, and fainting in the way toward our country. I thought I had no more to do but die in my nest, and bow down my sinful head, and let him put on the crown, and so end. I have suffered much; but this is the thickest darkness, and the straitest step of the way I have yet trode. I see more suffering yet behind; and I fear from the keepers of the Vine. Let me obtain of you, that you would press upon the Lord's people, that they would stand far off from these merchants of souls, com't in amongst you. If the way revealed in the word be *that way*, we then know, these soul-coopers and traffickers shew not the way of salvation. Alas! alas! *poor I* am utterly lost, my share of heaven is gone, and my hope is perished, and I am cut off from the Lord, if hitherto out of the way: but I dare not judge kind Christ; for if it may be but permitted, (with reverence to his greatness and highness be it spoken) I will before witnesses produce his own hand, that he said, *This is the way, walk thou in it*: and he cannot except against his own seal. I profess, I am almost broken and a little sleepy, and would fain put off this body; but this is my infirmity, who would be under the shadow and covert of that good land, once to be without the reach and blast of the terrible one. But I am a fool; there is none that can over-bid, or take my lodging over my head, since Christ hath taken it for me. *Dear Brother*, help me, and get me the help of their prayers who are with you, in whom is my delight. You are much suspected of intended compliance; I mean not of you only, but of all the people of God with you. It is but a poor thing, the fulfilling of my joy; but let me obtest all the serious seekers of his face, his secret-sealed ones, by the strongest consolations of the Spirit, by the gentleness of Jesus Christ, that Plant of Renown, by your last accounts, and appearing before God, when the white throne shall be set up, be not deceived with their fair words: though my spirit be astonished at the cunning distinctions, which are found out in the matters of the Covenant, that help may be had against these men; yet my heart trembleth to entertain the least thought of joining with these deceivers. Grace, grace be with you, *Amen*.

St. Andrews.

*Your own Brother in our common Lord
and Saviour, S. R.*

*For my Reverend Brother, Christ's Soldier in Bonds,
Mr. James Guthrie, Minister of the Gospel at Stirling.*

Dear Brother,

WE are very oft comforted with the word of promise; though we stumble not a little at the work of holy providence: *Some earthly men flourishing as a green herb, and the people of God counted as sheep for the slaughter, and killed all the day long;* and yet both word of promise, and works of providence, are from him, whose ways are equal, straight, holy and spotless. As for me, when I think of God's dispensations, he might justly have brought to the market-cross, and to the light, my unseen and secret abominations, which would have been no small reproach to the holy name, and precious truths of Christ; but in mercy he hath covered these, and shapen and carved out more honourable causes of suffering, of which we are unworthy. And now, *Dear Brother*, much depends upon the way and manner of suffering, especially, that his precious truths be owned, with all heavenly boldness; and a reason of our hope given in meekness and fear; and the royal crown, and absolute supremacy of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of the kings of the earth, avouched, as becometh: For certain it is, Christ will reign the Father's King in mount Zion; and his sworn Covenant will not be buried. It is not denied, but our practical breach of Covenant first, and then our legal breach thereof, by enacting the same mischief, and framing it into a law, may heavily provoke our sweetest Lord: yet there are a few names in the land, that have not defiled their garments; and a holy seed, on whom the Lord will have mercy, like the four or five olive-berries upon the top of the shaken olive-tree, and their eye shall be toward the Lord their Maker. Think it not strange, that men devise against you, whether it be to exile, the earth is the Lord's; or perpetual imprisonment, the Lord is your light and liberty; or a violent and publick death, for the kingdom of heaven consists in a fair company of glorified martyrs, and witnesses, of whom Jesus Christ is the chief Witness, who for that cause was born, and came into the world. Happy are ye, if you give testimony to the world of your preferring Jesus Christ to all powers; and the Lord will make the innocency and christian loyalty of his defamed and despised witnesses in this land, to shine to after-generations, and will take the Man-child up to God and to his throne, and prepare a hiding

A hidden place in the wilderness for the Mother, and cause the earth to help the Woman. Be not terrified; fret not: Forgive your enemies: Bless and curse not; for though both you and I should be silent, sad and heavy is the judgment and indignation from the Lord, that is abiding the unfaithful watchmen of the Church of *Scotland*. The souls under the altar are crying for justice, and there is an answer returned already: The Lord's salvation will not tarry. Cast the burthen of wife and children on the Lord Christ, he cares for you and them: Your blood is precious in his sight. The everlasting consolations of the Lord bear you up, and give you hope: For your salvation (if not deliverance) is concluded.

St. Andrews, Feb. 15. 1561.

Your own Brother, S. R.

TO ABERDEEN.

Reverend and dearly beloved in the Lord,

GRACE be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. There were some who rendered thanks, with knees bowed to him, of whom is named the whole family in heaven and earth, when they heard of your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus; and rejoiced not a little, that where Christ was scarce named in favouriness and power of the Gospel, even in *Aberdeen*, that there Christ hath a few names precious to him, who shall walk with him in white. We looked on it (he knoweth, whom we desire to serve in our spirit, in the Gospel of his Son) as a part of the fulfilling of that, *The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose*: But now it is more grievous to us than a thousand deaths, when we hear that you are shaken, and so soon removed from that, which you once acknowledged to be the way of God. Dearly beloved, the sheep follow Christ, who calleth them by name: a stranger they will not follow; but they flee from him, for they know not the voice of a stranger. You know the way, by which you were sealed to the day of redemption; and ye received the Spirit by the hearing of faith: part not with that way, except ye see there be no rest for your souls therein; neither listen to them, that say, many were converted under *Episcopacy*, as well as under *Presbyterial Government*: and yet the godly gave testimony against the bishops; for the instruments of conversion loathed *Episcopacy*, with the ceremonies thereof, and never sealed it with their sufferings. But we shall desire instances

instances of any engaged by oaths, and by the sufferings of the faithful messengers of God, and the manifestation of the Lord's presence, in the way you now forsake, who yet turned from it, and went one step toward sinful separation, and did it in that way you now aim at, and did yet flourish and grow in grace: But we can bring proofs of many who left it, and went further on to abominable ways of error. And you have it not in your power, where you shall lodge at night, having once left the way of God; and many we know, lost peace and communion with God, and fell in a condition of withering, and not being able to find their lovers, were forced to return to their first Husband. We shall entreat you, consider what a stumbling it is to malignant opposers of the way and cause of God, who with their ears heard you, and with their eyes saw you, so strenuously take part with the godly in their sufferings, and profess your selves for religion, truth, doctrine, government of the house of God, his Covenant and cause; if now you build again what you once destroyed, and destroy what you builded; and shall you not make your selves, by so doing, transgressors? How shall it wound the hearts of the godly, stain the profession, darken the glory of the Gospel, shake the faith of many, weaken the hands of all, if you, and you first of all in this kingdom, shall stretch out the hands to raze the walls of our *Jerusalem*, by reason of which the Lord made her terrible, as army with banners; for, when *kings came, and saw the palaces and bulwarks thereof, they marvelled and were troubled, and hasted away; fear took hold of them there, and pain as of a woman in travail.* And we shall be grieved, if you should be heirs to the guiltiness of breaking down the same hedge of the Vineyard, for the which the sad indignation of God pursueth this day the royal family, many nobles, houses great and fair, and all the prelatical party in these three kingdoms. And when your dear brethren are weak and fainting, shall we believe that you will leave us, and be divided from this so blessed a conjunction? The Lord Jesus Christ, we trust, shall walk in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and be with us, if you will be gone from us. *Beloved in the Lord,* we cannot but be perswaded of better things of you; and we shall not conceal from you, that we are ignorant what to answer, when we are reproved on your behalf, in regard that your change to another gospel-way (which the Lord avert) is so much the more scandalous, that the sudden alteration, unknown to us before, now overtaketh you, when men come
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amongst you, against whom the furrows of the fields of *Scotland* do complain. Forget not, *dear brethren*, that Christ hath now the fan in his hand, and this is also the day of the Lord, *that shall burn as an oven*; and that Christ now *sitteth as Refiner of silver, purifying the sons of Levi, and purging them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness*: and these that keep the word of his (not their own) patience, shall be delivered from the hour of temptation, *that shall come on all the earth to try them*. If you exclude all non-converts from the visible city of God, in which daily multitudes in *Scotland*, in all the four quarters of the land, above whatever our fathers saw, throng in to Christ, shall they not be left to the lions and wild beasts of the forest, even to *Jesuits, Seminary-priests*, and other seducers? for the magistrate hath no power to compel them to hear the Gospel, nor have you any Church-power over them, as you teach; and they bring not love to the Gospel and to Christ out of the womb with them, and so they must be left to embrace what religion is most suitable to corrupt nature: Nor can it be a way approved by the Lord in scripture, to excommunicate from the visible Church (which is the office-house of the free grace of Christ, and his draw-net) all the multitudes of non-converts, baptized, and visibly within the Covenant of grace; which are in *Great Britain*, and all the reformed Churches; and so to shut the gates of the Lord's gracious calling upon all these, because they are not in your judgment, chosen to salvation, when once you are within your selves: For how can the Lord call *Egypt his people*, and *Affyria the work of his hands*, and all the *Gentiles* (who for number are as the flocks of *Kedar*, and the abundance of the Sea) the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ, if you number infants, as many do, and all such as your charity cannot judge converts, as others do, among Heathens and Pagans, who have not a visible claim and interest in Christ? The candlestick is not yours, nor the house; but Christ fixeth and removeth the one, and buildeth or casteth down the other, according to his sovereignty. We in humility judge our selves, though the chief of sinners, the sons of *Zion*, and of the seed of Christ: if you remove from us, and carry from hence the candlestick, let our Father be Judge, and shew us, why the Lord hath bidden you come out from among us. We look upon this visible Church, though black and spotted, as the hospital and guest-house of sick, halt, maimed, and

witheted, over which Christ is Lord-physician and Master; and we would wait upon these that are not yet in Christ, as our Lord waited upon us and you both. We therefore, your brethren, children of one Father, cannot but, with tears and exceeding sorrow of heart, earnestly entreat, beseech, and obtest you by the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, by his sufferings, and precious ransom he paid for us both, by the consolations of his Spirit, by your appearance before the dreadful tribunal of our Lord Jesus; yea, and charge you before God and the same Lord Jesus, who shall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing, and in his kingdom: Break not the spirits and hearts of those to whom you are dear as their own soul, forsake not the assemblies of the people of God, let us not divide. Not a few of the people of God, in this shire of *Fife*, in whose name I now write, dare say, if you depart, you shall leave Christ behind you with us, and the golden-candlesticks, and shall cast your selves (we much fear) out of the hearts and prayers of thousands, dear to Jesus Christ in *Scotland*: Therefore, before you fix judgment and practice on any untroden path, let a day of humiliation be agreed upon by us all, and our Father's mind and will enquired, through our one common Saviour; and let us see one anothers faces at best conveniency, and plead the interest of Christ, and be comforted, and not stumble at your ways. So expecting your answer, we shall pray that the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, may make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, and shall remain.

St. Andrews. Your affectionate Brother in the Lord, S. R.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

By another Author.

Christian Reader,

WHosoever thou art, into whose hands these Letters may come, in order to thine own establishment in the truth, and continuing in the faith of God's elect, grounded and settled, and that thou mayest not be moved away

away from the hope of the gospel, whereof thou hast heard, by the slight of men, and cunning craftiness, wherewith they ly in wait to deceive; thou art desired to take notice, to what dreadful and strong delusions, such who were ring-leaders in this separation, together with not a few of their followers (some I except, because God hath excepted them; and I pray, that he may still both except them, and let them see also the sin of what accession they had to this, which is so punished in others, while they are past by and preserved) have been left, and given up of God. Remember with fear and trembling, how the great God, who confirmeth the word of his servants, and performeth the counsel of his messengers, hath fulfilled upon many of those, who fell off from, and forsook the communion of his Church of Scotland, that which his great Seer (much upon his Master's secrets, because he had frequent accesse to lean his head upon his breast, who came out of the Father's bosom) foresaw would follow upon this turning aside, and fall upon the head of such forsakers of a Church, so often honoured by receiving signal testimonies of the great Bridegroom's love towards her, as his Spouse, in rejoicing over her with singing, and so frequently helped, to give him testimonies of her endeared affection to him, as her Head, Husband, supreme Lord and Governor. In this we may through grace humbly boast (nay, despise or envy who will, we cannot do less, without being guilty of the basest ingratitude) that we have not been inferior (O blessed be his grace to whom we owe it! and it is for the commendation of his glorious goodness we mention it) whatever we were beyond them, to any Church we know upon the earth. It is true, this succession seemed at the first but a small remove (O that there they had stopped their career, and stood without going forward, when it was downward) and in a matter wherein the great foundations of the Gospel were not so immediately concerned, nor struck at; yet, after they had gone forth from us (as a witness of his displeasure against that rent and schism, made in his Body; and that the truth of what his faithful servant had foretold them, would be the issue of that course, might be verified, viz. That if they departed, they should leave Christ behind them, keeping house with their Mother, as his Wife, in whose face they had spit, and in running thus away, had made fool's haste from home) there was no standing nor fixing, till the most fervid and furious drivers in that rent, rolled themselves headlong into this abyss of all abominations, desperate *Quakerism*, and so that place became there

after the seat, seminary, and seed-plot, wherein this root of bitterness, whereby the Church of Christ is troubled, and many defiled, hath sprung up. And I would also stir up thy pure mind, by way of remembrance, that thou mayst be established in the present truth, beseeching thee to consider with awful regard, how one parish particularly in the West of Scotland, with some persons in the adjacent places, forsaking us, and falling off from us, upon the same pretence, were likewise in the same manner (after other significations of his displeasure against their way, evident beyond denial, and contributive to the establishment of such, who take notice thereof) left of the Lord, after their many other wandrings, to plunge and precipitate themselves into this ditch, and deep pit; in which posture they still ly, without pitying themselves, or imploring the help of others. And though these, and the like, might have been warning sufficient, to all the professors of the truth, to have continued in his goodness, while they beheld the just severity of God upon them which fell; yet, I cannot conceal it, that, as it is a grief, beyond all that the serious servants of the Lord have groined under, or do find, because of their other sufferings, to see how many have followed these pernicious ways, by reason of whom, *the way of truth is evil spoken of*; so it fills them with amazement, anxiety, yea, sinking and insupportable sorrow, to see not a few professors of the truth, so little touched at the heart for, and troubled at the power and prevalency of these soul-murdering delusions; but walking with as little care, circumspection and fear of coming near this spreading contagion, as if they did not thereby provoke the Lord to leave them to that, which ought to be equally lothsom and hateful to their souls, with hell. Is it not strange, that some will stand aloof from *Prelates*, and profess an hatred at, and abhorrence of *Popery*, *Arminianism*, *Erastianism*, *Socinianism*, *Arrianism*, *Pelagianism*, *Familism*, *Antinomianism*, *Atheism*, and *Heathenism*, &c. and yet, there will be a fearless, yea, familiar conversing with abominable *Quakers*, without all due dread of being deserted of God, and left to a defiling of themselves with Satan's slime, wherewith they are besmeared, and that botch of hell, which is running upon them, wherewith many, because of their too near approach, have been, and are infected; yea, and a speaking of them as a kind of innocents (which if they be, Satan himself, in his warring against *Michael* and his angels, is not nocent) and with less loathing and abhorrence, than of any of the former; whereas *Quakerism* may be truly called (if the term be
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sufficiently expressive of the thing) pure *Devillism*. I mean, not only because of what special power and influence Satan hath been observed, by gracious and grave men, to have had over and upon the bodies and spirits of not a few of that monstrous brood; but also because these have licked up, and swallowed down the dung of all these desperate, soul-destroying heresies, hatched in hell by the father of falsehoods and lies; and whatsoever is in any of these most deadly and damnable, that is, to them, their *darling*; and whatsoever is the most mortal poison in the cup of their abominations, and hath the most close and clear connection with the destruction of the immortal soul, this they swallow down, and vomit it up, and spue it out again in every place, and with a piece of the black-art, peculiar to that tribe, dish up this dung of hell, and set it as *Manna* before such, as they would make disciples, to be supped up, and swallowed down, that they may thereby poison, beyond the power of an antidote, those souls, whom they seduce; and, while they draw them after them, drown them in the same perdition with themselves. These are the *poor innocents* you talk of; what a wonder and astonishment is it, that the very sink of hell, which cometh forth at their impure and polluted mouths, in blasphemies against God, his Christ, his Spirit, his word, his precious and pure ordinances, the purchase of the Blood of Christ, and the means of fellowship *with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ*, should not make all, who are, or would be reputed *Lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity*, abhor them, as the most odious vermine, and black locusts, that ever crawled out of the infernal lake, or croaked upon the face of the earth, and flee the sound of their blasphemous belchings, as the very sibilation of the old serpent. If the Spirit of God call *a forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats*, *The doctrines of devils*, what name or notion can be fallen upon, or found fit to unfold the nature of that doctrine, comprehensive of all these doctrines of devils, whereby the gospel hath been from the beginning opposed, through Satan's black-art, and utmost malice? as if in this one shape, and size of the enemies to the gospel, were gathered together and cemented all the several parties, that ever *Abaddon* and *Apollyon* commanded in his several expeditions against the Prince *Michael*. For this at once, and for ever, not in parcels, and by consequence, makes void the whole gospel of the grace of God, and the all of that blessed contrivance of salvation, by the Son of God, as a slain Saviour. This is such an explicate, unmask'd, and gross perversion of the gospel,

that if the apostles, who had the Spirit of God, who had the mind of Christ, who had received the spirit of love, and of a sound mind, who being filled with the Holy Ghost, spoke to a seducing *Elemas*, seeking to turn away the deputy, desiring to hear the word of God, from the faith (the persons are of the same practice, and this is the post, here the captain sets them to stand centry) in these terms, *O full of all subtilty, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt not thou cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?* Would ye have spoke to them in another stile or strain, being persons of the same practice? and this is the prey they hunt for, by perverting the right ways of the Lord, to turn men from the faith, once delivered to the saints, and to turn away the ear of any, whom they observe desirous to hear the word of God, from the truth, that they may turn them unto their blasphemous fables, and bewitch even these into a disobedience to the gospel, *before whose eyes, Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth crucified amongst them.* Yea, if he would, and actually did curse, even an angel from heaven, upon a supposition of a less and lower degree of perversion of the gospel of Christ, how would he have sent this race of men a-packing, without more ado, the way he sent *Hymeneus* and *Alexander*, whom he delivered unto Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme? as after his example, many of them were dealt with, by our faithful men, when in case, who, by drawing out church-censures, delivered the body from being gangren'd by such members; but while we are now kept from making use of this most proper remedy, the Holy Ghost hath supplied it, in a most tremendous manner, and with such a witness, as he must be blind, who seeth them not carry about with them the blackest-like badge, and most unquestionable-like character and cognisance of being cut off from that Church, *that he washeth with his own blood*, which they are left to blaspheme, and trample under foot, that ever any race of apostates were stigmatiz'd with. And that other disciple likewise, who breathes forth so much of love, is most peremptory in pressing those, whom he perswades to the love of Christ, and of the brethren, to a professed detestation of such enemies to Christ, in so much that he will not have any, who would witness their love to him, who witnessed his love to his people, *in sending his only begotten Son into the world, to be a propitiation for their sins, and that they who were dead in sins and trespasses, might live through him, to receive them into their houses, or give such factors for Satan the least of countenance*

or encouragement. And here, by the way, let me set before thee the practice of that great man of God, *Mr. John Livingston* (of whom, without vanity, or being judged to hold *mens persons in admiration for advantage*, I fear not to say, *That in the day he was taken up from us, I knew not so great an ambassador for Christ, left behind upon the earth.* O to see some, on whom this *Elijah's mantle* is fallen!) as a fit pattern in the case for thy imitation; who, when one of these master-seducers, and grand traffickers to defile the world, and bewitch it into the same damnable delusion, whereto he, as a just punishment for his levity in religion, and what he himself may know besides, was left, pretending old acquaintance, came to make him a visit, would not receive him into his house, as judging, he could not otherwise have witnessed his having received *Jesus Christ* to dwell in his heart and house, than by such a practice; and herein he made himself an example for us, to follow such a follower of God, as a dear child. O let all, who hope to be saved by *Jesus Christ*, and to whom *God hath made him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption*: All, who know no other way of being justified before the tribunal of God, but by the imputed righteousness of him, whose name is, *The Lord our Righteousness*; or saved and sanctified, but by his working in them, *to will and to do*, who hath *redeemed them from their vain conversation by his own blood*: All who, being justified by faith, have ever had, or hope to have *peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ*: All, who now *sit together in heavenly places in Christ*, and who are *preserved by the power of God, through faith unto salvation*: All, who know no other Fountain to bathe their leprous soul in, nor Stream to bleach their spotted and back soul by, *that they may appear before God without spot*, but the blood of *Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all iniquity*, even his blood, who for this purpose did, *through the eternal Spirit, offer up himself without spot unto God*: All, who have found the sweetness of the scriptures, and have felt how their *heart burnt within them, while he talked with them*, and opened these unto them, and their ear and heart to receive what was said: All, who have been by these *made wise unto salvation*: All, that ever have *had access to God through Christ*, and know no other way of being accepted, but in the *Beloved*: All, who see themselves (and the devil hath put out his eyes, who sees it not) under a necessity, though in a clean state, of making daily use of the blood of *Christ*, in order to a keeping up of fellowship betwixt them, and the Father, and his Son *Jesus Christ*, while here, and of being admitted to have a part

with him hereafter (for that man's feet shall never stand within that glorious city, whereinto *nothing that defileth, or worketh abomination, can enter*, which Christ doth not wash; *If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me*, is his own word to a person in a clean state) All, to whose souls, after they had received the sentence of death in themselves, God hath spoken peace upon the account of his Christ, who is our peace: All, who knowing they can do nothing without him, live under a seen necessity of daily drawing strength from Christ, who works in them both to will and to do, and must perfect that which concerneth them, and look only for the acceptation of their service, in and through Christ: All, whose great All it is to be found in him, in the day of their appearance, not having their own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, even the righteousness which is of God by faith: All, who, because they have sinned, and come short of the glory of God, know no other way, but to throng in amongst these ungodly, who are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood: All, whose eyes God hath opened, and turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified, through faith that is in him: All, who have, or hope to have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: All, to whom he hath given an understanding to know him that is true, and in whose heart he hath written his law, and put his fear, that they shall not depart from him: All, into whose soul he hath shined, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, while this gospel is hid from others: All, who have received that Spirit which is of God, and not that spirit which is of the world, whereby the child of God is distinguished from a natural man, who receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God (for the highest pitch and perfection of natural mens light judgeth these things foolishness, *The world through wisdom knew not God*) neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned: All whoever have been made glad in his house of prayer, and have been admitted to walk with the King in the galleries, where he is held: All, to whose soul he hath endeared and commended ordinances, and who have found the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation: All, who are begun partakers of the glory to be revealed, and who hope to lie down in the grave, under the comfortable hope of a glorious resurrection, and

and shut their eyes singing, in the expectation that their vile body shall be changed, that it may be fashioned like his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things to himself; and that they shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall be ever with the Lord: All, who would obtain the salvation, which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory: In a word, all, who are Christians, on whom that worthy name is called, as the badge of their profession: Who profess faith in him, whom God hath sent and sealed to be the Saviour of the world; that one Mediator, which is between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a Ransom for all, to be testified in due time; he who is the second Person of the blessed Trinity, the eternal Son of God, equal to, and consubstantial with the Father, but personally distinct from him; incarnate, by assuming the nature of man, in the womb of the *Virgin Mary*, by which he became *Immanuel*, God and Man in two distinct natures, unite in one singular Person; who is the Substance of the Gospel, and the Mystery of Godliness: This which comprehends the *All* of our salvation, and consolation; yea, the *All* of Christian Religion is so wrapt up herein, that, whatsoever strikes at this, strikes at name and thing of Christian Religion, robs us of the whole Gospel, and turns us over into pure *Heathenism*, shuts us out eternally from all access to God, and makes our salvation for ever simply impossible; for if we believe not, that He is that He, we shall die in our sins; and yet every article of this, that they may for ever destroy the foundations of salvation, is by them oppugned and subverted. They, putting a false *christ* instead of the true Jesus, the Son of *David*, our only Saviour; denying Christ to be the second Person of the Trinity; denying Christ to be a singular Person; denying Jesus the Son of *Mary* to be the alone true Christ; but affirming Christ to be a common sort of thing, to be found in every man, as it was in the Son of *Mary*, even the common light, to be found in the mind of every man in the world; Affirming Jesus the true Christ, the Son of *Mary*, to be only an ordinary Vessel, which containeth this light, as the spirit of every other holy man doth; and so, not only pulling down our exalted Prince from his throne of glory; but putting their false prophets in his place, clothing them with the glory of his proper Titles, as being Christ as well as he, because containing the same light with his. Thus do they blaspheme that worthy Name, by the which we are called: Thus do they rob our Saviour, the only Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Brightness

of the Father's glory, and the express Image of his Person, of his glorious Prerogative and Majesty; and, in contempt of this exalted Prince, and Saviour, clothe themselves with the spoils of his honour. And thus do they rob the Church of him, whom God hath given to be her Head and Saviour; that so, having turned the world with themselves into a synagogue of Satan, they may enrich hell. This is the great mystery of their iniquity, and a monster it is, in shew and substance, and in all dimensions of devilry, prodigious, beyond any shape, Satan ever yet assumed, or wherein he shewed himself in the world. The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan! even the Lord, who hath sent his only begotten Son into the world, to be the alone propitiation for sins, and prepared him a Body for that purpose: *Rebuke thee*, ought to be the constant language of the heart of every one to whom Christ is become a Saviour, till he cast forth this blasphemous spirit out of those *demoniacks*. For what else is this, which proceedeth out of the mouth of such persons, but pure *Hellism*? No man, sure, who hath ever heard the Gospel of the grace of God, or is acquainted with the very first principles of the Oracles of God, but he must conclude, men of that spite, malice and dialect, men who talk at this rate of railing against our *Immanuel*, against his holy Child Jesus, that Child born unto us, and that Son given unto us, who is yet the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, must be the very candidates of hell, and have commenced in the infernal regions, where more black, more abominable, more horrid and bold blasphemies, cannot be belshed forth. I say therefore, O let all, who have the Name of Christ called upon them; All, to whom that blessed Name is as ointment poured forth, and to whom he is precious, even he whom the Father hath laid in *Zion*, for a Foundation and Corner-stone; disallowed indeed of these builders, but chosen of God and precious: All, who seek a sure resting place for their soul; for whosoever believeth on him, shall not be ashamed: And all, who know no other solid foundation; for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ, he is the sure and sole Foundation: Let them carry towards this race of *Renegado's* from the very real profession of Christianity, as Satan's special agents and emissaries, who with a malice infused by their master, and resembling him, and a peculiar kindness, fury and rage, as set on fire by hell, blaspheme the true Saviour, our blessed Lord Jesus, who, being come of the fathers according to the flesh, is God over all blessed for ever; and fight against that one, that alone way

of salvation, which is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. And in prosecution of this war, and pursuance of this open hostility against heaven, and that it may appear whose angels they are, under whose banner they fight, who sends them, serves himself by them, sets them on work, and drives them in their restless compassing of sea and land, to proselyte poor souls, and draw them into the same conspiracy with themselves against our Lord Jesus Christ, and the alone way of salvation by him; they oppose, as incensed with malice and rage, the Mediator's Ministers and Messengers, sent forth to preach this everlasting Gospel, and to point forth the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world: And while they are preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, setting forth Christ evidently crucified before their eyes, that they may look unto him and be saved; and preaching salvation in the Name of this Jesus of *Nazareth*, and testifying, that as God hath exalted him to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and forgiveness of sins; so there is no other name given under heaven, by which men must be saved: These are the glad tidings of great joy for all the people, which make the feet of him who publisheth them beautiful, and this is the main of the Gospel of the grace of God (yea, that without which there is no Gospel and no Salvation) that all may know assuredly, that through this Man, who is both Lord and Christ, is preached unto them the forgiveness of sins, and that by him, all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of *Moses*: While, I say, his Ministers are about this, striving according to his working, which worketh in them mightily, these false prophets and seducers, after the same method and malice of *Bar-jesus*, withstand them, and seek to turn away their hearers from the faith; yea, they seek to dissuade the people from hearing the Lord's Messengers speaking the Lord's message, in the very stile and strain and spirit of *Rabshakeb*; Let not these men (say they of the Ministers of Christ) deceive you, neither let them make you trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, saying, *This Lord Jesus will save you to the utmost*: Harken not unto them, turn you to the light within you. This common thing, that is to be found in every man, that's the *christ* which must save you, and not this *Christ*, the only Son of God, (as they talk, and would persuade you) incarnate by assum-

ing the nature of man in the womb of the Virgin Mary. And if, amongst all these Ambassadors, to whom the Ministry of reconciliation is committed, there be one, more eminently qualified than another, to whom his Master hath given a special spiritual dexterity in beseeching, praying, and perswading men to be reconciled unto God, who hath made his only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, Sin for them, that they may be made the Righteousness of God in him; One, whose shining light, and burning zeal proves him to be a Star held in his Master's right hand; One whom Jesus Christ doth most remarkably countenance, in his administrations, in making manifest the favour of his knowledge by him amongst the people; One, highly esteemed for his work's sake, and endeared to the lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ, for his caring naturally for the flock, and travailling in birth till Christ be formed in his hearers; One by whose ministry Satan's dominion over souls is destroyed, and they vindicate into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God: Then, as if they were the sole trustees that Satan had upon the earth, and his only janefaries fitted for that work; or, as if they were sent express from hell, they set themselves in opposition to this man, and all who walk with him in the same spirit, and in the same steps, and do all they can, by their bawling, to blast the Ministry of such a worker together with God. As the Ministers of Jesus Christ are the men in the world, against whom they have the most pure and perfect hatred; so, it is against those Ministers, more particularly, who are most tender and edifying, and by whose labour amongst the people, their Lord and Master, who sent them, sees of the travail of his Soul, and is satisfied, that they, as the ministers of Satan, set themselves. Very fit messengers of Satan are they, if any were caught up to the third heaven to buffet him. I appeal in this matter to the experience and observation of all, who take notice of their way; and how little they trouble others, their master fearing little, or finding little damage to his dominion and kingdom, by these lazy ly-bies and idle loiterers.

Let this short hint of that unhallowed generation put us, not only to weep to see, what a dominion Satan hath obtained over such poor, unsettled souls, who every day wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived; but also, to study more caution and circumspection in our way, for the future, and that in order, both to our own preservation, that that wicked one touch us not, nor have access to tumble us head-long

long in this gulf, and also in order to the recovery (if it be possible) of some, at least, of those, out of this snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his pleasure. Let all, who would be saved themselves, or would not become a snare to others, by emboldning them by their example, to converse to their perdition with such deceivers, save themselves, and stand aloof from this generation, that they may be saved.

It may, and ought to be remembred, and regret by all of us, that when Satan first set up by these *proxies*, and appeared in this disguise to act upon the stage, he gained not a little at his first assault; by our contempt and security: For every one thought, the devil was turned *duns*, and had plaid the wrong card, and failed in his politicks, in falling upon the least probably taking way, that ever he had yet attempted, how either to promote his own kingdom of darkness, or oppose the coming of the kingdom of the Son of God, in so clear a day of the Gospel's shining brightness. And therefore, however men were amazed at the appearance of such a monster, (and the more they were amazed at its size and shape, the more they thought themselves exempted from all care, to trouble themselves in telling the world that it was such, and whence it came, and whither it went; it was taken by the most discerning for granted, that the devil intended this piece of ridiculous pageantry, only for an interlude, that so, while we were gazing and mocking, he might fill the stage with Rome's abominations: And the more judicious cannot but discern, how the devil, in this dress, hath had the assistance of his old *cabal*, the *Conclave*; and by the brimstone, which issue out of their mouths, wherewith so many are killed, they may well be judged to make up one of *Abaddon's* legions) yet it was put out of doubt with most, that the Christian world, especially these Churches, which had enjoyed so fair a day, and had been in a manner the *valley of vision*, could not be cheated into a liking of this hell-black compound of all the most damnable heresies; and judged, that there was but little reason to fear, that Satan should prevail much, or make any notable inroads upon the Church, while he appeared so like himself; yea, it was thought impossible, that any who had but the use of his reason, much less any who professed religion, could be bewitched and proselyted into a way, which seemed to carry its own antidote with it, because its poison was so palpable, and Satan had been at so little pains to busk this hook, or hide his malice, in designing to murder as many as should swallow this sop.

Nay, some were puffed up, and tushed at the fear of others, instead of being deeply affected, to see what spiritual judgments and plagues we were thereby threatned with, and like to be poured forth upon a people, who had walked so unsuitably to that degree of glorious Gospel-light, which had shined amongst us; but, alas! it is our folly to think, that Satan plays the fool always, when he puts on hood and bells! For, he perceiving the temper and untenderness of many high pretenders, who had not received the truth in love, and perceiving how, in place of pure religion and undefiled before God, a giddy gaudiness was entertained, as the badge of a progressive knowledge, and looked upon as an high attainment: Satan, I say, observing the propension of many, to turn away their ears from the solid substantial and saving truths of the Gospel, and how ready they were to be turned unto fables, appears in this dress; and when men in their gaudy giddiness came to gaze, when they ought to have looked on with the tear in their eye; all on a sudden, he opens this sluice of hell upon them, and spues this flood out of his mouth after the Woman, who had brought forth the Man-child of Reformation (by which he was enraged, because thereby cast unto the earth) that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood. Oh, if this day we could remember our faults, and weep over our folly, who carried in that day, as ignorant of Satan's devices! For, though we our selves had been some way secured against his success, in this garb and shape, after the light had shined in such a meridian brightness amongst us; yet it became us to have been deeply affected at this dismal appearance, lest the rumour of the rise of such a generation, after so much endeavour to reform the Church, should have given Satan the advantage of creating such a prejudice against all attempts for Reformation in other Churches, as that they, upon hearing what giddiness and prodigious delusions some were delivered over unto, in a Church of these endeavours, might abandon all essays that way, and blest themselves in a supine neglect, of what is yet unquestionably their duty.

But that which gave Satan the greatest advantage of all, was this, that most men at first did, (and not a few continue to do so to this day) out of a kind of foolish pity, look upon them, as a well-meaning kind of harmless, though half-hallocked persons; and therefore conversed with them, without all fear or apprehended necessity of fearing a being infected with that leprosy, which was got up into their head, and for which they

they should have been put out of the camp of the *Israel of God*, as utterly unclean.

And hence it came to pass, that he who, in disdain and contempt of that snare, said to day, Am I a dog to do this great evil? began to bark with them to morrow, at the Sun of Righteousness, and all the healing that is under his wings, and to belch forth blasphemies against the way and word of God. Let no man therefore wonder at Satan's success under this shape, or at the spreading of this contagious leprosy; Nay, let him conclude without a peradventure, that it will certainly spread further, if the course so proper to preserve our selves and cure them, prescribed by our blessed Lord, the great Physician of his Church, be not followed. Let them therefore be shunned, that they may be ashamed, when they find themselves stink in the nostrils of all, who favour the things of God, and shut out from all, who are called by his precious name, as persons bearing and branded with another name and mark.

Let no man who would not expose himself to the snare of the devil, and harden them to destruction, listen unto them, receive them into his house, or carry any otherwise towards them, than towards Satan's agents and angels, who are so known by their talk and tokens, that scarce can it be said, they transform themselves into angels of light, that they may with the greater facility promote the kingdom of darkness.

Let me therefore beseech and obtest all the fearers of God, to whose hands these lines shall come, by their love to him, by their longing after the coming of Christ's kingdom, and their desires of the earth's being filled with the knowledge of his glory, as the waters cover the sea; by the love they have to their own immortal souls, and the salvation of the present generation and posterity; Yea, let me make bold to charge them, in the name and authority of the great God, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and by their dreadful appearance before him, and as ever they expect to be admitted to Christ's company, and find a place amongst them, who are saved and washed in his blood, and made *Kings* and *Priests* unto God, and his Father, make more conscience henceforth of abstaining from all converse beyond the unpleasant constraint of pure necessity, with this race of the most degenerate brood, and desperate enemies to foundation-principles of salvation, that ever hell yet hatched, or Satan set on work, to counter-work and obstruct the progress of the Gospel. The adequate remedy, it is true, is not in the hand of every, nor any private christian: But God hath put this plaister into every

man's hand, and hath made it easie for him to apply it, while other remedies are not within his reach, whereby he may through grace preserve himself unpolluted, and pure from the plague of the spreading contagion, yea and possibly recover some of them: Let him but, in compliance with the will of God, discountenance these traders and traffickers for Satan, and let him shun all converse with them: Enter not into the path of these wicked persons, and go not in the way of these evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away: For their house enclineth unto death, and their paths unto the dead. None (at least few) that go unto them, return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life.

If any despise our Lord's prescription, and do otherwise, let neither himself nor others wonder, if, as a just punishment of this presumptuous contempt, he be left and caught into the snare. O fear this insatiation, which hath overtaken so many to that height, that they wrangle and wrest, without a blush, the word of life, and the scriptures holding forth the plain path-way of salvation, to their own perdition; yea, and as persons sick of an *Hydrophoby*, fear only and flee from the proper remedy. O beware, lest while you see such a doleful and so amazing a spectacle and document of divine displeasure before your eyes, you also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness: But labour to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and then it is impossible, not to grow in an abhorrence at name and thing of this abomination, which his Soul hateth, as the most pure and perfect opposition to that salvation which is in Christ Jesus, and the most explicate and plain attempt against the pleasure of the Lord's prospering in the Mediator's hand, and his seeing of the travail of his soul and being satisfied, that ever Satan made or managed by any mortal. But I have possibly exceeded the just limits of a postscript; and therefore, committing thee to the guardings and guidings of his grace, who is of power to establish thee, and keep thee from falling, and present thee faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, I here subscibe.

B. N. J. S.

NOV 25

